

1893

Picturesque Detroit and Environs 1,000 Illustrations

Chas Warner Editor

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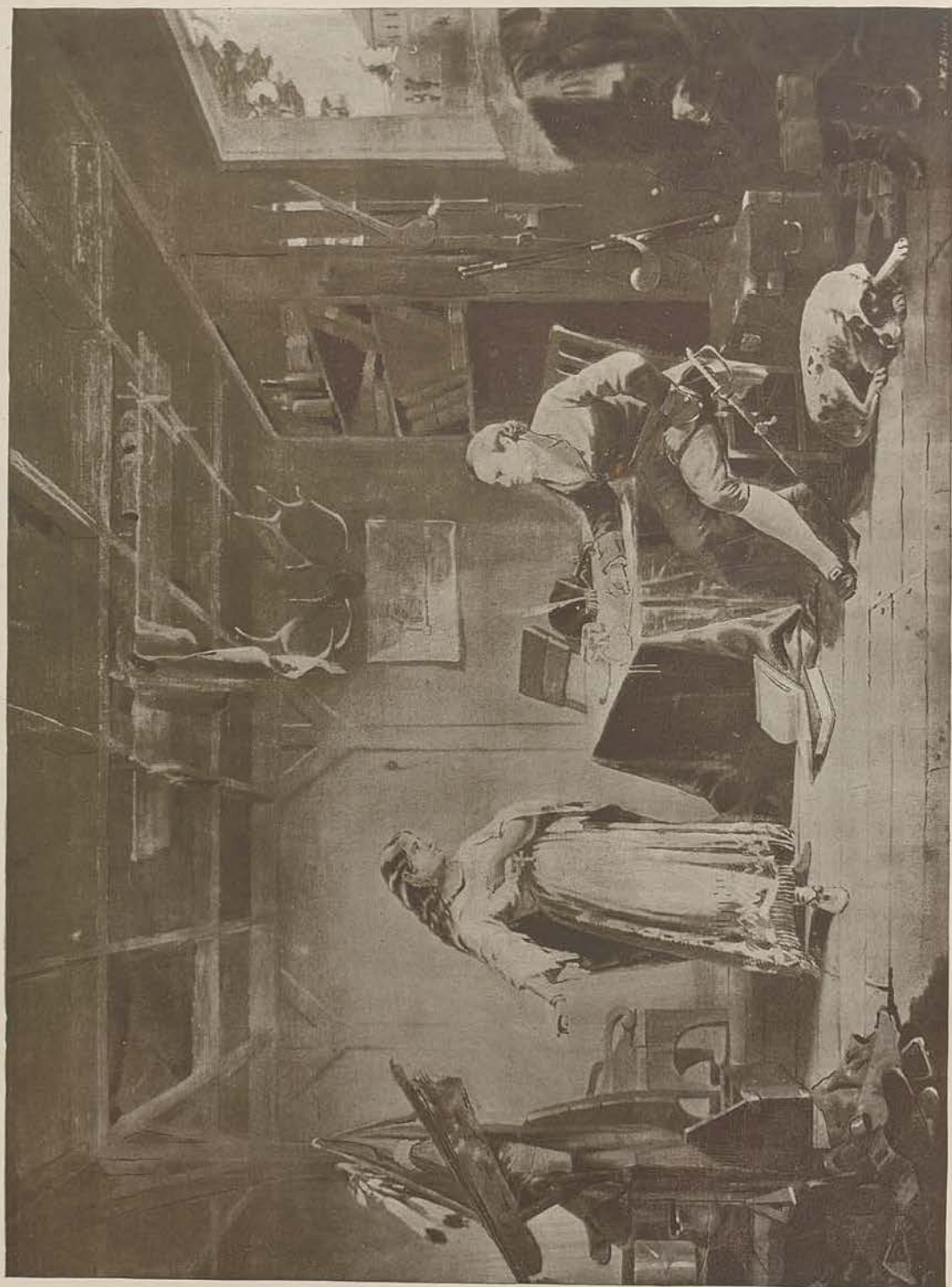
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PICTURESQUE DETROIT



— AND
ENVIRONS



UNVEILING OF THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC—DETROIT, 1763.
From the Original (by J. M. Stanley), in the possession of the Historical Society of Michigan.

PICTURESQUE DETROIT

AND ENVIRONS

1,000 ILLUSTRATIONS



PICTURESQUE PUBLISHING COMPANY

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

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PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

INTRODUCTORY

Reference to Baedeker's U. S., to innumerable summer-tour publications, to the guide books published by the Appletons and other well known establishments, discloses the undeniable fact that the city of Detroit is, by comparison with other and much less favored localities, practically unknown to the masses among those who travel. It has a general reputation as a beautiful city and prosperous business center, but aside from a most desirable local fame, it does not begin to receive the attention which by reason of its remarkably varied resources, it deserves.



LOOKING TOWARD SANDWICH POINT

That Detroit has the admiration, favor and loyalty of its own citizens and of those residents of immediately adjacent cities—Cleveland, Toledo, Grand Rapids and the like, is proof positive that her attractions are much more than common because it is only such extraordinary conditions as exist in Detroit, that are competent to disprove the force of the old axiom: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

By virtue of unqualified faith in the uncommon and undeniable beauties of Detroit as a

home, as a summer resort and as a commercial center and because of a firm conviction that that city is the central point of as interesting and delightful a section—consisting of Michigan and her great Lakes—as is in America, the publishers, assisted by friends of the city and this work have carried the enterprise forward with sincerity according to the best means practicable. The purpose has been to avoid, as much as possible, the conventionalities of the business directory and the guide book and to indulge as little as consistent, in the details of history, the chief aim being to present, pictorially and interestingly, the many attractive features of the neighborhood in question; to produce a volume which will show to persons not acquainted with this region, the incontrovertible fact that here is a topic, a lesson, an opportunity well worth their attention.

For that man or woman who desires to locate permanently, pleasantly and profitably, for the fortunate individual, who, having acquired a competence seeks a pleasant home, for the traveler from over the seas or from distant portions of our own land, for the summer tourist, for the fisherman, the huntsman or the yachtsman, there is, as is demonstrated by the presentation made in this book, no better place in America. It is to prove this fact that this enterprise has been carried forward to completion and it is because that we believe that we have made out our case, conclusively, that we have faith that the people of Detroit and adjacent cities will rally loyally and



FRENCH WINDMILL, WALKERVILLE



A BIT AT THE FLATS

numerously to the support of "Picturesque Detroit and Environs."

DETROIT AND HER STATISTICS

The average reader has an unconquerable antipathy for statistics and in view of this natural aversion to figures, the present article will contain as few, and they are as carefully disguised, as a decent respect for the subject will permit. Uninviting as naked figures may



SKETCH OF AN OLD FRENCH MARKET BOAT—BELLE ISLE IN THE DISTANCE

appear, they still form the only accurate scale by which to measure the progress or retrogression of cities, states, and nations. To glance at the history of Detroit, and apply this gauge to its past development and present status, may not be entirely devoid of interest.

Detroit is the oldest permanent settlement in the North-west Territory, assuming any importance as a modern city, and its history is surrounded by the charm that always results from intimate association with a remote past, while Indian legends and the mingled history and tradition of pioneer life, cast an irresistible spell over its early existence. Long ere the white man invaded the Western solitudes, the native red man seems to have possessed a lively appreciation of the natural resources and beauty of the Detroit River and the contiguous territory. In 1603, many years before either military daring or religious enthusiasm had pierced the wilderness which enveloped the Great Lakes, the intrepid French leader, Champlain, had received from his Indian allies, the most favorable account of the land where, a century later, his countrymen should plant the out-post of civilization, under the benign protection of the Lily and the Cross. In 1670, Fathers Galigné and Dollé visited this region, and confirmed the good reports already received, concerning its riches and beauty. In 1679, "The Griffon," the first sail-boat on the Great Lakes, passed through the river. In 1694, Antoine Laumet De La Mothe Cadillac was appointed governor of Mackinaw, and his attention was at once arrested by the great natural advantages of Detroit, as a site for a military and trading post. After years of effort, he at last obtained authority from the French Government to found such a post. On the 24th of July, 1701, he arrived with fifty artisans and fifty soldiers, to plant in the wilderness, an embryo city. Two days later, the foundations of St. Anne's Church were laid, and, hand in hand, Church and State began, in the heart of a savage continent, the struggle for life.

The site selected for Detroit is on the north bank of a western bend in the river, whose general course is from north to south. The river is twenty-seven miles in length, having a fall of only three feet in its entire course; yet its mean velocity is 1.70 miles per hour. It is the outlet of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, aggregating eighty-two thousand square miles of lake surface; and these lakes, in turn, drain one hundred twenty-five thousand square miles of land. The land upon which the city is built, is gently undulating, increasing in altitude with

the distance from the river. At the intersection of Jefferson and Woodward Avenues, near the river, the elevation is twenty-two feet; while, at the intersection of Woodward Avenue and the Holden Road, two and one-half miles farther from the river, the elevation is fifty-two feet. The altitude of the city above the sea is six hundred feet.

It is not the province of this article to treat of the historical, and as the statistics of the first century of growth are meager, that period will be rapidly passed over. St. Anne's Church, one of the first buildings to be erected in the settlement, was burned in 1703, but re-built the following year. Its records preserved from that date are the oldest in the West, save the similar records of the Roman Catholic churches at St. Ignace and Kalkaska in Michigan. The French remained in possession of Detroit until 1760, when it passed from French to English control on the 20th of November. The early French traders and missionaries were generally successful in living on amicable terms with the aborigines; and when the tri-color of France fell before English prowess, the Indians still remained attached to their former allies. This sentiment culminated in 1763, in the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," which, stripped of all its romance, was a serious affair for the English garrison, to which the ambush of Bloody Run came very near furnishing a tragic climax.

An important event in Detroit history occurred in 1796, when the stars and stripes were raised, for the first time, over the city—thirteen years after its acquisition by the treaty of 1783, terminating the Revolution. From August 15th, 1812, to September 20th, 1813, Detroit was again in possession of the British forces. On the latter day, the American flag was once more unfurled over Detroit—let us hope never again to be lowered. In 1824, Detroit became a city by virtue of a charter granted by the Territorial Council, and when, thirteen years later, Michigan was admitted to the Union, Detroit enjoyed the double distinction of capital and metropolis of the Wolverine State. Her worth and popularity since have proved that it might well have been continued.



THE LARADIE HOUSE, FRONT VIEW



SKETCH OF THE OLD GLASS WORKS, FROM THE BOUGH

POPULATION

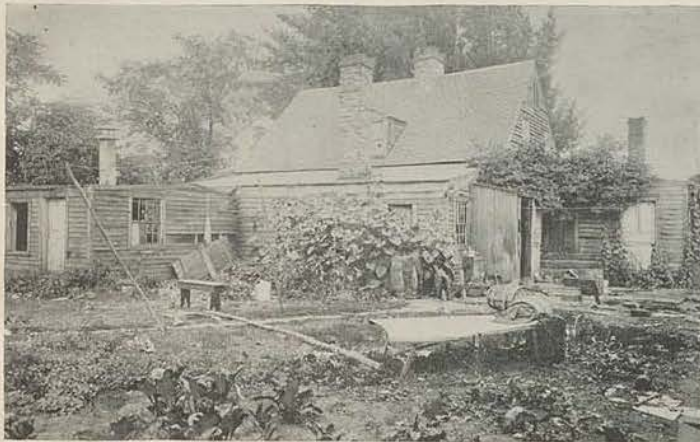
If a logical arrangement of a statistical article be possible, perhaps, in this case, the subject of "Population" would first engage attention. Through the courtesy of Mr. C. M. Burton, who possesses the most valuable historical library in the city, and who has spared neither time nor money to complete his collection of local historical data, I have examined MSS. copies of the first three enumerations, so far as known, ever made of Detroit's population. The first is dated September 22nd, 1773, and gives many details, of which the following is a summary:



THE CAMPAU HOMESTEAD



THE OLD HAMSTRANCK HOUSE



REAR VIEW OF THE LABADIE HOUSE

Men	298
Women	225
Young men from 10 to 20 years	84
Young women from 10 to 20 years	58
Boys under 10 years	284
Girls under 10 years	249
Servants	93
Male slaves	46
Female slaves	39
Total	1,367

The above does not include the soldiers, sailors, and officers in the Government Service, but does include, the writer quaintly adds, one man, one woman, and three servants residing on Hog (Belle) Island.

The second census record is dated April 26th, 1778, and shows an increase of over 50 per cent. in the five intervening years. The totals are:—

Men	564
Women	274
Young men and boys	530
Young women and girls	438
Male servants	172
Female servants	39
Slaves	127
Total	2,144

The third of these unique records is dated July 20th, 1782, and the totals are as follows:

Heads of families	321
Married women	254
Widows and hired women	72
Young and hired men	363
Boys	526
Girls	503
Male slaves	78
Female slaves	101
Total	2,191

This is stated not to include about one hundred persons employed in the King's Service. It is also added that 13,770 acres of land are under cultivation, an area equal to about three-quarters of the territory within the present city limits. The fact of so slight an increase during the four years between the second and third census, is owing, doubtless, to the war then in progress, and the consequent dangers of frontier residence. One item which comes as an unpleasant reminder of an evil long since past, is the enumeration of slaves: their number increased from 85, in 1773, to 166, 1778, and 179 four years later. It will be understood that these figures do not apply to the village itself. Indeed, its limits at this time, were not clearly defined; but these enumerations embrace the entire settlement, extending for several miles each way along the river bank. In addition to these figures, a large amount of information is given concerning the crops raised, the number of domestic animals owned, and other agricultural items.

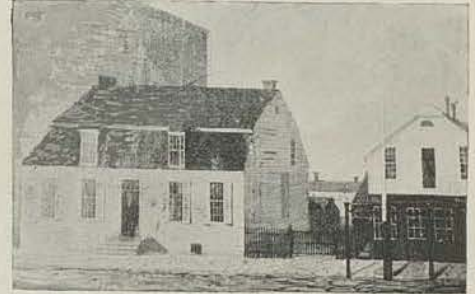


CITY HALL, HAMMOND AND MC GRAW BUILDINGS

The first official census of the city was taken by the United States Government in 1810, and each decade since has witnessed a careful enumeration as follows:

1810.....	1,650
1820.....	1,442
1830.....	2,222, an increase of 54 per cent.
1840.....	9,102, an increase of 317 per cent.
1850.....	21,019, an increase of 142 per cent.
1860.....	45,619, an increase of 117 per cent.
1870.....	79,599, an increase of 73 per cent.
1880.....	116,142, an increase of 46 per cent.
1890.....	205,675, an increase of 77 per cent.

The State Census of 1884 gave 132,956, showing an average increase of over 9 per cent. during the last six years of the decade. It is generally admitted that, in the three years since 1880, the city has grown more rapidly than ever before. The Post-Office Mail Department shows an increase in business of eleven and two-thirds per cent. for the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1893, over the previous year. If the same rate of increase be maintained in population since the last census, a simple computation gives 283,000 as the city's population in 1893.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CAMPAU HOUSE—MR. CAMPAU IN DOORWAY

As to the character of this population, much might be said. In 1892, the factories and work-shops of Detroit gave employment to 45,000 persons, of whom 37,000 were males. It is a conservative estimate to suppose these employes, with their families, constitute fully one-half of our population. That this great industrial population is prosperous, is evidenced by the fact that a very large percentage are home owners, and by the farther fact that the savings deposits in our city banks amount to \$100, *per capita*, of the entire population. The city limits embrace twenty-nine square miles, or 18,560 acres, which would afford one acre of ground to each 15.25 persons on the above estimate of numbers. Of the sixteen wards, into which the city is divided, the 6th is the most populous, followed by the 5th, 10th, 7th, and 12th, in the order named, the 15th having the smallest population.

In 1890, nearly 40 per cent. of the population were foreign born, as follows:

Born in Germany	35,481
Born in Canada and Newfoundland	18,791
Born in Ireland	7,447
Born in England	7,168
Born in Poland	5,351
Born in Scotland	2,450
Born in other countries	5,012
Total	81,709

MANUFACTURES

In view of the statement just made, that fully one-half of the population is dependent upon the manufacturing industries of the city, no apology need be offered for introducing manufacturing statistics as second only to population in importance. The explanation of Detroit's success as an industrial center may be epitomized in a single word, "location." The city presents seven and one-half miles front to the greatest commercial highway of the world, affording direct communication with the forests of Canada and Michigan, the largest in Christendom. By the same channel, the mines of Michigan, producing nearly one-half of the iron and copper ore of the entire country, are made tributary to the furnaces and work-shops of the city. The location of Detroit also makes it the gate-way between two empires, giving her manufactures preference in the Canadian markets. Intelligent labor at reasonable rates, cheap building material, exceedingly low water rates, and

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

favorable factory sites, with either water or railroad frontage, are other advantages enjoyed by the industrial interests of Detroit.

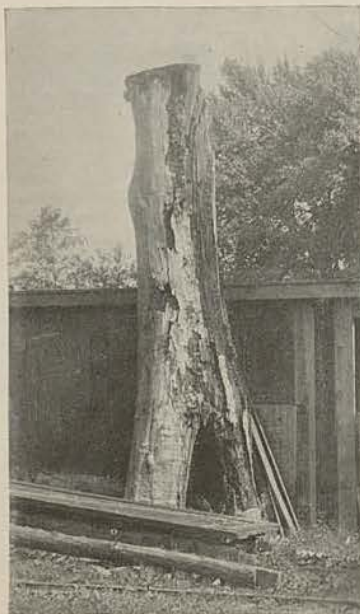
The majority of the great industries here have started from small beginnings, and grown with the city; thus affording, from the records of the past, the best evidence of their stability. The Michigan Car Co. began its career in 1805, and the Peninsular Car Co. in 1879. These



OLD HOUSE ON DETROIT RIVER

two concerns are now consolidated, having the most extensive plant, and producing the largest number of freight and refrigerator cars, of any organization in the world. The Detroit Bridge & Iron Works were established in 1805—The Fulton Iron & Engine Works in 1850. Safes were first manufactured in 1805, and stoves one year earlier. The first Lake Superior iron was smelted here in 1854, when the Eureka Iron & Steel Works were built. Copper Smelting Works were established in 1850. What is now the largest factory in the world for the manufacture of drugs and medicines, was established here in 1807, while the largest varnish factory was started in 1858. One of the largest tobacco factories originated in 1848, and the largest one in the West, dates its existence from 1856. The manufacture of organs was begun in 1850, and of matches in 1856. Hundreds of others might be called to witness the permanence of Detroit's great industries. The following is a summary of the industrial situation of the city in the three years given:—

	1880	1890	1892
Factories,	910	1,744	2,200
Capital,	\$13,594,479	\$43,275,049	\$60,000,000
Employees,	16,110	38,281	45,000
Wages,	\$6,306,460	\$18,911,712	\$30,500,000
Value of Product,	30,191,416	77,039,177	95,000,000



STUMP OF THE PONTIAC TREE

factories, 3,100 men are constantly employed, receiving, in monthly wages, \$130,000. The annual out-put is valued at \$3,375,000, comprising 165,000 stoves and ranges, besides, a large number of warm air furnaces, of which Detroit contains the only factory in the North-west.

The manufacture of lumber in its various forms gives employment to 2,100 men, whose monthly pay amounts to \$81,500. The annual out-put, which includes dressed lumber, sash, doors, blinds, etc., is valued at \$4,270,000, representing \$3,100,000 of invested capital.

The manufacture of furniture, including chairs, employs 1,200 operatives, and the annual out-put amounts to \$1,500,000.

The paint and varnish product amounts to \$5,270,000, and finds a market in every quarter of the globe.

Brick-yards, within or near the city confines, produce 100,000,000 brick annually.



OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE INTO THE NEW—OLD CITY HALL

Detroit has the largest establishment for the production and distribution of seeds in the world. The

seeds are grown on every continent, wherever suitable soil and climate can be found, and the product is distributed from the immense warehouses in this city to every land.

In 1892, there was manufactured, in this Internal Revenue District, 18,755,350 lbs. of tobacco, valued at \$4,000,000. Fully 68 per cent. of this amount was the out-put of Detroit factories. In the same period and territory, 100,782,035 cigars, of a value of \$4,270,000, were produced, about 75 per cent. of which were the product of Detroit factories. In 1892, the total amount of internal revenue collected in the district, exceeded \$2,000,000, about \$1,720,000 being levied upon products of Detroit factories.

In no branch of manufacturing industry, is Detroit more widely or favorably known than in the production of drugs, chemicals, perfumes, and medicines. It boasts the largest factory of this class in the world, with several

The figures for 1880 and 1890 are taken from the United States Census Reports; the figures for 1892 are from a thorough canvass made by the writer, under the auspices of the Detroit Real Estate Board, and believed to be quite as reliable as the census figures, with which they correspond very closely, after making due allowance for the natural increase of the two years. It is probable that the amounts given for 1892, increased by about fifteen per cent., would furnish a very accurate statement of the situation for 1893.

AMONG INDIVIDUAL INDUSTRIES

The most important is that of manufacturing cars. The various shops devoted to this industry employ over six thousand men, and the product, comprising all kinds of freight and refrigerator cars, and all classes of coaches, amounts to over \$15,000,000 annually.

In the production of stoves, Detroit stands absolutely without a rival. Its factories are more extensive, and their product greater than those of any other city in the world. In the four great



THE BURNED HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



WOODWARD AVENUE, FROM WINDER STREET

others that also stand at the head of particular branches of the trade. These houses give employment to 1,620 people, about equally divided as to sex, who receive \$73,500 in monthly wages. The annual out-put is \$5,300,000, and over \$2,000,000 is invested in the business.

There are many other interesting details at hand, concerning the various manufacturing industries of the city, but the limits of this article forbid their further consideration.

REAL ESTATE

In its relation to the growth and expansion of the city, to the happiness and prosperity of the people, the real estate interest is second to none other in importance. It is one of the happiest circumstances attending the development of Detroit, that there never has been a time in its history when pleasant and comfortable homes could not be secured by the humblest laborer, at small cost, and on the most lenient terms. This fact has resulted in the building of a city of homes, in the encouragement of economy and sobriety, and in building up a great industrial army of quiet, law-abiding citizens, each one of whom feels that he has a tangible interest in the good name and good government of the city, and the preservation of law and order. There is no present indication that this condition of cheap homes will be altered in the future.

For the past decade, the value of real estate transfers, as shown by the recorded deeds, is as follows:



ALONG THE DOCKS

1883		\$ 9,280,383
1884		9,280,026
1885		10,385,016
1886		11,649,208
1887		14,004,450
1888		12,627,020
1889		15,557,795
1890		20,730,773
1891		20,648,365
1892		28,054,401

A comparison of these figures, with those given under other lines of business, will reveal a remarkable uniformity of increase, and show that the real estate business of the



VIEW ON GRISWOLD STREET DURING NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, G. A. R., 1891

	NEW BUILDINGS	REPAIRS	COST
1886	1,801	457	\$3,445,076
1887	2,358	355	3,907,608
1888	2,452	554	3,718,730
1889	2,527	586	5,093,774
1890	2,830	606	5,354,425
1891	2,605	701	5,637,760
1892	3,155	717	5,721,000



A PICTURE AT THE FOOT OF WOODWARD AVENUE

city has, for the most part, been legitimate and *bona fide*—not speculative. So far as it is possible to make an intelligent comparison between this and other cities, such comparison will show that, for the advantages offered, the price of real estate is lower in Detroit than in any other city of the country. This fact is owing, largely, to the city's having free room for expansion on three sides, the territory in each direction being suitable for business and residence.

In 1893, the assessed value of Detroit real estate was \$158,051,000, of which sum the bare land was supposed to represent \$102,668,150, or an average of \$5,533 per acre. At 70 per cent. of the actual values, this would make the average value of land within the city limits, about \$7,900 per acre. The highest price at which a transfer has ever been recorded is a trifle less than \$35 per square foot for Woodward Avenue frontage. In 1892, there were recorded 139 plats, representing 17,283 lots.

BUILDING

Closely allied to real estate is the builders' trade. The figures published regarding this industry are very misleading, since they only cover the territory within the city limits, while the owners of thousands of factories and dwellings, just without the imaginary line, are so closely identified with the city as their neighbors within. The following tells the tale of the last seven years:

The present year, thus far, shows a large increase over the corresponding months of 1892. The new Union Depot, and Hotel St. Clair, just completed, the Chamber of Commerce, the Union Trust Co's Block, the Home Savings Bank Block, and the magnificent Government building, all in process of erection, form important additions to the city's architectural beauty.

FINANCIAL

All peoples, in all ages of the world, have found some medium of exchange, and some system of finance, however rude, a necessity. A view of its financial history forms a very reliable index to the progress and prosperity of any locality. The first bank of Michigan was established in 1806, and was known as the Detroit Bank. Its brief career of two years does not point to unqualified success. The Bank of Michigan was organized in 1818, and weathered the financial storms for about fifteen years, when it succumbed. Those were precarious years for financiers. Other banks opened and closed with bewildering rapidity. Finally, in 1849, the Detroit Savings Fund Institute was chartered. This was re-organized in 1871, being called the Detroit Savings Bank, and is the oldest bank now in existence in the city. In 1883, a clearing-house was established, the business of which, for successive years, is shown below:

1883	\$131,410,950
1884	133,370,835
1885	142,084,094
1886	165,708,938
1887	198,085,925
1888	227,506,339
1889	242,414,800
1890	300,658,010
1891	317,054,393
1892	364,160,929

The report for 1892 covers the operations of twenty-one banks; two savings banks and the Union Trust Co. not being included. The resources of the twenty-four banking institutions amounted, at the close of 1892, to \$69,290,558.82, the total deposits to \$56,850,916.82, of which \$26,628,501.74 were savings deposits; the capital to \$8,150,000, and loans and discounts to \$34,075,854.25.

A brief glance at municipal finance will be of interest. In 1885, the gross debt amounted to \$850,500, the sinking fund to \$838,238, leaving a net debt of \$12,262. Since that date, the gross debt has steadily increased, while the sinking fund has diminished, until, on May 1st, 1893, the net debt of the municipality amounted to \$2,279,098.42, which sum will be increased more than one-half, the present year. Extensive public improvements, of undoubted worth, are supposed to furnish ample apology for the debt thus assumed. In the same period, the assessed value of property has increased from \$116,249,945 in 1885, to \$199,079,210, in 1893, and the tax levy from \$1,252,353, to \$3,015,817.72, or from ten and

seventy-seven one-hundredths to fifteen and sixteen one-hundredths dollars per thousand. Compared with last year, the present year shows a gratifying decrease in rate of taxation, the rate being \$1.47 less, and the total amount raised, \$47,000 less than in 1892.



THE CITY'S LARDER — CENTRAL MARKET

point. That was an average of 980 cars, and more than 10,000 tons of freight for each day of the year. Detroit has practically twelve distinct lines of railroad, affording communication with every point North, South, East, and West. The lines are, The Detroit, Lansing & Northern; Wabash; Canadian Pacific; Grand Trunk; Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee; Detroit, Bay City, & Alpena; Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; Flint & Pere Marquette; and the Michigan Central, with its four branches—Canadian, Jackson, Bay City, and Toledo. Another road is sure to be built in the near future, giving the city connection with the Great Pennsylvania System, and direct communication with the coal and oil fields of that section.

The value of imports at this point for 1892 was \$4,619,815, of exports, \$5,855,150, making a total of \$10,474,965 in foreign trade.

SCHOOL, CHURCH AND PRESS

The clergyman, the school-teacher, and the printer form the trinity which molds the destinies of Christendom. Remove either, and a serious blow is struck at civilization; remove all, and the blow is a fatal one. Detroit is favored in the high character of church, school and press, each of which has done well its allotted work. The first newspaper was "The Michigan Essay," or "The Impartial Observer"—established in 1800. At present, there are eighty periodicals issued in the city, each having a *bona fide* circulation, and filling its proper sphere. There are four English dailies, two morning, and two evening papers, and one German evening paper which are powerful factors in the city's development.

Detroit has fifty-seven public schools, which registered, at the commencement of the year 1892-3, 21,833 pupils, an increase of 1,636 over the previous year. It has sixty-five private schools, colleges, etc., besides



"ALL ABOARD FOR THE ISLAND!"

several art schools. The public schools employ 620 teachers.

As already stated, St. Anne's Church was among the first buildings in the new settlement. For sixty years, Detroit remained distinctly Catholic. With the English, in 1760, came Protestantism, although it was not until 1820 that the first Protestant Church edifice was formally dedicated. From its earliest days, until the present, the Church has exerted a powerful influence in molding the character of the city, and the strength of this influence has kept full pace with the city's growth. In 1802, there were 150 churches and missions, of which 24 were Roman Catholic, 23 Episcopal, 22 Methodist Episcopal, 21 Lutheran, 15 Presbyterian, 14 Baptist, and 31 of various other denominations. These figures have been somewhat increased during the current year. The various church edifices have sittings for over 100,000 worshippers. Many of the buildings are models of architectural art.

MISCELLANEOUS

Detroit has fifteen parks, containing 750 acres, of which Belle Isle contains 700 acres. Another park of 100 acres awaits acceptance, when the city can secure the right to receive it. The Grand Boulevard, 12 miles long, and from 200 to 300 feet wide, is practically one great park, extending from Belle Isle Bridge on the east, to the river bank on the west, and encircling the city upon three sides, a distance of about 12 miles.

Many of the finest residence avenues are bordered on either hand by grassy plats and great shade trees, giving the street all the charms of a park, while thousands of residences, both of the palatial and the cottage type, are embowered in shrubbery and lawns that surpass in beauty the best of public parks.

The city has nine theatres, museums, and rinks, affording amusement of endless variety.

There are three public libraries, containing 120,000 volumes, the principal library being one of the finest in the country.

No city has a purer or more certain water supply. The works are ample, and the water is furnished in unlimited quantity, at exceedingly low rates; 430 miles of mains distribute the water throughout the city.



THE MCGRAW BUILDING

The death rate in Detroit is among the lowest of any city. For years, the annual death rate has fallen between 19 and 20 to the thousand, in 1800 being 19.3. The other large cities of the country grade upward from this rate, until New York caps the climax with a death rate of 28.8 to the thousand.

The city has an equable climate, the temperature not showing the variations recorded in neighboring cities. Thus, for the past four years, Detroit's range in temperature has been 8 degrees less than Chicago's, 12 degrees less than Milwaukee's, and 26.5 degrees less than St. Paul's.

* * * * *



VIEW ON THE RIVER, FOOT OF FIRST STREET (FROM A PAINTING BY HOPKIN)

From the mass of statistical matter at hand, an attempt has been made to present herewith a few of the most important facts relating to Detroit. The reader, whose patience has enabled him to peruse the article to the end, will have discovered that the past record and the present condition of Detroit justify the presentation of four distinct claims for the consideration of all people. Detroit, as a prosperous manufacturing center, as a beautiful residence city, as a city for summer rest and recreation, as a safe and desirable investment field, challenges the attention of the world, and invites the most thorough investigation. The city's claim to pre-eminence in each of these directions is not based upon prospective, but upon the existing conditions. The residence feature belongs to a descriptive, rather than to a statistical article, hence, no attempt has been made to elucidate that portion of the subject. But if the figures herewith presented fail to convey a favorable idea of the city's industrial life, and

opportunities, the fault is that of the statistician, and not of the facts with which he has attempted to deal.

J. C. FERRY.

OUR OFFERING

We of the present day, by reason of a certain indefinite license, accorded poets and painters, seldom think of La Sieur Cadillac and his conferees, except as personages somewhat stately and very much emphasized in appearance by gilt trimmed, square-cut coats, knee breeches of velvet with jet embellishment, lace frills and cuffs and picturesque chapeaux above long curling and well kept hair.

The probable truth is, that the little band of 100 pioneers who, on that sultry, clear 24th day of July, 1701, guided their quaint fleet of

canoes from the waters of the St. Clair to a landing place on the Strait just above the mouth of the River Savoyard, presented no such appearance. They had been several weeks on the journey from Montreal and it is most likely that even when they left that city they were attired in accordance with their environment; that the Sieur Cadillac, the captain, Mons. Tonty, the sub-officers, the M. M. Chacornac and Dugue, the soldiers and the woodsmen and even the



BIRD'S EYE VIEW UP MICHIGAN AVENUE



FOOT OF THIRD STREET, FROM M. C. R. DEPOT

priests, Rev. Frs. del Halle and Valient, were all wearers of garments of leather and coarse woolen stuffs, more or less tried by hard wear and but slightly decorated.

But what mattered it? Beneath those leathern jerkins throbbed strong hearts, warm with unity of purpose, sustained by honest ambitions and irresistible wills. They found a natural place of refuge because upon their arrival at Detroit they saw on either bank of the river, large and populous Indian villages; especially brilliant judgment was not required in order to decide



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT AND VIEW UP MICHIGAN AVENUE

as to where they should plant their flag and their cross, because the location already had the stamp of approval at the hands of and by the traditions of the aborigines. The extent and resources of the Great Lake Country, north and west of the Strait, were well known to Cadillac and his followers and they appreciated the fact that thus situated, they must command all egress therefrom to the water-ways and marts below.

Nearly 200 years of tremendous progress and development has served to emphasize this proposition so that to-day, whether one approaches Detroit from Lake Erie or from the Superior region, from the east or from the west, its position as a commercial center is at once apparent. The great island of beauty at the head of the river which Cadillac and his men saw in its best garb of natural glory, is to-day unique as a wondrously delightful municipal park; the little knoll but a stone's throw back from the river bank and near to where the pioneers erected their first little chapel, is to-day a spacious level Campus Martius, — a striking middle point to the business center of a thrifty, progressive and altogether lovely metropolis, where nearly 300,000 persons now find permanent abiding places.

It is to such a city as this that the readers of



DETROIT RESIDENCE OF U. S. GRANT

this volume are invited and that the description thereof may, in its effectiveness, be as near to nature as possible, counterfeit reproductions of the city's treasures in landscape, marine views, woodland, park beauties, architectural triumphs and the like, have been the chief reliance. While there has been no desire to deal in the stereotyped tables of the business directory, no effort to duplicate the measurements of geography or the formalities of the guide books, enough will be found pertaining to the general outlines of history, it is hoped, to serve as a sufficient setting for the salient characteristics of a region second to none in its interesting career of the past, its present and most satisfactory condition and its undeniably hopeful prospects. The able text contributions by Rt. Rev. John Foley, Bishop of Detroit, by Chas. M. Burton, Richard R. Elliot and James C. Ferry; the excellent works by those history preservers — the artists — Messrs. Hopkins, Duns-



WATER WORKS AND PARK

more, Mylne, Conely, Packbauer, Owen, Butterfield, Clark and Dow; the skilled results from the hands of the photographers, all combine in an effort, (which we believe, has been very successful,) to make a showing that is commensurate with the merits of the topic.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DETROIT

The word "Detroit" as used by early French inhabitants, comprehended the entire country from Lake Erie to Lake Huron, and the first settlement that bore the name of Detroit was situated on St. Clair River, somewhere in the vicinity of Fort Gratiot. This settlement was founded by Duluth in 1686 under the instructions of Marquis de Denonville, Governor of Canada, in order to prevent the English from passing from Lake Erie to the fur country of the north, and for some years succeeding this date there are frequent references in the letters and orders of the French officers to "The Detroit of Lake Erie."

In an official communication of Louis Hector de Callieres, Governor of Canada, to Louis Phelipeaux, de Pontchartrain, Controller General and Minister of Justice, on the 16th of October, 1700, he says that he will send Sieurs de la Mothe and de Tontie, in the Spring to construct a fort at Detroit. They were to come down the river from Lake Huron so as to avoid the Iroquois Indians at Niagara.



DISCUSSING THE LAST TOW — DETROIT DOCKS



CADILLAC INDICATING THE SITE OF THE CITY OF DETROIT



SKETCH OF THE OLD BREVOORT HOUSE

While it was in obedience to such instructions as are here indicated that Cadillac constructed the fort, there was, in all probability, quite a settlement along the border of the river, on both sides, before Cadillac came. It was the constant effort of the early French settlers to live at peace with the Indians, and they lived with them and became like them; not infrequently members of their tribes and sometimes even chiefs.

The one good result that came from this was that their lives and the lives of their families, were generally spared where the French soldiers were in peril. It was in a country already sparsely settled with this class of people, half civilized, half savage, that Cadillac was sent to erect a new fort as a defense against the encroachments of the English. Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac was a gentleman from Gascony, who had served in France; had resided in Acadia; and, as a captain in Canada, had been Commandant of Michilimackinac, from 1694 to 1697, and came here, as we have seen, in 1701. He was a man of considerable ability, and in 1707, at the suggestion of de Cheny and de Lagny, would have been appointed to command an expedition to take Boston from the English, if the affair had been undertaken as was contemplated.

He was a controversial writer of some ability, and, although a Roman Catholic, he detested and feared the Jesuits, and undertook to limit their powers in the New World, but the Jesuits were too powerful to be controlled by him, though he succeeded in keeping them from the new post he was about to found on the banks of the Detroit.

The fort so established by Cadillac, was founded for business and military purposes only, and no missionary purposes entered into the affair, and consequently, instead of giving the new location the name of some patron saint, as was usually done, it was given the name of its real founder, Pontchartrain, and bore the official designation of Fort Pontchartrain du Detroit. This is its usual designation on the older maps and in official correspondence, and the single word "Detroit" is of more recent application.

The fort, or enclosure, included only sufficient ground to contain the houses of the few people then living here. The river ran at the foot of the high bank that then existed at about the present line of Woodbridge Street; the easterly line of the fort was nearly the present line of Griswold Street; the northerly line not far from the present line of Larned Street, and on the west the enclosure reached to Wayne Street. Around this tract of land was built a high fence of cedar pickets driven into the ground far enough to make them solid, and extending above the surface some eleven or twelve feet. The dwellings were not permitted to be built close to the pickets, on



St. P. De La Mothe

by the English, some of them came to Detroit and established new homes along the banks of our river, feeling themselves contented among a people who were of kindred blood and belonged to the same church, but they were hardly well established here when the conqueror, who had despoiled their old home, came to drive them from their new one.

As a result of the wars between France and England, Detroit became British property, and was taken possession of by the troops under Major Rogers in 1760.

The English were not as skillful in pacifying the Indians as the French had been, and the place and inhabitants came very near being exterminated by Pontiac and his followers, in 1763. Parkman's story of the conspiracy of Pontiac, and the painting of Gladwin and the Indian girl, by Stanley, are too familiar to even require reference, but they tell of one of the most startling and romantic events in the history of our village. They tell the story of the ambitious Indian Pontiac, who proposed an attack by the different tribes on all of the forts held by the English in the Indian country, and the utter destruction of the English; the attempt was nearly successful in all places except Detroit, but here the conspiracy was divulged to Gladwin

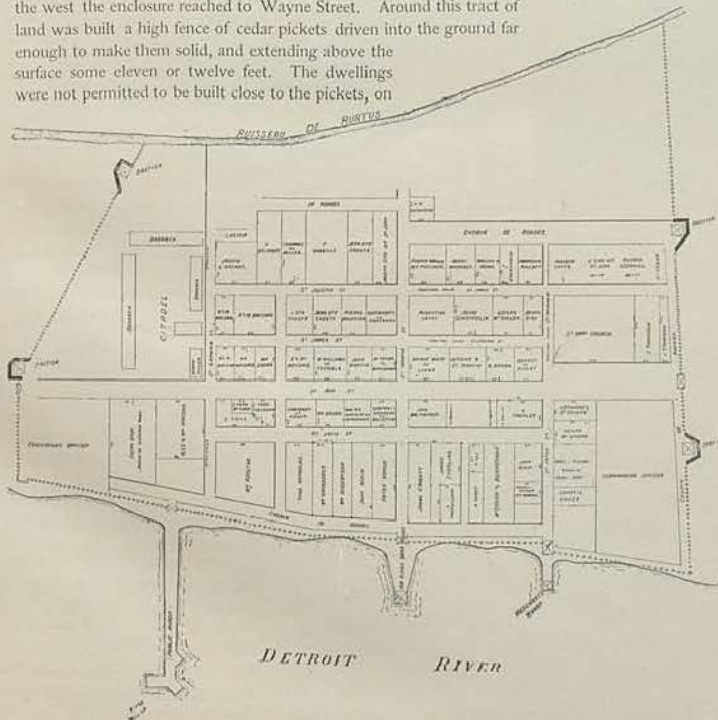
the inside, but a passageway was left around the entire village, called the "Chemin du rond." Within this enclosure were some half-dozen narrow alleys, termed streets, the widest of which was only twenty feet in width, each bearing the name of some saint, as St. Anne, St. Honore, St. Jacques, and St. Anthony, thus sufficiently attesting the fact that if the priests were not permitted to name the village, they would leave their mark on the internal affairs of the post. The first church was not built within this enclosure, but on the easterly side, and the earliest record in St. Anne's church bears the date 1703, two years after the founding of the village. It is probable that the various Catholic churches were built on the same site, and the one which was pulled down in 1712, as likely to afford a rendezvous for hostile Indians during the siege of that year, and which was located outside of the picket line, occupied the land at the north-west corner of Griswold Street and Jefferson Avenue, and when the church was about to be re-erected on the same site, the picket line was enlarged to enclose it.

There is very little of interest to the casual reader in the history of our city for the first half century of its existence. Peace with the Indians generally prevailed, and even when war existed the French civilians on the arms outside the fort were generally safe. There were many farm owners, however, who lived in the enclosure and left their families there continually, though they visited and worked on their farms every day.

When the Acadians were driven from their homes



WILLIAM HULL



A OLD MAP OF DETROIT — 1780.



ISAAC BROCK
MAJOR GENERAL

by the Indian girl who had fallen in love with the commandant. The discontent that existed in the Atlantic colonies and which resulted in the Revolutionary War and establishment of the United States government, was not apparent among the English speaking citizens here. In fact there were only a few English here. The civilians were nearly all French, and the English were soldiers and traders, intimately connected with England, through their trade relations. The French were inclined to side with the Americans, and did so covertly on many occasions; openly they were as neutral as circumstances would permit. The village had not grown very much up to the year 1780. The King's Commons, as the public property was called, extended from the river nearly to the present line of Adams Avenue, and from the village line on the west to about Bates Street on the east. This land had long been cleared of trees and underbrush to prevent the collection of hostile Indians.



DETROIT HIGH SCHOOL (BURNED 1893)



LOOKING DOWN SECOND AVENUE FROM CASS PARK

houses of the arm owners were situated on this road and almost within hailing distance of each other. The river itself furnished a highway for a considerable portion of the year; in summer by canoes, with which the French inhabitants were very skillful, and in winter by sleds drawn by the fleet footed and wiry mustang.

Henry Hamilton was Lieutenant Governor in charge of Detroit, and the threatened approach of the troops of the United States army caused him to propose to build a new fort here in 1780, and under his direction Captain Henry Bird set about the improvement in that year.

The site for the new fort was a hill back of the village where our new Post Office is being built, and in order to include the fort and village in



DETROIT MUSEUM OF ART

under cover. Belle Isle, or Hog Island, as the English called it, *Île au Cochons*, was also a part of the King's Commons or public property. There was a private grant of a farm just west of the present line of Randolph Street, extending in depth from the river about a mile and a half, but this private grant had in some way been sequestered and the land added to the King's Commons. There were no houses outside of the narrow picket line in the immediate neighborhood of the village. The farms were all narrow strips of land, each with a river frontage, and extending from one and a half miles to three miles in depth. On the front of the farms and close to the water's edge, a narrow road ran along the shore line, and dwelling



AN ARTISTIC "DOCK WALLOWER"

one enclosure, a new picket line was erected, including all of the land south of Michigan Avenue, and between Griswold Street and the Cass Farm. This was the most considerable addition that our village had had. The work on the new fort commenced at once, and although on two occasions the work was nearly ruined by long continued rainy seasons, it was pretty well perfected in two years.

The Indian bands employed by the British frequently brought in prisoners, and these were set at work on the fortifications, and so kept employed until an opportunity could be found to send them to Montreal. Under Hamilton's directions two or three persons had been hanged here upon a trial and conviction before a justice of the peace, and Hamilton and the justice, Dejean, had been indicted by a grand jury at Montreal. Fearing an arrest, Hamilton hastened to the Illinois country, ostensibly to take Vincennes, and was taken prisoner by General Clark. He still retained the office of governor, though Major Richard S. Lernout was in actual charge of the village,

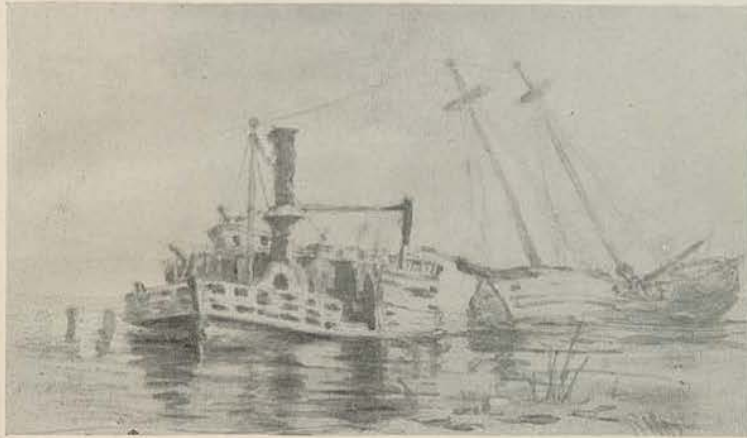


FROM A PENCIL SKETCH OF AN OLD FRENCH HOUSE ON THE ROUGE

and it was while Hamilton was still absent as a prisoner of war, that the fort was completed, and it was given the name of Lernout.

Lernout remained in charge until Arent Schuyler de Peyster arrived in October, 1779. De Peyster did not leave until after peace was declared and Jehu Hay came as civil governor. The governor's house was situated near the site of the First National Bank, on the south-west corner of Jefferson Avenue and Griswold Street, and it was here that Hay lived, and it was on these premises that he was buried when he died.

Although by the terms of the treaty of 1783 this part of the country belonged to the United States,



THE "BONE-VARD" — DETROIT RIVER

England refused to surrender possession, and it was not until the consummation of Jay's treaty in 1796, that the United States troops, a part of the army of General "Mad Anthony" Wayne, accompanied by Winthrop Sargeant, acting governor of the North-west Territory, took actual possession and established the new government. The division of the North-western Territory in 1800, preparatory to the admission of Ohio as a state, threw us into the Indiana Territory, of which William Henry Harrison was governor, and we remained a part of this territory until 1805, when Michigan was formed as a separate territorial government, and William Hull was appointed governor.

On the eleventh of June in that year, and before Governor Hull had reached the village, a fire had destroyed nearly every house in it, and the governor found, on his arrival, the citizens encamped on the commons, and living in such rude quarters as they could hastily devise. To form the new government and set the wheels properly in motion, was indeed a difficult task for the new governor. The judges who were to operate with him were Augustus B. Woodward, Fred-eric Bates and John Griffin.

The destruction of the village had presented a state of affairs not contemplated at the time of their appointment, and for which their powers were not adequate. It was impracticable to re-build

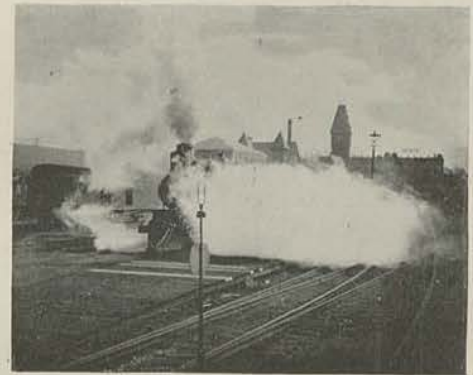


OLD DE GARMO-JONES RESIDENCE.



TOLL GATE, JEFFERSON AVENUE

the town on its old site with its narrow and inconvenient streets, and the adjacent commons belonged to the United States, and the governor and judges had no authority to divide it into lots and dispose of it to the inhabitants. A plan of a new village was decided on and the people were permitted to take each a lot, but upon the understanding that no valid title could be given without further action of Congress. When Congress assembled, an act was passed giving the governor and judges authority to lay out a town, and dispose of the lots, and a new plan was then made by Judge Woodward, and adopted by the governor and judges.

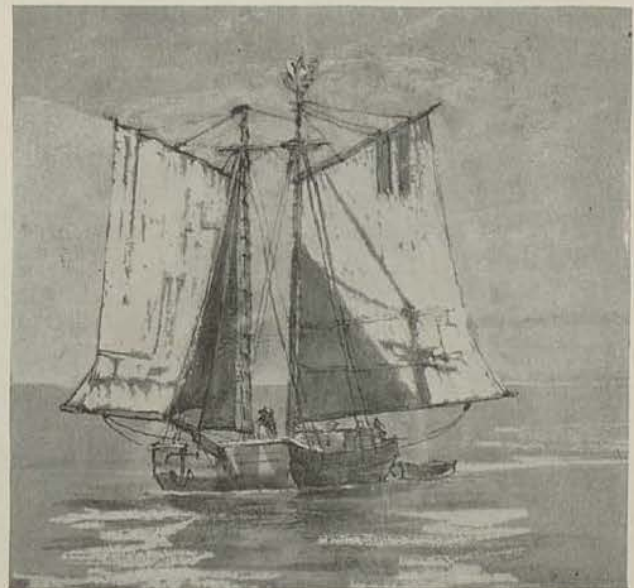


THE "CHICAGO LIMITED" OFF

Judge Woodward was eccentric, but a capable man, after whom Woodward Avenue is called, and who gave the name to Ypsilanti, but he and Governor Hull could never agree, and they succeeded in



VIEW OF WOODWARD AVENUE FROM FERRY LANDING



WING AN' WING ON DETROIT RIVER

drawing the other judges into their quarrels, so that the entire remainder of the official life of Governor Hull was embittered by contentions here.

In the war of 1812, when Governor Hull surrendered Detroit to the British, the contention between Hull and Woodward bore fruit, and one of the governor's most bitter enemies, and one whose testimony before the military court martial aided materially in convicting the general, was Judge Woodward.

Lewis Cass was our next governor, and he retained the office until made a member of Jackson's Cabinet in 1831. Cass and Woodward did not disagree, merely because Woodward was afraid to combat the governor, but the quarrelsome nature of Woodward led to continual disagreements with the other judges, and business in both legislative and judicial departments was continually obstructed. Woodward attempted to get elected as delegate to Congress on two or three occasions, but was badly defeated at the polls. He was called upon to resign his position as judge, but refused to comply, and finding that they were unable to get rid of him in any other manner, the people finally succeeded in getting the entire form of government changed, and thus legislated him out of office in 1824.

In the intervening years the city had made material increase. A printing press had been brought here in 1800, and some printing had been done with it. A few books were printed and an attempt was made to start a



OLD'S EVE VIEW WEST OF FORT STREET

paper, but it was not successful. In 1817, June 25th, the Detroit Gazette issued its first number. This was the first paper of the territory and was published continuously until the office was destroyed by fire in 1830.

The Walk-in-the-Water, the first steamboat on Lake Erie, started from Black Rock on Sunday, August 23d, 1818, and reached Detroit on Thursday the 27th.

The corner stone of the first hall of the University of Michigan was laid by Judge Augustus B. Woodward, September 21, 1817.

In 1826 the general government donated the entire military reservation to the city and thus the available territory was materially increased.

The population of the city, by the census of 1820, was 1,422, and in 1830 we had 2,222. In 1835, Michigan claimed a right to be admitted as a state, and although Congress delayed for some time before acknowledging



SENATOR THOMAS W. PALMER'S HOMESTEAD



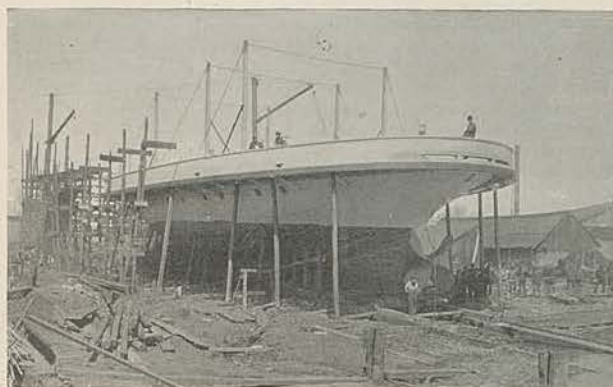
OLD SCOTCH STORE (CAMBELL & LINN) N. E. CORNER WOODWARD AND JEFFERSON AVENUES



FOUNTAIN AT WEST GRAND CIRCUS PARK



AN OLD LANDMARK

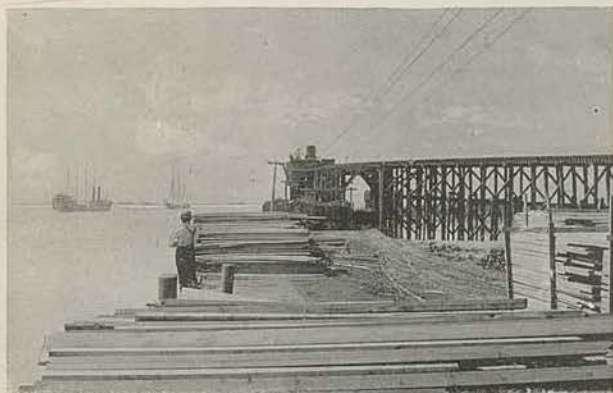


AN ICE CRUSHER NEARLY READY FOR BAPTISM

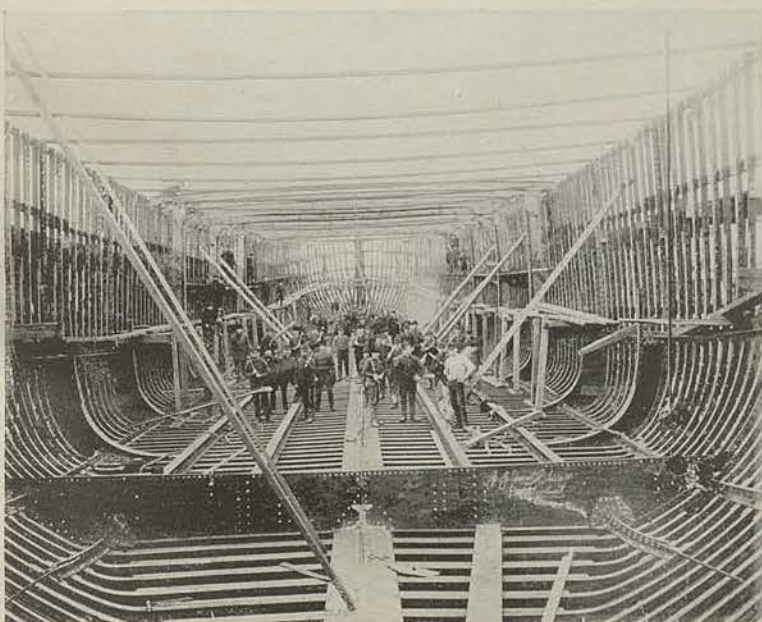
this right, it was finally obtained, and for all legal purposes the date of admission is 1835.

The contest with Ohio over the location of our southern boundary, which was the occasion of the "Toledo War," resulted in giving the Toledo district to Ohio, and we received the Upper Peninsula in satisfaction.

Steven T. Mason, the boy governor, under our territorial form of government, was our first state governor.



SMITH'S COAL DOCK, DETROIT RIVER
"Here comes another load — more work for me"



BUILDING A MAMMOTH LAKE CARRIAGE — DETROIT DRY DOCK

Detroit was always the metropolis of the state and was the capitol until 1847, when Lansing was chosen as being more centrally located. Although emigration commenced as early as the formation of our territorial government, in 1805, it did not attain to any great importance until the opening of government lands for sale to settlers in 1818, but from that date until 1836 it yearly increased in volume until, in the latter year, it is estimated that one thousand strangers landed every day at the wharves on our river front. There were no railroads, but a daily line of large steamers and the numberless sail boats brought a vast population to the city. These people did not all intend to remain here, but pushed on further west. Many remained, however, and the city and the county grew rapidly. The building of railroad lines to the west permitted more to pass by us unobserved as the years went along, but the tide increased rather than diminished.

The history of the succeeding years is full of interest. The history of Detroit is the history of Michigan; of a great state abounding in wealth and increasing in population; true to the Federal Government and devoted in her allegiance to the nation, she was foremost in the war of the Rebellion and one of the first to forgive when the war was ended; but these matters are of too recent transaction to be considered history, yet. Of the city itself, its splendid location; the rich country that lies behind it and is tributary to it; the magnificent river that flows by it, all tends to give notice to the future that it will continue to be one of the most important inland cities of America.

C. M. BURTON.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FATHER RICHARD — 1798-1832

An equally distinguished contemporary of General Lewis Cass, during the first decades of the history of Detroit, and during the present century, was the Very Reverend Gabriel Richard, the vicar representative of Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, and the spiritual ruler of Detroit and its dependencies, comprising at that time, the North-west Territory. He was the apostle of literature and culture in Detroit, and his name is inseparably connected with the history of education in this city.

Father Richard's participation in



DELAY GLASS WORKS ON THE RIVER

the current events of his times was so prominent that local historians of eminence have assigned to this priest and his works an honorable place in the early history of American rule, in the history of religion, and in the North-west Territory. As



A NEW REDFORD WHALE AT DETROIT

time has developed western history, the historic form of Richard becomes more distinct in its grand outlines. Judge Cooley, in his "American Commonwealths, Michigan," says of him, "Father Richard would have been a man of mark in almost any community at any time." Judge James V. Campbell, who in his younger days was a contemporary of Richard, says in his "Outlines of the Political History of Michigan:" His tall and sepulchral figure was familiar to every one during the long period during which he filled his sacred mission. He was

not only a man of elegant learning, but of excellent common sense and a very public spirited citizen. He encouraged education in every way, not only by organizing and patronizing schools for the immediate training of his own people, but by favoring all schemes for general intelligence. He brought to Detroit the earliest printing press that was known in the territory, and compiled and published some religious and educational works for his own flock, and some selections from French authors for reading. He was an early officer of the University (the University of Michigan, now at Ann Arbor) and a teacher and professor in it. His acquaintance was prized among Protestants as well as Catholics. His quaint humor and shrewd sense, in no way weakened by his imperfect pronunciation of English, are pleasantly remembered by all who had the good fortune to know

Indian tribes; these he corrected as far as lay in his power. He enlarged the church, presbytery and school-houses; but having no suitable teachers available he instructed and prepared four young ladies of wealthy families as teachers, and placed them in charge of a seminary for the higher branches of education of their sex. Not unmindful of the intellectual wants of the young men of his parish, he opened a seminary in which he and Father Dilhet taught the higher branches and lectured upon religious history, literature and the sciences.

This was the condition of the parish, when on the 11th of June, 1805, Detroit was stricken with a calamity as sudden as it was overwhelming. The city was entirely destroyed by fire—and as Father Dilhet writes, "in three hours, between 9 o'clock and noon, nothing was to be seen of the city except a mass of burning debris and chimney tops stretching like pyramids into the air. We had barely time to remove the vestments and furniture of the church and the movable property of the schools." Father Richard had witnessed in this brief time the destruction of the material evidence of his six year's hard work; of church, presbytery and schools, as well as the homes of his parishioners, there remained only smoking ruins. The old colonial city was completely wiped out of existence. Much inconvenience and suffering among the people ensued; but the indomitable pastor was equal to the emergency. He at once procured shelter tents from the fort for the women and children who had no refuge, and using not only his personal means but his credit as well, he purchased food and other temporary necessities for the homeless and destitute, without regard to creed or race. St. Anne's church, presbytery and schools were soon after located in improvised buildings in Spring Wells, about a mile below the ancient church; these premises continued to be used until 1820, when the basement of the new church was dedicated.

In 1807, there being no other minister in Detroit, Governor Hull invited Father Richard to hold non-Catholic meetings, if such a term may be permitted, in the new Council House on Sundays; these meetings were regularly held at noon, and were attended by the Governor and family, by the officers of the garrison with their families, by most of the officials and by the non-Catholic merchants. The lectures, delivered in the English language, were upon Christianity and kindred topics without controversial allusions.

In 1808, Father Richard set up in the first printing press erected in the North-west Territory, having brought from the east the first practical printer known in the West, Mr. Alfred Coxshaw. The same year the educational establishments were completed, and comprised: primary schools for boys and girls, a seminary for young ladies under charge of the four young ladies referred to as having been instructed and prepared to teach, whose names were, Angelique Campau, Monique Labadie, Elizabeth Lyon, and Elizabeth Williams. Miss Labadie subsequently married Antoine Beaubien, a wealthy proprietor, and in 1854 as a proof of her estimation of the value of the higher education of her sex, she endowed the convent of the Sacred Heart in Detroit with a property valued at the time at \$100,000. An academy for young men, under the learned pastor's direction, was assisted by M. Salier, a young professor of literature chemistry and astronomy, whom Father Richard had brought from France; and a school for the technical education of Indian girls.

The attention of the promoters of literary culture at the present day is directed to the fact that eighty-six years ago in Detroit, Father Richard's seminary for young ladies, taught by the very crème de la crème of the old families of this old city, and the academy for young men, having besides the pastor, a French professor of ability, were both supplied with astronomical, chemical and geographical apparatus; while in the school for teaching useful arts to Indian girls, it may be mentioned, that among other appliances used, were a score or more of spinning wheels.

In the meantime this pioneer Catholic priest, this apostle and promoter of literary culture, in the North-west, edited and published the following works:—"L'Âme Penitente," "La Journée du Chrétien," "The Child's Spelling Book," "Les Ornaments de la Mémoire," "Epîtres et Evangiles, pour dimanches et fêtes," "Français et Anglais," "Petite Catéchisme Historique," "Journal des Enfants."

At the period of the publication of these works, (the preparation of which for the press,—their editing as well as their proof reading,—involving a vast amount of labor,) suitable books were exceedingly rare in Detroit; they could only be obtained from Montreal or New York, and were not always of the kind desired; besides, their high prices excluded their use amongst most families.

These books supplied a great want existing in the old city even before, but still more, since the destruction of the city in 1805. Their publication at the time, under the circumstances, accomplished a double purpose, while attesting the aim of their pastor-editor to have been to teach, to edify, and to perfect intellectually, as well as morally and religiously, the youth of his own generation of pastoral care. Father Richard is claimed the honor of editing and publishing the first devotional, educational, and literary books in the North-west Territory; and the honor of editing



TITLE PAGE OF FIRST BOOK PUBLISHED IN DETROIT

him; while his brief prayer for the legislature, that they "might make laws for the people and not for themselves," was a very comprehensive summary of sound political philosophy.

When in 1789-92 the church in France, the monarchy, the nobility, and the aristocracy of the robe and of the sword had been engulfed in the whirlpool of blood and terror, while it was still possible for a priest to leave France, a group of young and distinguished Sulpicians, by a previous arrangement with L'Abbe Emery, chief of the Sulpician order in Paris, and Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, left France and came to the latter city. This was in 1792. Among this group of young gentlemen was the Rev. Gabriel Richard, scion of a good old Catholic stock, having been born in Saintes, France, in 1764. He was soon after assigned to missionary work in Kaskaskia, Illinois; where he remained until 1798, when he was appointed assistant to the Very Rev. Michael Levadoux, pastor of St. Anne's church in Detroit, and the first incumbent under American hierarchical jurisdiction. Father Levadoux was also a Sulpician, as was Father John Dilhet, who had accompanied Father Richard.

Detroit at the time was an old French Catholic city, which had recently fallen under the jurisdiction of the Federal government. The church of St. Anne, at the time, was the fourth of its name in the line of succession; the original chapel having been dedicated to the mother of the Blessed Virgin by Father Constantine Delhalle, a Recollet monk, in 1701. Its founder was killed by an Indian bullet six years later; the chapel and its successors were in their turn destroyed; the present church, (the St. Anne of 1798) having been built by Father Simplicius Bouquet, another Recollet monk, in 1754, and consecrated in 1755 by the Bishop of Quebec.

The vicarial jurisdiction of Detroit included the care of the French race living on the water-line, beginning at Lake Erie and extending upwards to Lake St. Clair. Its dependencies embraced the old missionary stations on the islands and shores of Lake Huron and Michigan. In 1800 Father Richard commenced a tour of the lake dependencies, taking passage on a government vessel on June 20th, and after a stormy voyage reached Mackinac Island June 20th. He remained on the island about two months, teaching and administering the sacraments; he then visited the Ottawas on Lake Huron, visited St. Joseph's Island, ascended the St. Mary's river to the Sault, and returned in October to Detroit. He wrote an account of his mission to Bishop Carroll. The Indians had mostly lapsed into Paganism and had to a great extent become brutalized from debauchery. He described the condition of the half-breeds and explained the great necessity existing for missionary laborers in the lake regions of Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois. In the meantime Father Levadoux, whose health began to fail, had applied for and obtained permission from Bishop Carroll to return to France. Father Richard succeeded to the pastorate and vicarial power, having Father John Dilhet as his assistant. The latter was a devoted priest, of fine literary culture and a gentleman.

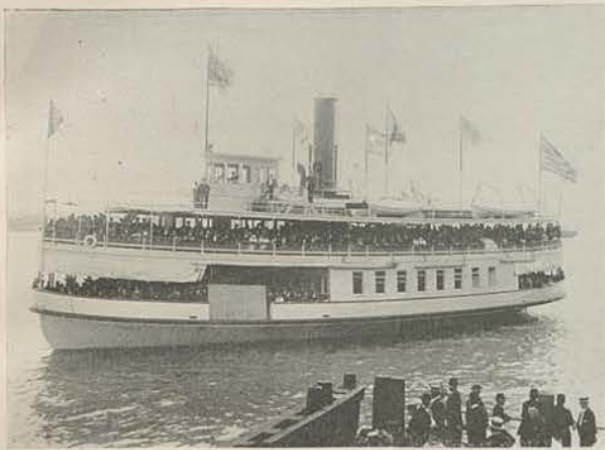
Looking into the spiritual condition of the parish, Father Richard found some irregularities growing out of the annual visits of the fur-trading employees and the convocations of the



FATHER RICHARD, FIRST TERRITORIAL REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS, ETC.



A RECEIPT—FATHER RICHARD'S AUTOGRAPH



JUST OFF FOR BELLE ISLE PARK



OFF FOR MACKINAW

and printing in English the first Scriptural work, the "Epistles and Gospels," in 1812. There is, I believe, no one who questions this right. In his introduction to *Les Oremens de la Mémoire*, Father Richard says: "Tous les sens de gont conviennent que la connoissance de la poésie doit avoir une place distinguée dans le plan d'une bonne éducation. Les beaux arts en général font la nourriture et le plaisir de l'ame. La Lecture des beaux morceaux de poésie en particulr erêlève les esprits, étend agréablement la sphère pes connoissances utiles, elle produit dans l'ame les sentiments délicieux. Mais cette lecture pour être utile demande un choix judicieux et de sages précautions, surtout pour ce qui regarde la pureté des moeurs."

Another and a grievous calamity was impending over Detroit. This was the war of 1812. The old city, far removed from the support of the older States, was bound to suffer, and the first serious blow felt was the surrender of the post by the Governor.

Priests are regarded by Christian nations at war among themselves, as non-combatants. Father Richard was every inch a priest, but each of these inches was as thoroughly and patriotically American as priestly; for this crime he was arrested by the British General and sent in irons to the military prison across the river, where he remained until peace was declared. After the evacuation of the city by the British and their Indian allies, the occupants of the soil were threatened with famine, having been stripped of their movable possessions by the drunken savages. Were it not for assistance rendered by Father Richard, some of these would have starved, and others had no seed grain to plant until he procured it for them. In the meantime his apostolic work had experienced a great set-back, which required time and

labor to overcome before their normal condition could be restored. Just previous to the breaking out of the hostilities there arrived in this city the first organ ever seen in the North-west Territory; Father Richard had imported it from France.

The condition of the French race and the humane conduct of Father Richard after the war have already been mentioned. The



DETROIT COLLEGE OF MEDICINE



GOING OUT

condition of that portion of his flock residing on the shores of the upper lakes, has also been described; his call for missionaries was responded to in time; these were prepared, taught to speak the Indian dialects and sent to evangelize the indigenous people and others in the lake regions.

In 1868 Paul Malcher donated his farm on the river bank about two



CASS PUBLIC SCHOOL AND VIEW UP SECOND AVENUE



THE MAIN EXPOSITION BUILDING

miles above the site of old St. Anne, on which was built, in 1809, a chapel and school for the convenience of parishioners living in la cote du nord est. According to the custom of the country this parish was organized with marguilliers or trustees. In 1817 a disagreement occurred between the latter and Father Richard. The case was referred to Bishop Flaget,

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS



VIEW EAST ON FERRY AVENUE



ALFRED STREET



WEST ON DAVENPORT STREET



VIEW ON WINDSOR STREET



VIEW ALONG WARREN AVENUE — EAST



THE THOMPSON HOUSE FOR OLD LADIES AND HANCOCK AVENUE EAST FROM CASS AVENUE

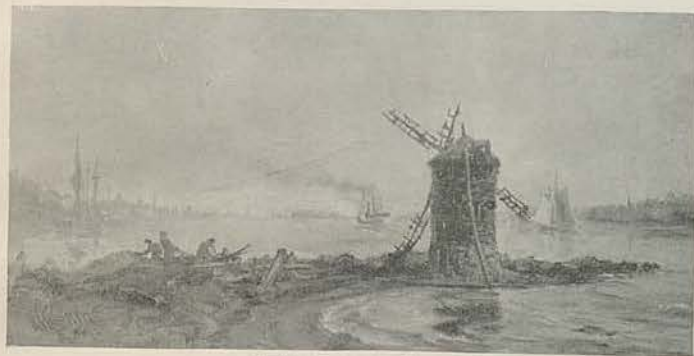


VIEW EAST ON JEFFERSON AVENUE FROM RIVARD STREET



HOME OF GEN. R. A. ALDER

who sustained his vicar, and on the refusal of the marguilliers to submit, the Bishop placed the cote du nord chapel under interdict, in which state it remained until the following year, when the paternal and venerable Bishop came all the way from Bardstown, Ky., on horseback, to Detroit, in the interest of peace; his mission was successful. To render the ceremony of



OLD WINDMILL NEAR MAY'S CREEK

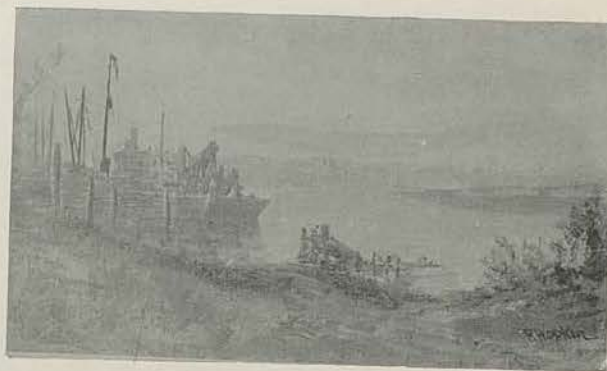
the removal of the interdict impressive, a grand procession escorted the Bishop from St. Anne's to the succursal chapel, the distance being about three miles. As a sign of the times it may be stated, that the music of the U. S. regimental band added to the eclat of the ceremony, and as the procession passed the fort, it was saluted by a salvo of artillery. The occasion was one of general rejoicing, and an affecting reconciliation took place between the recalcitrants and their venerable pastor. This event occurred June 11th, 1818, and on the same day Bishop Flaget laid the corner-stone of the fifth church of St. Anne, which was not completed until ten years later, 1828.

Missionary work in the lake regions had in the meantime been vigorously conducted by Fathers Ballamy, Babin (Francis V) de Jean, and Mazzuchelli and Dr. Frederic Rese, under the direct supervision of Father Richard. In 1823 he was elected representative of Michigan territory to Congress, serving one term only. The results of missionary work in the dependencies of Detroit, among the Indians and half-breeds, may be seen in the account given by Bishop Fenwick of Cincinnati, in whose diocese Michigan had been placed, who made his Episcopal visitations in

1827. Among the Indian tribes visited, morality and fervent piety prevailed, where ignorance, Pagan superstition and debauchery had ruled. "The happiest days of my life," writes the



OLD HAMTRAMCK HOUSE AND RIVER FORTY YEARS AGO



OLD DREDGE ON THE ROUGE — FROM PAINTING BY HOPKIN

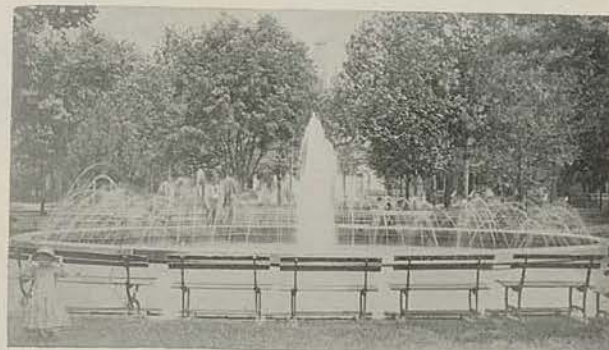


THE LATE J. M. STANLEY, ARTIST

Bishop, "were spent among the Ottawa and Pottowattamie Indians."

Probably the credit for the greatest missionary work accomplished under the direction of any one priest in this country during the first three decades of this century, may be claimed for the Very Rev. Gabriel Richard. Certainly in no part of the United States was there a field so extensive or so difficult of access as that confided to his care by the Metropolitans Carroll, Neale, Marechal, and Whitfield and under Bishops Flaget and Fenwick. Nor were his merits unrecognized by the American hierarchy who sent his name to Rome as their choice for Detroit's first Bishop. But Father Richard was not destined to wear the mitre on the scene of his life-work. His apostolic career was to end in a manner becoming the devoted priest he had been all his sacerdotal life.

When in 1832 the Asiatic cholera decimated the Catholic population of Detroit, Father Richard and his venerable assistant, Father Francis Vincent



THE FOUNTAIN IN CASS PARK



DETROIT DRIVING CLUB — THE START

Badin, labored among the sick and dying day and night, until the plague had ceased its ravages. Worn out with hardship, he fell, the last of the distinguished victims of that fatal year. He was stricken with the disease and succumbed Sept. 15th, 1832. He had been pastor of St. Anne's for thirty-four years, and had occupied a leading place in the history of events during that period, as a priest, as an educator, as a philanthropist, as a legislator, as an apostle of literature, as a citizen and as a patriot. Fifty years after the death of Father Richard, Bela Hubbard placed four statues on the east and west facades of the City Hall of Detroit. These sculptured images represent four great French Catholics, whom the city is proud to honor,—two zealous missionaries, Fathers James Marquette and Gabriel Richard, and two representatives of the genius and chivalry of Catholic France, Cavalier de la Salle and Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac.

RICHARD R. ELLIOTT.



THE BAGLEY FOUNTAIN.

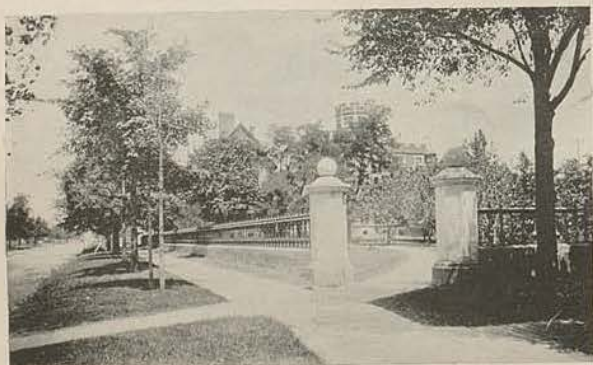
and the construction of the fort, begun in 1842, was not finished until about 1851.

The fort is a square bastioned structure with walls of brick and concrete, 22 feet high and 7 1-2 feet thick and the whole is surrounded by a very extensive embankment of sand. Inside the walls is the barracks building, while outside—as will be seen by reference to the illustrations—are the officers' quarters, the hospital, guard house, amusement hall and so on, the parade ground and street in front of the officers' quarters, commanding most attractive prospects up and down the river. Fort Wayne, by reason of its slightly position and the proverbial elegance and courtesy of the officers of the U. S. Army, has long been one of the chief social centers about Detroit, while, as the establishment is under slight military restrictions, open to the public, it is generally a very popular and interesting resort.

DETROIT AS AN EXCURSION CENTRE

The water-way between Lakes Huron and Erie consists of the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River, the aggregate distance being 30 miles. In the beauty of its shores and sands, the purity and volume of its waters, the picturesqueness and importance of its cities and the wondrous variety of its facilities for comfort and pleasure during the summer months, the channel mentioned is unrivalled and Detroit is its centre.

From Detroit, boats leave daily for Cleveland, Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Grosse Isle, Amherstberg, Chatham, Mt. Clemens, New Baltimore, Port Huron, the



RESIDENCE OF JAMES R. CREEPS, ESQ.



PERRY SEED COMPANY'S TEST GARDEN



OLD ROUND HOUSE, M. C. & N. W.



OLD DUFFIELD FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Flats and all intermediate ports. Daily boats sail also from Detroit for Mackinaw and other ports along Lake Huron, while at frequent intervals other boats leave for

the Soo and Lake Superior ports. Thus is indicated, meagerly, the city's resources as an excursion centre. In keeping with such an abundance of facilities is the fact that the best of boat service is available at prices suiting any ability. Ten cents will pay for an afternoon's ride up and down the

FORT WAYNE

A trifle more than three miles below Woodward Avenue, where the Detroit river turns to the south—its only bend—and where it is narrowest, is situated the chief military fortification in Michigan,—Fort Wayne. The entire military reservation on which the fort is built consists at present of 66 acres



CHARLOTTE AVENUE, NEAR SECOND AVENUE



JEFFERSON AVENUE WEST FROM WOODWARD AVENUE



ST. VINCENT'S FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM



AT THE HEAD OF RANDOLPH STREET



OLD FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



THE PRESENT FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



FOUNTAIN IN EAST GRAND CIRCUS PARK

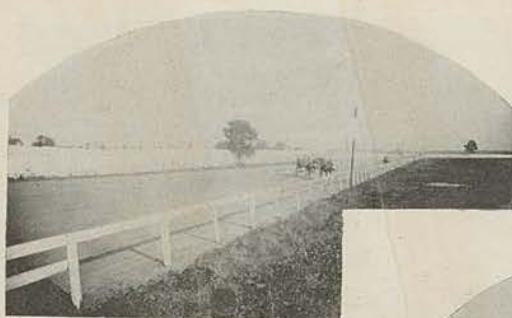


EAST ON HENRY STREET FROM SECOND AVENUE



THE LOBBY AT THE EXPOSITION

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS



AT THE DISTANCE POLE — DETROIT DRIVING PARK

river on any of the magnificent boats of the Detroit, Belle Isle and Windsor Ferry Company. In case one does not care to ride all of the afternoon, the passenger may land at Belle Isle and return by boat whenever the desire is manifest, and all for ten cents. For twenty-five cents a ride may be had to Mt. Clemens, New Baltimore, Chatham or Amherstberg and return. Fifty cents pays for the ride to and from the Flats. Seventy-five cents will cover the cost of the ride to Toledo. Put-in-

Bay or Port Huron. These rides may be varied too. The start may be made in the morning or in the afternoon. An entire day or only four or five hours may be utilized with equal convenience.

Any ride mentioned is made chiefly along the Detroit River, the St. Clair River or Lake St. Clair, and aside from the pure bracing qualities of the air and the ever changing interest of the scenes along the River, as these rides are taken, is the vast coming and going, the meeting and greeting of the fleets of the great Lakes. Huge freighters, modelled and proportioned equal to ocean going craft, mammoth passenger

boats bound for Duluth, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Chicago, Cleveland or Buffalo, great tow barges, grain, lumber and ore carriers, steam yachts, whalebacks, sailing yachts and in fact all kinds of marine travellers, abound in profusion at all points, so that there is no such thing, at any point or any time, as loneliness. It is a constant moving marine panorama, most enjoyable and not duplicated in any part of the western world.

In case one becomes surfeited with marine pleasures or where one is partial to rural beauties and woodland pleasures, no more delightful country jaunt can be desired than is to be found at either Orion Lake, Cass Lake,



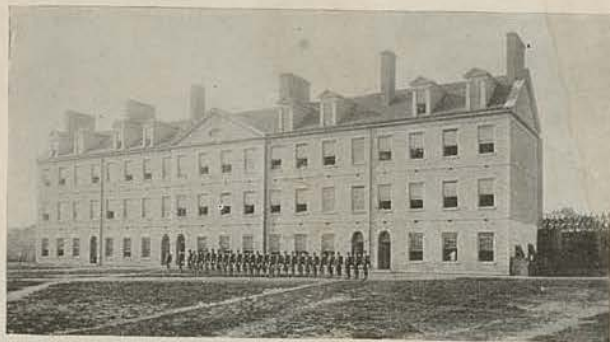
AN EXCITED MULTITUDE — DETROIT DRIVING PARK



RIVER FRONT, LOOKING EAST — FORT WAYNE



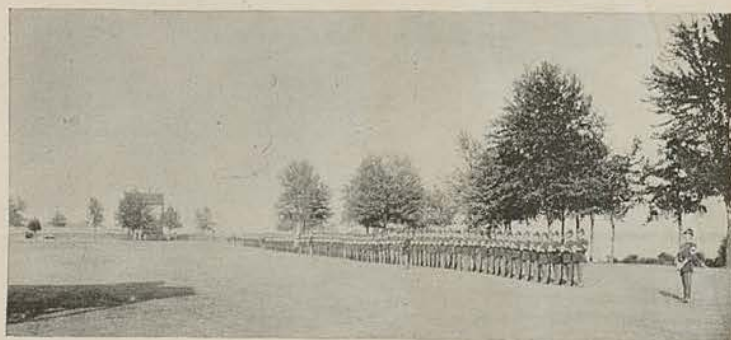
ENTRANCE TO FORT WAYNE



THE BARRACKS AT FORT WAYNE



A HOLIDAY AT FORT WAYNE



"PARADE REST" AT FORT WAYNE



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FORT WAYNE



M. C. R. R. DEPOT YARD AND FERRY SLIP



A VIEW AT FORT WAYNE



BOULEVARD, LOOKING EAST FROM WOODWARD AVENUE



ELMWOOD CEMETERY CHAPEL



IN ELMWOOD CEMETERY



ST. ANNE'S CHURCH

Father and son owned it jointly, and about 1824 the son, who became sole owner, sold it to General Porter. The latter, after a short time, sold it to a man named Dorr. About 1830 Dorr added the circular wings at either end of the house, and made some other improvements.

The house has changed hands a number of times and is now owned by several legatees, one of whom rents and controls the house, but does not occupy it. The center and main part of the house was built of logs. The ground floor consisted of two large rooms running lengthwise of the house, each opening at either end into a square hall, which in turn opened out on a veranda, one at the front, facing the river, and another at the back. Filling in the space between the two halls, was an immense chimney built of stone. This had its foundation in the cellar, where it filled up a goodly space, and then sloped gradually up to the peak of the house and through it, just for a squint at the outside world. There



CUPID AND PSYCHE



TRINITY (REV. EPISCOPAL) CHURCH

Orchard Lake or Pine Lake, all of which are within two hours ride of the city.

THE LABADIE HOUSE

On Woodbridge street, just west of the corner of Twenty-fourth street, stands the oldest house in Detroit. Judged by its steep gables and the dormer window in the roof, it belongs to the provincial French style of architecture. There is a tradition that it was built somewhere up the Detroit River, brought down in a scow, and set up in its present position intact.

Monsieur Labadie, a Frenchman, is the first person who is definitely connected with the house of its owner,

was a generous fire-place in both roofs, where great logs could be burned and a goodly company sit around to enjoy the cheerful blaze and rest.

The circumstances of Monsieur Labadie improved and he finished the inside of the house, covering over the rough oak logs that formed the joists. The work he did on the upper wall still remains and shows a delicacy of

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS



THE OLD FARM GATE — TWELFTH STREET

handicraft and a precision of joiner work that modern machinery could not excel in execution.

The panels of the doors, which are also hand-work, are of a quaint pattern, and the old brass handles and locks are still preserved, through the sentimental interest of the latest owner of the house. There are forty-six doors and windows in the house, suggesting the sunny freedom and cheerful social life of France. It has been a hospitable old house, and for many years it held out its offer of shelter to the traveler. It is not probable that it was built for a public hostelry, although there are suggestions of the rural inn in the arrangement of the rooms. It became a favorite stopping-place by the necessity of its location. The farmers from Ypsilanti and the adjoining county made the house a night's resting place, and here it was that they started out early the next morning, laden with goods which they had received in exchange for their produce.

In the early days, when the water-way was the only way, the boats were fastened here for the night and the owners found rest and refreshment under the hospitable roof. Later, when a road was cut through to that hospitable section, the farmer stopped with his wagon and his team and waited for the first faint ray of morning to resume his journey.

By aid of the imagination one may put himself back in fancy to that early time for a moment and take the character of one of the French owners of the old house in those

"Resort to the back of the house. Lie flat on the ground. Harrison will fire on the Indians."

They all obey, the sound of firing guns is heard, and the Indians disperse. The front door is open, and two shots are found to have lodged in the wall. The family and neighbors are safe, and this is verified fact, not imagination, so history tells us.



THE OLD JAMES SMITH LOG HOUSE — TWELFTH STREET

BELLE ISLE PARK

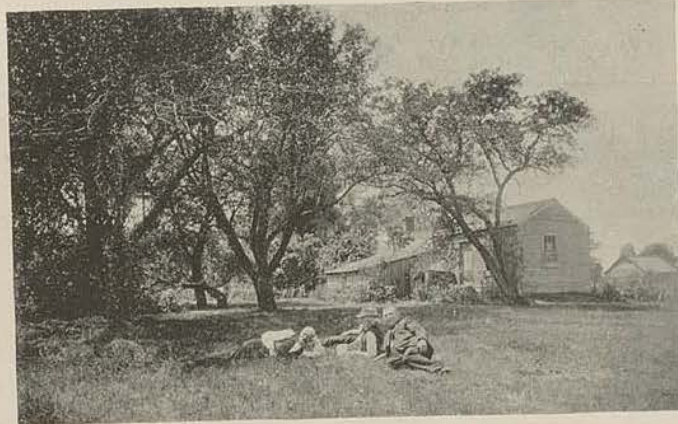
The matchless municipal park owned by the city of Detroit and called Belle Isle Park, consists of a natural island of 600 acres, a trifle over two miles long and half a mile wide at its

points of greatest measurement. It lies midway between the Michigan and Canadian shores, the international boundary line passing along the middle of the Canadian channel. It is two and one-half miles, at its lower and nearest point, from the city hall, and occupies a position at the point where Lake St. Clair ends and the Detroit river begins. From its lower end a superb perspective view is had down the river a distance of about seven miles, while at its upper end the view across Lake St. Clair to the horizon is unbroken.

This island, absolutely level over its entire area and only about five feet above water level, is covered with a glorious growth of old forest trees — hickory, oak, elm, maple and beech, except at its lower end and on its Canadian side. Here are beautiful lawns, parade grounds, tennis courts and ball fields, which are separated from the river and from themselves by a picturesque system of lakes and canals which extends entirely around the park.

It is the presence of such artificial attractions, coupled with the various buildings of choice design and excellent construction — the Casino, the skaters' pavilion, the long wharf, the boat houses, bridges, police station and the like — that have combined with the natural glories so plentiful, in the evolution of a people's playground second to none on earth.

The father of Belle Isle Park is Levi L. Barbour, an honorable, loyal, energetic and prosperous citizen who, still on the safe side of middle age, will probably live to be more fully and more fully recognized as the originator of the plan to secure Belle Isle to the city for use as a municipal park.



THE OLD PORRITT PLACE

primitive days. If this feeling is strong enough one might imagine himself standing on Monsieur Labadie's lawn on a morning in the year 1816. Just a little distance off 800 or 1,000 Indians are standing silently together. Down there on the river, toward the Canadian shore, is a fleet of vessels. Gen. Harrison and his troops are on board and a light breeze is helping them slowly along. They come up nearly opposite the house, when the voice of Monsieur Labadie is heard to say to his friends and neighbors,



SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH



OLD JAMES SMITH PLACE — A CONNOISSEUR IN CORN



CORNER WOODWARD AND CANFIELD AVENUES



CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH



VIEW IN CLARK PARK



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Connected to the city by a superb iron bridge over a half a mile in length and visited (during the summer months) every ten minutes by ferry boats from Detroit, Windsor and Walkerville, the park is most easy of access and thousands of citizens visit it daily. It is a surprise and a delight to strangers and a blessing and source of unqualified pride to the citizens.

GROSSE POINTE

Grosse Pointe is the name given to the west shore of Lake St. Clair, a charming coast line territory of about ten miles in length, which, with its superb roads and many beautiful summer homes, constitutes one of the chief suburban resorts of Detroit. It is a high banked plateau which is perfectly level, but from which a full view is had of a continuous naval review — the passage of the most extensive inland marine exhibit in the world.

This location is reached by an electric railway system, by a well built macadamized road and by boat, so that for either residence or pleasure resort purposes, it is most accessible.

It is here that United States Senator James McMillan, Hon. G. V. N. Lothrop, ex-United States Minister to Russia, Hugh McMillan, Wm. B. Moran, Geo. S. Davis, and many other leading citizens have extensive and very beautiful estates; it is along this shore that one finds the most agreeable drive out of Detroit and it is here, also, that is located the Convent of the Sacred Heart — one of the oldest educational institutions in Michigan. All of these structures, with a glorious environment of forest, lawn and lake, enhanced by the picturesque qualities of the light-houses and the shipping, combine to make of the section one of the most strikingly attractive views along the entire chain of the great lakes. The settlement of Grosse Pointe began with the settlement of Detroit, so that the traditions and the histories of the two places are most closely interwoven.

THE FLATS

The waters of Lakes Michigan, Superior and Huron are discharged through the river St. Clair into Lake St. Clair — a lake nearly circular in form, and about 23



OLD MARINERS' CHURCH (EPISCOPAL) COR. WOODWARD AVE. AND WOODBRIDGE STREET



FEDERATION'S HALL, D. L. G. ARMORY AND BIDDLE HOUSE — JEFFERSON AVENUE



OLD JEWISH SYNAGOGUE — MACOMBE STREET



THE RUSSELL HOMESTEAD — NOW THE BELT LINE (BEAUFORT) STATION



TOMBS OF GENERAL CASS, SENATOR CHANDLER, DR. D. O. FARRAND AND E. A. BRUSH, AT KILMWOOD



ENTRANCE TO MT. ELLIOTT—CATHOLIC CEMETERY



JUDGE CAMPBELL

miles in diameter. The St. Clair River has a delta mouth with three main outlets and it is adjacent to these outlets that is located a great area of submerged land which is known generally as "The Flats" (of St. Clair) and which is the home of all kinds of water fowl and inexhaustible quantities of bass, pickerel, pike, white fish and lake trout. "The Flats" are about 30 miles above Detroit and an equal distance from Port Huron and they are reached only by boat. It is at this point, that is located the United States Government canal, a



GYPSY CAMP—PORT STREET WEST

very extensive structure built to expedite and render more safe the passage of lake commerce. Just above this canal and along the main channel of the delta, for a distance of five or six miles, are located club houses, public hotels and private residences—all built on "made" land, until the most notable Venice in America is shown. It is a veritable canal city, comprising over 100 buildings and, during the summer season, having a population of upward of 2,000 people.

It is the most popular resort, by reason of its bathing,



DETROIT CREMATORY

Island House are the principal objects of interest at the Flats, although the many delightful homes, the steam yachts and the sailing yachts, the bathing parties and the groups of fishermen, all combine in an interesting, exhilarating picture, unanswerable evidences as to the pleasure resources, the invariable coolness of temperature, the purity and vigor of the air, in brief, the general hot weather excellence of the locality.

THE HAMTRAMCK HOUSE

On the bank of the Detroit river, just above the residence of the late William B. Wesson, stands one of the most noted landmarks of Detroit—the Hamtramck house. The old house stands about thirty feet from the Detroit river and is shaded by beautiful trees and the foliage of a small vineyard. It is built of logs, covered with weather-board, fronts thirty-



WHITNEY OPERA HOUSE—SITE OF NEW POST OFFICE

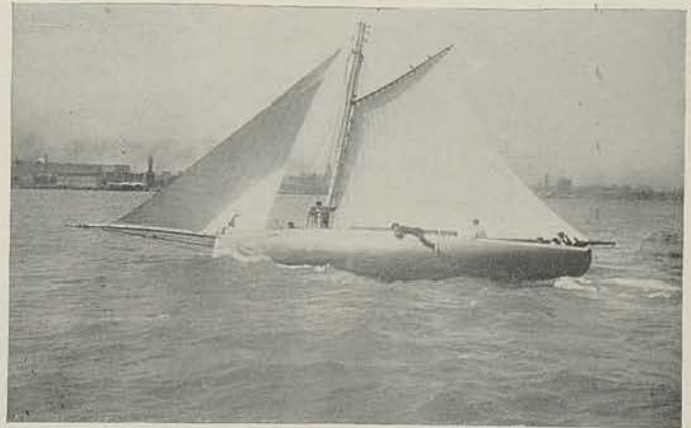
fishing and shooting facilities, out of Detroit, while for those who seek only quiet and rest, it is matchless. It is not reached by telegraph, rail or telephone; the pedestrian cannot walk to it and no horse drawn vehicle can be taken there. One must either swim, fly or go by boat, so that the place lacks every suggestion of hurry and all evidences of business excitement. It is a "Sleepy Hollow" on piles, before which is constantly but silently passing a perpetual parade of the great commerce of the lakes. The houses of the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club, the Rushmere Club, the Meroue Club, Joe Bedore's and the Star



U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL AND GROUNDS



ONE OF MANY, ON WOODWARD AVENUE



ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOT



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

two feet on the river, with a depth of twenty-six feet, and is one and a half stories high.

At present it is in a dilapidated condition, which is caused more by the vandalistic propensities of young hoodlums than the hand of time. The window panes are all broken, the shutters have been wrenched off, the doors are shaky and portions of the weather-



AN ANNOYING BREAK-DOWN



U. S. STEAMSHIP MICHIGAN

white pine boards, and some of those remaining are thirty inches in width and probably sawed and planed by hand. A cellar underlies the whole length and breadth of the house. The front of the house is almost obscured by a rank growth of small bushes and creeping vines which adds to its unique and interesting appearance.

Here lived Col. John Francis Hamtramck, a revolutionary soldier of fame, the first American commandant of Detroit, and a voluntary alien defender of our liberty and independence, who is entitled to rank with Kosciusko, Lafayette, Pulaski, De Kalb and Steuben; for Hamtramck was one of the Canadian or Nova Scotian



U. S. SENATOR JAMES MC MILLAN



THE OLD MORAN HOMESTEAD

board have been taken away. Two large stone chimneys stand at either extremity of the house, each with a wide fire-place large enough to accommodate full lengths of cordwood. The kitchen chimney, however, has been taken down at the ceiling of the first floor, on account of the settling of the foundation.

The lower floor is divided into three living rooms and a kitchen. The upper floor is now only one room, but shows that it was formerly partitioned into several sleeping apartments. At some time the upper story was sealed with



"O, COME OFF!"



A COLONIAL REMINDER ON CHARLOTTE AVENUE

refugees who came to New York and espoused the cause of the feeble colonies in 1776. Nothing is known of the exact place of his birth, but his tombstone in Mt. Elliott cemetery discloses the fact that he was born on Aug. 13th, 1757. He was in northern New York when he joined the army—a boy of less than twenty years. He fought till the close of hostilities, and was under St. Clair and Wayne in the Indian wars which continued after the revolutionary struggle had closed, and which were largely fomented by the defeated British authorities in Canada. His soldierly qualities won him rapid promotion. He was made a major in the United States army in 1780; promoted to lieutenant-colonel in 1793; commanded the left wing of Gen. "Mad" Anthony Wayne's army at the battle of Maumee in 1794; was subsequently promoted to colonel of the First regiment of United States infantry and entered Detroit after the British evacuation on July 11th, 1790, with 300 soldiers.

In "Legends of Le Detroit," by the late Mrs. Hamlin, one of the romantic tales is entitled "Ham-



THE OLD FALMES HOMESTEAD—SITE OF THE MOFFAT BUILDING

generosity, to finally gain his suit, and win Louisa from Hamtramck, his supposed rival. The latter he called "Le Grapeau a Cheval," the frog on horseback." This jealous epithet had a little foundation in truth, as Hamtramck was small in stature and rather round-shouldered. In 1790, when Colonel Hamtramck came to Detroit, he was a widower. He renewed his devotion to Marianne, but she refused him, as her heart was a tomb, wherein lay the ashes of buried hopes and bright illusions.

"Mademoiselle," said Hamtramck, "since we cannot be united in life, in death I shall be near you."

"Oh, that is romantic, colonel," she laughingly replied; "but you are a soldier and cannot say where your last sleep shall overtake you."

"No matter; mark me, I shall slumber within the shadow of your tomb."

The legend tells how Hamtramck's remains were buried in St. Anne's churchyard, and afterward removed to Mt. Elliott cemetery, and how, after his loved Marianne had died, fifty years after, her remains were removed a few years before to the Godfrey lot, in the same cemetery, which is opposite the spot where Hamtramck lies buried, and he now "slumbers within the shadow of her tomb."

Unfortunately, however, the facts do not sustain the story. Hamtramck was married and had a family when he came to Detroit—in 1790—and he, therefore, could not have renewed his suit nor uttered the above prophecy.



A BACK-YARD STUDY



RESIDENCE OF DAVID WHITNEY, R.—WOODWARD AVENUE

tramck's Love." It tells how the colonel (then major) while at Marietta, Ohio, met and loved Marianne Nevarre, who was then on a visit to her friend, Louisa St. Clair, daughter of Arthur St. Clair, governor of the North-west territory. Governor St. Clair, however, wished his daughter to marry Hamtramck, and when Marianne

learned this she cut short her visit and returned to Detroit. Louisa was loved by Joseph Brant, the great chief of the Six Nations, then at war with the United States, but the old governor haughtily refused to consider his suit. When Brant's Indians defeated St. Clair's forces in 1791 the latter was only saved from annihilation by Col. Hamtramck and his regulars. Brant's object was to capture St. Clair alive, and he hoped by sparing his life and making him sensible of his



OLD CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH, AFTERWARD ST. ANDREWS HALL



HOME OF THE MICHIGAN CLUB

The arm was purchased by Hamtramck from Jacques Campau, and here the house was built in 1802. But the hardships and exposure of the war had made fatal inroads on Hamtramck's constitution, which was not very strong, and he died on April 11th, 1803, aged forty-five years, seven months and twenty-eight days. The records of the Wayne county probate court show that he died intestate, and, for a man in his exalted position, in straightened circumstances. His widow, Rebecca Hamtramck, had only \$300.50 in cash, and the total valuation of the estate, which included his swords, library and even domestic utensils, footed up only \$2,138.47. The household effects were stored in the citadel and were consumed in the great fire of 1805, which laid Detroit in ashes.

The remains were interred in the cemetery of St. Anne's church, which was located on the present line of Jefferson Avenue, nearly opposite the store of Heavenrich Brothers. The remains were removed and placed in the new cemetery a few yards east of the church. In 1866, Richard



WOODWARD AVENUE FROM THE GRAND CIRCUS

R. Elliott, with historic reverence, obtained permission from Bishop Lefevre to transfer the remains to his family lot in Mt. Elliott cemetery, where they now rest, under the massive stone erected by his fellow-officers at the time of his death.

TWO IMPORTANT INSTITUTIONS

The public library and the museum of art are the two most interesting public institutions in Detroit and they will compare favorably with any similar establishments in the county and each one with all of its privileges is free to any one desiring to avail themselves thereof. They are located within easy walking distance of the business center of the city and one occupies a handsome building especially erected for the pur-



THE LATE E. H. COURTEN, ARTIST — PAINTED BY HIMSELF



ST. CASSIMIR (ROMAN CATHOLIC) CHURCH

pose. The public library is a combination of the Young Men's Society Library and the Mechanics' Association Library, very much elaborated during the past fifteen years, under the management of a Public Library Commission. The Museum of Art is the result of an art loan exhibition held in 1884, which was conceived and conducted to a superb fulfillment by William H. Brearly. It is now managed by a board of trustees appointed jointly by the governor of Michigan and the mayor of Detroit. It is a most interesting institution. Connected with the museum is an admirable art school which is well sustained. The public library has upward of 100,000 volumes and the museum of art contains the Stearns collection of oriental curios — one of the finest in America, — the



THE PORT STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Scripps collection of old masters, the collections of the Detroit Scientific Association and a number of choice modern paintings.

AN INDIAN'S PHILOSOPHY

John Sabine, who came to Detroit in 1833 and who is still living, was, as a boy, quite religious in his tendencies and when the Indian chief, Black Hawk, visited Detroit, the boy attempted to convert him. The chief was on the way to the fort when young Sabine asked:

"Don't you fear death?"

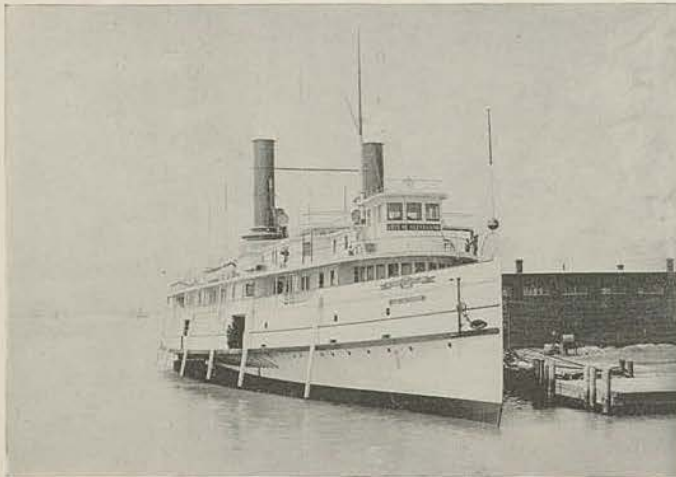
Black Hawk, a powerful, finely proportioned savage, looked down upon the undersized lad.

"Boy, it is only the whites who teach the fear of death," he said.

"The Indian fears nothing. He takes what comes. If he has food, he eats it; if he has none, he goes without." And then he proceeded with a dissertation on the glories of death that took away the boy's desire to



CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



THE CITY OF CLEVELAND



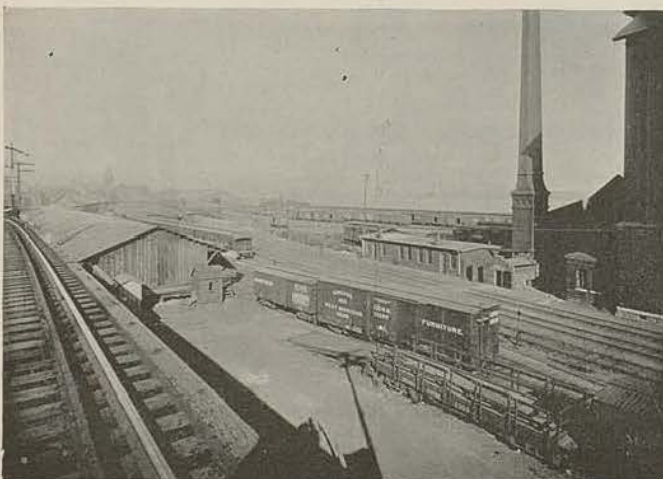
DETROIT FEMALE SEMINARY — SITE OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING



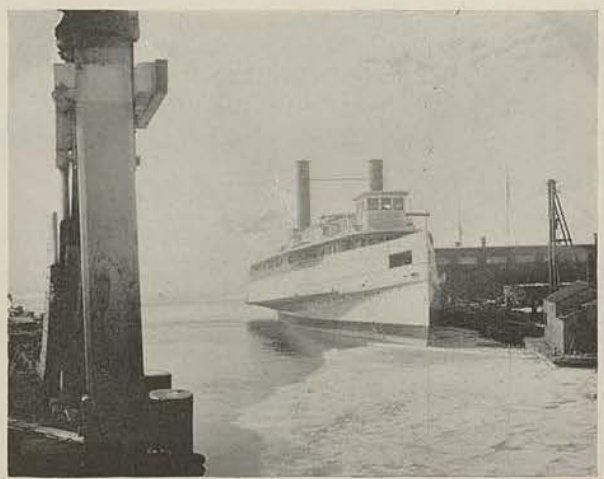
AT THE HIGH SCHOOL, FIRE



THE CAMPUS MARTIUS IN 1864



MICHIGAN CENTRAL DEPOT, YARD



THE ICE GOING



CLINTON AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH

be a missionary. There was something profoundly touching in the Indian's philosophy. After that, Mr. Sabine did not try to convert any more Indians.

THE GREAT TUNNEL

The following few facts give a comprehensive idea of the hole under the St. Clair river, through which each day, passes the traffic of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

The length of the tunnel from portal to portal is 6,025 feet.

Length from portal on the American side to river bank 1,729 feet.

Length from portal on Canadian side to river bank 2,006 feet.

Length under river bed 2,290 feet.

The tunnel is a perfect circle with an interior diameter of 19 feet 10 inches.

The segment filled in at the bottom for the railway road bed has a flat surface from side to side of 11 feet 6 inches.

The length of the cutting on the American side to



GEN. RUSSELL A. ALGER

the portal is 2,487 feet. The depth at the portal to the road bed, below the natural surface, is 50 feet.

The length of the cutting on the Canadian side to the portal is 3,116 feet, and the depth at the portal is 57 feet.

The grade on the American side is 1 in 50, or 105.60 feet per mile.

The grade on the Canadian side is 1 in 50, or 105.60 feet per mile.

CONCEPTION OF THE WORK

The idea of the tunnel was conceived, and the work was projected by Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and through his efforts the money to construct it has been secured. Mr. Hobson is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers and of the American and the Canadian Societies of Civil Engineers; and has been connected with the engineering department of the Grand Trunk Railway since 1870. His assistants in charge of the instrumental work were Messrs. T. E. Hillman and M. S. Blaiklock. Mr. J. T. Eames was the mechanical superintendent of the work, and Mr. Thomas Murphy was superintendent of excavation.

COST OF THE WORK

The total actual cost of the whole work will approximate very closely to \$2,700,000. The subsidy given in aid of the enterprise by the Dominion Gov-



SECOND AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

ernment amounts to \$375,000. The following is a statement of the chief items which make up the cost of the work:

Expended on preliminary work.....	\$250,000
Machinery and plant used in construction.....	250,000
Labor, all classes.....	900,000
Cast iron for lining.....	800,000
Other materials.....	100,000
Real estate, land damages, legal expenses, etc.....	110,000
Permanent equipment (tracks, locomotives, etc.)....	50,000
Approaches.....	300,000
Engineering, superintendence, etc.....	40,000
	\$2,700,000



CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH



MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NORTH-EAST CORNER CLINTON AND CAMP AVE.



ZACHARIAH CHANDLER

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

As the chief purpose of this work has been the presentation pictorially of the many beautiful features in Detroit and about the several localities adjacent to Michigan's metropolis, I feel that it is due those who have so kindly aided me with their works, that I should make acknowledgement of my appreciation. This I do most heartily, to the following gentlemen: Messrs. C. M. Burton, J. C. Ferry, and Richard R. Elliott, of Detroit and C. Luce of Monroe, for valuable manuscript contributions; to Rt. Rev. John Foley, Bishop of the Diocese of Detroit; to the following artists, Robert Hopkin, Wm. Mylne, John Ward Dunsmore, Wm. B. Conely, John Owen,



V. M. C. A. BUILDING, DETROIT

J. E. Packbauer, Mr. Dow N. C. Bullock, W. D. Butterfield, E. C. Sheriff, and to Louis Stanley (son of the late J. M. Stanley) for sketches and finished paintings; and finally to the following photographers: E. H. Husher & Co., C. W. Earle, C. C. Randall, Hayes Photo Co., Jex Bardwell, Messrs. Whitmore, Alvord, Gardiner, Holcomb, Dr. Ives, Clarence Weed, Herman Strassburg, J. C. Mulford, Walter E. Campbell, Bert Noble, Wm. Jupp, Forrest Campbell, S. K. Tillotson and Mr. Mead of Detroit; to J. M. Hall of Flint, H. Randall of Ann Arbor, Messrs. Hill and Richardson of Monroe, White of Port Huron, Novess of Mt. Clemens, Westrich of St. Clair and to all others who have in any way assisted me.

CHAS. L. CLARK.



SOJOURNER TRUTH



DON M. DICKINSON

UP THE ST. CLAIR

The river St. Clair, along its entire length, is dotted with thrifty, growing towns and delightful riverside resorts, and with its attractive shores and its busy, invigorating array of shipping, is at once free from monotony and most interesting. Algonac, a cosy little town just above the Flats and once the scene of a considerable ship building interest, is now a peaceful, homelike resort full of rural interest and provided with ample boating and fishing facilities. It is within easy access of all points on the flats; a short drive back through the country, will carry one to the railroad, while the several daily boats up the river give frequent transportation to the Oakland and Port Huron. Here many of the citizens of Detroit and Port Huron have their summer homes and here also is the popular resort of innumerable excursion parties. Wholly informal, there is a sufficient absence of the demands of fashion to make of

the place a delightful home for those seeking a cool, quiet and comfortable home. As attractions immediately adjacent, Algonac has Walpole Island with its Canadian Indians — the island being an Indian reservation, — while upon Harsen's Island is the fine hotel and grounds of the Grande Pointe Club, an organization consisting chiefly of Detroit people. Further down the river — between Grande Pointe and the Flats are the houses and grounds of the Sans Souci and other prosperous delightful clubs.

Up the river still further, the traveler will



E. A. BRUSH



THOR W. PALMER, PRESIDENT WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION

pass Marine City, a delightful little city with a symmetrical plan and enterprising and progressive. Marine City is first a place of business and afterward a summer resort, but it is the equal in the latter capacity of any place on the St. Clair.

The City of St. Clair is the next important point up the river and it is here that the famous Oakland Hotel and the St. Clair Mineral Springs are located. Like all of its sister cities it commands a view of the shipping as it passes and it is, perhaps, chief, in a social way, of any resort between the Flats and Mackinaw.



THE MUNICIPAL COURTS



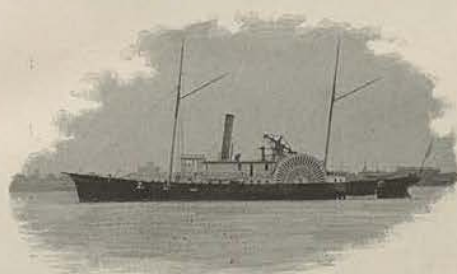
CHURCH OF DISCIPLES OF CHRIST

BOIS BLANC ISLAND

As an island home, or even as a place to visit, the island of Bois Blanc is inexpressibly sweet, gracious and unique. About one and a quarter miles in length and about one-third of a mile wide at its greatest breadth, its banks all around are bordered by a bold bluff from ten to twelve feet in height. Its surface resembles a prairie in flatness, but is agreeably varied by groves, where the hickory predominates, but the maple, poplar, oak, ash, elm and basswood also give



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT—CORNER RUSSELL AND NAPOLEON STREETS



U. S. REVENUE CUTTER "FESSENDEN"



THE OLD KEARSELY RESIDENCE, JEFFERSON AVENUE



ALONG THE WHARVES

a fair share of delicious shade. On the banks, near the water, are a continuous fringe of hawthorns, sumacs and willows.

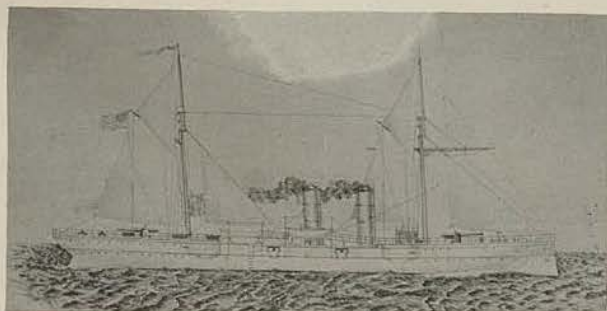
Bois Blanc literally means "white wood," but the French term was applied to basswood, with which the island was heavily wooded prior to the Canadian rebellion, sometimes called



A RAILWAY FERRY STEAMSHIP

the patriot war, or 1857-8. At that time the forest was cut down to allow the guns of Fort Malden, at Amherstberg, an unobstructed range over Bois Blanc to the islands on the American side, as the latter were at one time a base of operations in the rebel plan of invading Canada.

The island comprises exactly 207 acres of good clay land, of which two acres belong to the Canadian government and used as a light-house site. There are also two range lights at the head of the island, occupying fourteen and twenty-four square feet respectively, which are also owned by the



THE STEEL CRUISE "DETROIT"



OLD WARMING-PAN, FROM LEWIS CANN MANSION



U. S. REVENUE CUTTERS, "JOHNSON" AND "FERRY"



FIRE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS



LEWIS CASS

THE DEVIL'S GRIST—A LEGEND OF WINDMILL POINT

Fort Pontchartrain, from its advantageous position as key to the Upper Lakes, was coveted by the English, who finding all their efforts futile whilst so jealously guarded by France, determined to wait until the rigid watchfulness of the garrison should relax by apparent security. In the early spring of 1712 the



MAIN ENTRANCE, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

government. Over 100 acres are cleared and fenced without a single stump. The greater portion of this is devoted to pasture, but Col. John Atkinson, its owner, also raises the oats and millet for his horses, some forty in number, which were mostly bred on the island; and also the vegetables and fruit for his household. He has also the finest head of Jersey cattle in this region, and the milk and butter of Bois Blanc are a revelation to the guests of his house. There is also a good half-mile track, where he speeds his equines.

A number of wild turkeys have made the island their habitation for more than ten years. McKee Rankin, while he was owner, received a present of some wild turkey eggs from "Long John" Wentworth, once mayor of Chicago. The eggs were hatched on the island and the birds have multiplied. At present there are three flocks aggregating 125. No care is taken of them, and they pick up their own food, and are never disturbed save when one of their number is doomed to furnish a succulent dish.

The elder Rankin purchased the island from the Canadian government in 1874, when he was a member of parliament, for £10, or \$50. He sold it to his son, McKee Rankin, for \$10,000, in 1877. Mr. Rankin made many improvements on the island and kept open



BRONSON HOWARD



FIRST NATIONAL BANK, JEFFERSON AVENUE



HOUSE OF CORRECTION

house there for his many friends for several years. Afterward he conveyed it to Mrs. Rankin, and by her it was sold in January, 1877, to Col. John Atkinson and James A. Randall for \$40,000. The latter sold out to the former, retaining about 1,000 feet of shore frontage upon which his elegant summer residence, "Lookout Cottage," is situated, and the colonel is now the proprietor of Bois Blanc. James T. Keena and O. W. Wardell purchased park lots and also erected summer residences. Other summer homes owned by the colonel have been rented for the season to A. E. Visger and others.

Bois Blanc Island is sixteen miles south of Detroit on the Detroit river, and opposite and about 1,200 feet distant from the ancient town of Amherstburg. Like that town it is in Maiden township, Essex county, Ontario.

They love their land because it is
their own,
And scorn to give ought other
reason why.

HALLECK



MADISON AVENUE, LOOKING TOWARD GRAND CIRCUS PARK



WESTMINSTER CHURCH



JEFFERSON AVENUE NEAR TOLL GATE

opportunity seemed to present itself. De la Forest, the successor of La Mothe Cadillac, was detained in Quebec; the Hurons, Ottawas, and other Indian allies of the French had not returned from their winter hunting in the gloomy recesses of the forest, whilst the fort was manned by a small number of men with Du Buisson as its temporary commander.

A band of Macoutins and Outagamies or Foxes, were sent by the English, who lit their camp-fire beneath the shadow of the fort, and pitched their tents in seeming confidence almost within the range of its guns. But Du Buisson was too well versed in the craftiness of the Indians, and too experienced in their peculiar mode of warfare to be deceived by this semblance of friendship. Nor did he neglect those measures of prudence and forethought necessary to secure him against a siege. Under pretext of fearing an attack from the Miamis, he ordered all the grain to be brought into the fort from the storehouses, which were built outside of the fortifications, and caused the buildings to be destroyed as a precautionary measure against fire. He sent word to the Hurons and Pottawatomies that he was in danger, and to hasten to his assistance. Daily the number of Foxes seemed to increase, and seeing that their

lawless acts met with no punishment, they became more and more insolent. The little fort held bravely on, and though a powerful and merciless foe lay crouching at its gates, watching its every movement, and ready to pounce on its prey, the garrison seemed not to notice it, and went along its daily routine.

But beneath that calm and indifferent exterior many were the sad and weary hearts; for all were under the influence of a feeling which was calculated to paralyze the energies of the boldest, since, unless succor should soon arrive, their loved lily of France, crimsoned by their hearts' blood, would be replaced by the cross of St. George, and their reeking scalps, hung at the savage's belt, would record the fearful history of Fort Pontchartrain. The brave Du Buisson would try to rouse them by his example, relating the deeds of French soldiers at other far and desolate forts, whilst the gentle chaplain, Deniau, would tell them to place their trust in God, to remember their distant homes and their loved ones. A new light would come to their eyes, heavy from long, weary vigils, and new courage steal into their hearts and nerve their arms to deeds of daring.

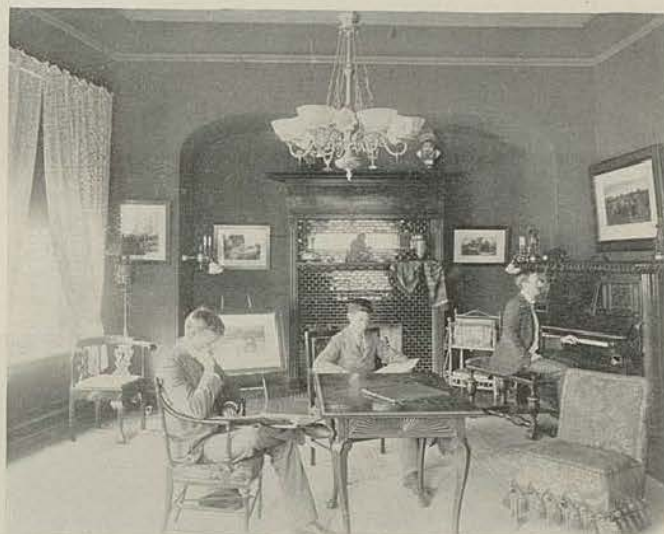
At last Saguina, Chief of the Ottawas, and Makisabe, Chief of the Pottawatomies, with their dusky warriors in all the full regalia of war and the haughty waving crests



WESTERN DISTRICT CITY MARKET



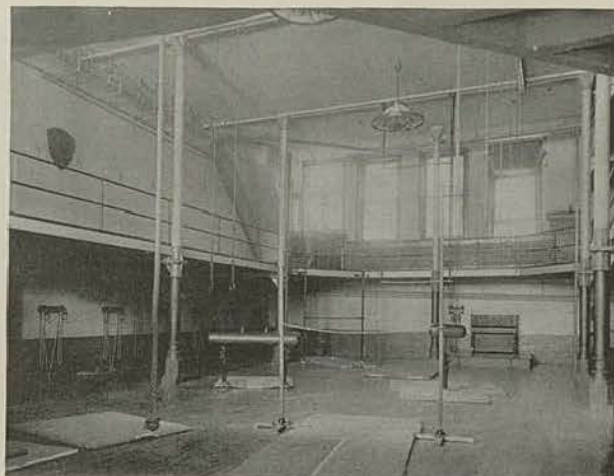
LIBRARY, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING



DRAWING-ROOM, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING



READING-ROOM, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING



THE GYMNASIUM, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

of the eagle and their bright sashes of vermillion, lit up the landscape, while their savage war whoops awoke the echoes of the forests, and found a response in the anxious hearts of the besieged garrison. Branches of the Sacs, Illinois, and, even Osages and Missouri, had hastened to the relief of the fort, borne along by a spirit of hereditary warfare against the restless Foxes and Macoutins, or "dwellers in the prairies," who were the roaming brigands of the wilds of America. Saguna presented himself at the fort and said to Du Buisson: "Father, behold thy children compass thee round. We will, if need be, gladly die for our father, only take care of our wives and our children, and spread a little grass over our bodies to protect them against the flies."

The Foxes were driven back and forced to throw up entrenchments and were reduced to the last extremity. Availing themselves of a stormy night they crept away under the friendly shelter of the darkness, and fortified themselves at Presque Isle, near Windmill Point, eight miles distant from Detroit, and at the entrance of Lake St. Clair. When the Hurons and other French allies discovered their flight they were soon in pursuit. For some days the Foxes held their fort, but at last fell beneath the tomahawk of the besieger. In vain Du Buisson endeavored to stop the fearful massacre, but his voice fell on ears open only to catch the agonizing wails of the victims, the sweetest music to the Indian warrior. The ground was saturated with blood, and the dead as numerous as the leaves of the forest; the blood-curdling yells of the conquerors, mingled with the groans of the dying, made so fearful a picture that the French soldiers, accustomed to war and carnage, turned away with sickened hearts. The allies carried away their dead and wounded, but left the remains of the conquered to the mercy of the elements and to become the prey of the birds. Shortly afterwards the last remnants of the Fox nation came to Presque Isle to "hold the feast of the dead" and to cover the bones of their warriors that they would no longer be excluded from the happy hunting ground of their ancestors. To-day their bleached bones are exposed by the ruthless plow, and any one interested in Indian antiquities can have that interest gratified by a visit to Presque Isle.

Years after the dreadful massacre which converted the beautiful spot called Presque Isle into the grave of the Fox nation, a stone mill was built there by a French settler, who came to reside with his sister Josette, undaunted by the current traditions which peopled it with the spirits of the departed warriors. Jean was a quiet, morose man, different from the laughing, careless, pleasure-loving Canadians, — for rare were his visits to the fort, and it was noticed that he never lingered over his *cider*, nor spoke to the smiling, piquante daughters of the habitants. Men shrugged their shoulders, and the fair damsels pouting their pretty lips would cluster around the *coureur des bois*, who, going everywhere, was the recognized gossip of the day, and ask him why Jean was so different from others, while with a wise look on his face, the *coureur* would reply that Jean had met with a disappointment in his early youth, and had since kept shy of the fair sex, by a vow which was then customary, for when a man's addresses were once refused he seldom tried a second time.

Josette was much older than her brother, and by dint of thrift and economy had saved enough to become a half owner in the mill. The favored few who had tasted her "croqueignoles" and "galette au beurre," spoke of it as an era in their existence.



THE TRIAL OF RED JACKET—FROM PAINTING BY STANLEY

Naught disturbed the monotony of their lives; each day was but a repetition. The river flowed calmly on, the birds sang their songs—for nature has no moods, they belong to man alone. At last Josette fell sick. Jean attended her as carefully as he could, and like a prudent man, would frequently ask her to whom she would leave her interest in the mill. Irritable from suffering, she became annoyed at his importunities, accused him of taking care of her for the sake of obtaining her money, and told him "she would leave it to the devil." Jean tried in his clumsy fashion, to soothe her. He sent for some of his kindred to reason with her, but they only infuriated her the more, and she solemnly declared that not one of them should have her share in the mill, but "she would sooner leave it to the devil."

Josette recovered, however, and with that perversity born of stubbornness, would not relent. A few months afterwards she was found dead in her bed, having died suddenly. That same night, whilst the candles threw their dim shadowy light in the room of the dead, a furious storm arose, lashing the waves against the shore, the winds howling fiercely around the point, the black clouds chasing each other across the lowering skies, as lurid gleams of lightning and deafening reverberations of thunder, made all the habitants shudder while they crossed themselves and told their beads. All at once there came so tremendous a shock that it seemed to swallow the island. The old stone mill was rent in twain. A pungent smell of sulphur filled the air, and a fiendish laugh was heard loud above the raging storm, from the shattered ruins. The arch fiend had come to claim his share.

For years afterward, when a northeast storm blew from the lake, making night hideous by its echoing peals of thunder, it was said that a hairy figure, with a horned head and forked tail tipped with fire, his mouth and eyes darting forth ruddy flame, could be seen in the mill, trying to put together the ruined machinery to grind the devil's grist. And the lonely wayfarer to Grosse Pointe would see the marshes around Presque Isle all illuminated by flames, called by the habitants *feu-follet*, which would try to inveigle the unhappy traveler and bring him to help grind the devil's grist.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PONTIAC WAR

Edward Gilbert of Carleton recently gave to a reporter of the Detroit Evening News the following interesting account of his father's experience in fighting Indians in the Pontiac war, back in 1763—and on. It is worth further preservation. Mr. Carleton said of his father:

"He had been a soldier in that war, and it seems like yesterday that I saw his familiar figure sitting on the doorstep of his home, smoking his old wooden pipe that gave evidence, like himself, of approaching dissolution. 'Uncle Will' had been a soldier in Chief Pontiac's war and was full of yarns about the Indians. One of his favorite stories he used to tell about as follows:

"'Wal, I had gone in the war to lick the Indians, not that I wanted to very much, but if I didn't go an' help kill them they'd very surely kill me at home, without help. So I went an' wuz took to Detroit, which wasn't a very big town then. We camped down by the river—it's all tuk up with houses now—an' there I first learned how to fight Injuns an' how to read Injun signs.

"'We wuz kep' bizy, fur the redskins wuz thick



BURNING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JAN. 10, 1854

as wild cats, nuthin' beat in numbers, unless it wuz wolves, fur the hull wood wuz full of them pesky critters. We camped on a Frenchman's clearing, who had settled there, an' the way we demolished things made the little feller go through more motions than a trained circus donkey, but the capting stopped him pretty quick by telling him if he didn't shut up he'd put him out on picket an' let a redskin pick off his scalp an' goatee. Nearly every night some of the boys wuz shot at on some picket by some prowling redskin, an' then all would be still fur a time until it would break out again some place else, till at last it settled down by taking a man off the line every night at the same place. If our capting put more than one man on picket at that place, all would be quiet, but when only one man wuz put on we'd allus find him next mornin' with an arer through him.

"Wal, at last my time came to take the post, and I wuz scared about as bad as I ever wuz,



HARPER HOSPITAL



ON THE ROUGE, BACK OF WOODMERE

an' as soon as the guard had left, sayin', "Keep your eye out, old man," I began to look around fur some kind of kiver fur me to crawl into. Right in front of the stack wuz a little clump of bushes an' first I thought I'd go into them, but then thinks I if a redskin sneaks up here he'll probably crawl into the same bush an' it don't look big enough fur two. Purty soon an idear struck me an' I dug a hole clean back into the stack an' laid down, with my rifle kivering the kentry; outside it wuz bright moonlight an' I knowed I could hit anything as big as an

for I wuz purty sure I'd be dead, or at least have another place to breathe through in the mornin'. The place wuz down by a little stack of straw, which the little Frenchman had stacked there,



MICHIGAN CENTRAL DEPOT
CLOCK TOWER



VIEW ON THE HUBBARD BOULEVARD



THE SENIOR FOURS AT DETROIT

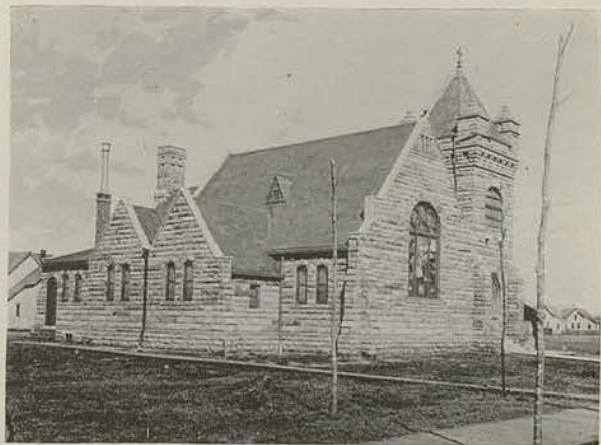
Injun that showed up. Wal, I laid there, hour after hour, an' nuthin' came, an' my eyes wuz 'ginnin' to get tired watchin' when I seed somethin' movin' along jist beyond the little clump of bushes. I watched it awhile, an' first it would stop an' then go ahead, crouchin' all the while close to the ground.

"The old man would always grow excited over this and illustrate it in pantomime.

"I remember afterwards," he continued, "that it looked a blame sight more like a



THE LANE TO THE SHEEP PEN



ST. JOSEPH'S MEMORIAL (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, MEDBURY AVENUE

wolt than an Injun, but I wuz too excited to think of anything excep' how I wuz to kill him when he got clus enough fur me to be sure, fur I wuz purty sartin if I didn't kill him first shot, I'd be likely to be the one myself to get kilt. Wal, he kep' gittin' nearer and nearer, creepin' along like a dog, till he finally got up to the bushes, an' then went into



OVER THE ROOFS TOWARD WALKERVILLE

them an' stopped jist in front of whar I wuz. I could see him purty plain an' I waited awhile fur him to stan' up, but he didn't, an' so I drewed a bead on him an' pulled the trigger. He jumped an' give a yell an' then laid still arter kickin' a little. Wal, out come a squad from the camp, an' I crawled out of my hole an' told them I'd settled the redskin which had had so much fun on that post an' showed them whar he laid. We could just see his body an' one of the boys dove into the bushes, an' what do you think he found? Nuthin' but a tarmal gray wolf, an' an uncommon small one at that. Wal, you bet I wuz beat, I wuz called 'Wolfie' a good deal by the boys an' I felt purty sheepish.

"That wuz the first Injun I ever kilt, but that wuzn't the last of the trouble, fur the very next night a man wuz shot in the side at that same picket, an' it only stopped when our picket line wuz doubled."



"CROSS-LOTS" TO THE CITY HALL



DOORWAY OF BUSINESS UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WILCOX AVENUE

"Grandfather used to visit Detroit," said Mr. Gilbert, "and he never failed to go to the place, which was somewhere down on Fort street, and when he came back he always told it over again with fresh emphasis."

DETROIT'S GREAT FIRE IN 1848

Some of the older residents of Detroit can undoubtedly remember the excitement which the great fire of 1848 caused, and can probably also recall



CIRCUS COMING TO TOWN

days, but as a part of the history of the time it should be preserved. It reads:

GREAT CONFLAGRATION,

300 BUILDINGS BURNED,

300 TO 400 FAMILIES HOUSELESS,

LOSS FROM \$200,000 TO \$300,000
AT A LOW ESTIMATE.

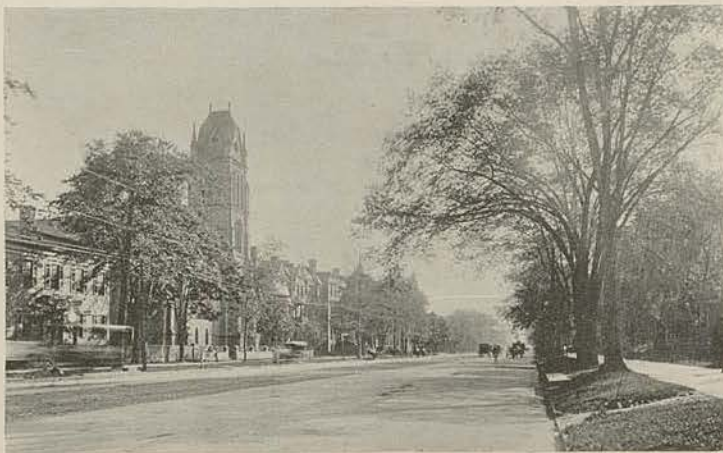
The City of Detroit was yesterday visited with a most disastrous conflagration. It is estimated that the loss cannot fall short



"I SEE PAPA COMING!"

the primitive methods then in use for fire fighting — a hint of which is given in our illustration, on another page, of the burning of the old Duffield Presbyterian church. Then the old hand fire engines were used and the emphatic command to "Pump her down!" frequently issued from the lips of the one who had authority over the men at the handles.

The following account of the great fire in Detroit is taken from the Free Press of May 10th, 1848, and lacks the details which would distinguish a newspaper account of such a matter now-a-



CHRIST CHURCH—JEFFERSON AVENUE



ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

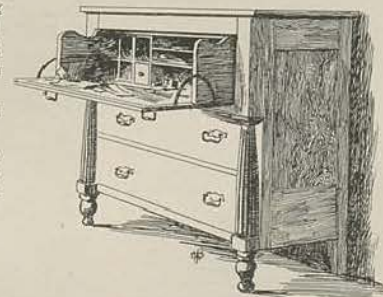


MONROË AVENUE, HOTEL ST. CLAIR IN THE DISTANCE

above Brush street. On Jefferson avenue every building on the south side is destroyed, from the new Campau Block, which was partially destroyed, to the second building below the Congregational church. All between that and the river is in ashes.

It is impossible to give the names of the sufferers, as all is excitement at the time of preparing this account.

The building in which was the Advertiser, was greatly damaged, but the materials were principally saved, but of course there will be a loss by damage and delay in pub-



OLD DESK IN L. P. CAMPAU'S OFFICE

of \$250,000, and at least 300 families are houseless.

The fire originated in the large storehouse between Bates and Randolph streets, unoccupied, by sparks from the propeller St. Joseph, which was firing up at the time, at about half-past ten in the forenoon, and continued to rage until four o'clock in the afternoon. The Berthelet Market, the Steamboat Hotel, Wales' Hotel, &c. are all in ashes. Not a building is left standing below Jefferson avenue, between Brush street and an alley between Bates and Randolph streets, except the warehouse of Brewster & Dugeon, and Thompson's Hotel, and many are burned

building—probably \$20,000 above insurance. This building was the first brick edifice built in Michigan, and was occupied by General Hull during the last war with England.

Mr. Eaton's loss, who was in the same building, is large. But we cannot give the names of all the sufferers, as they are many.



REV. W. K. NIMBLE, BISHOP, METHODIST DIOCESE OF DETROIT



NEW MASONIC TEMPLE

lication. The citizens and firemen deserve great credit for their activity in endeavoring to arrest the flames. At one time it was thought impossible to arrest the progress of the fire, until it had burned everything on the south side of Jefferson avenue, above Bates street, but the wind shifted, which enabled the firemen to get ahead of its progress. Several buildings were blown up or torn down, in the hopes of stopping its progress, but without accomplishing the object.

Jefferson avenue is almost entirely blocked up with furniture or store goods.

Mr. Wales, of Wales' Hotel, saved a great part of his costly furniture, but his loss is quite heavy, as is the loss of Major Biddle, who owned the



MRS. NANCY MARTIN, FOUNDER OF HARPER HOSPITAL, DETROIT



MRS. MARY JACKLIN

We are unable to say how much of the property destroyed was insured, but we presume very little, from the fact that insurance companies declined taking insurance in that neighborhood. The Steamboat Hotel, we understand, was uninsured, and the large block of Wales' Hotel was insured for only \$5,000. The small wooden buildings occupied as grocery and butcher shops below Jefferson avenue were probably all uninsured. The cabinet, wagon, blacksmith and bake shops, etc., were nearly all uninsured, and their loss is large. One cabinet shop contained about \$2,000 worth of finished work, which was all destroyed.

It would be just, and an act of charity, for those of our citizens who escaped the destruction incident to the fire yesterday, to lend a helping hand to the poor who have met with such severe loss. We hope measures will be taken to furnish shelter for those who are homeless. Many of them are sick, and were removed on litters.

The draymen are deserving of great praise for their free tender of their time and drays yesterday in removing furniture and the sick. We saw a great number of draymen carting furniture free of charge.

The whole city was in danger during the progress of the fire yesterday, from the sparks, which

were, in every direction, to be seen in the air. Even wooden buildings as far as Congress street, were several times on fire, but put out. It was necessary to keep a sentinel on the house tops in all parts of the city east of Woodward avenue.

THE MISER PENREUX

Market Gardener Penreux, who lived on Seventh street nearly thirty years, sold garden vegetables and accumulated quite



CORNER GRISWOLD STREET AND GRAND RIVER AVENUE



OLD FRENCH HOUSE ON THE RIVER ROAD



"TAKE SOMETHING WITH ME?"



WOODWARD AVENUE, NORTH FROM CONGRESS STREET



VIEW AT CORNER OF GRATIOT AVENUE AND RANDOLPH STREET



CORNER FRANKLIN AND ANTOINE STREETS



OLD FRENCH MARKET

a little fortune. He was called a miser, and while, like some of his class, he was known to have secreted more or less money about his house, unlike them he had the good sense to place the great bulk of his fortune in the bank. He lived in an old house pictured on the next page as "The Miser's Cottage," and finally, being well along in years, and tired of his lonesome life, he decided to return to his native

sunny France, and this last spring he shut up his old home, and prepared to depart. He had received a considerable sum for the land on which the house stood, which is now to be the site of a foundlings' hospital, and he drew in all, it is said, about \$12,000 from the bank, to take to France. He gave \$1,500 to one of his friends; and when he left the house probably little dreamed of the commotion and ransacking the old cottage would endure within a few minutes after he left it. This was last March (1893) and a local paper thus describes the scene which followed:

Yesterday was a great day on Seventh street. The interest in old Penreux's departure for France was intensified by the knowledge that he was in the habit of secreting sums of money in his house, and after the carriage containing the old market gardener and his friends, Louis Richardot and John B. Gravier, drove away to the depot the house was surrounded by a



MARY JUDGE



A BIT OF RENAISSANCE



THE NINA PISTA SANTA MARIA
THE SPANISH CARAVELS AT DETROIT



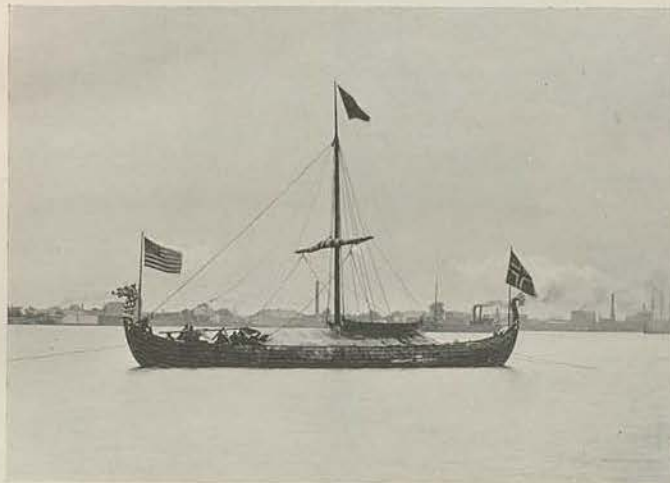
THE HOME GUARD

gradually increasing crowd, mostly boys and girls. Mrs. Richardot and her husband's brother and his wife appeared to claim the old furniture, but were prevented from seeking for hidden treasure.

Mrs. Richardot said this morning that Mr. Keating told her that when she removed the furniture he would take possession of the house.

"Then he nailed up the door," said Mrs. Richardot, "and wouldn't let us look any more. Now old Mr. Penreux told me to take the things and look for the money, and send it to him in France. I will have to see the law about it."

A dead-set was made on the old woodshed, which stood at the right of the house, and soon about fifty boys and girls, with a sprinkling of grown-up persons, were turning over the heaps of rubbish, sawdust and chips. Their labor was soon rewarded by finds of money. Peter Smith found four dollars wrapped in paper, consisting of two silver dollars and eight quarters.



THE NORSEMEN'S BOAT, THE "VIKING," AT DETROIT

old shoe and found eight dollars and two cents. Willie Hurley found a tarnished quarter and a lot of three-cent pieces. George Downie and Willie Wilson each found one dollar in silver, and Willie Power discovered one dollar and fifty-five cents. One boy found a dollar gold piece sticking in a crack of the wall, and another a cup of copper cents in the rubbish. There were rumors that a girl found eighty dollars and another forty dollars, but no names could be given. Another boy found a five dollar gold piece in the back shed.

The search lasted till darkness set in. At daylight this morning there were about fifty young persons delving and turning over the rubbish and dirt in the house, but only a few coins were found.



THE HOME OF THE OLD FRENCH MISER
(SITE OF THE NEW FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN)



GRASSY ISLAND LIGHT, DETROIT RIVER

Little Annie Jewell found an old oyster can inside the edge of the roof, which was apparently filled with ice. Removing some of the ice she saw some coins, and ran across the lot in an excited way. A number of small boys followed her, tripped her up, emptied the can, and scrambled for the coins. Willie Coffin secured three dollars and seventy-five cents in quarters, dimes and nickels. Other boys grabbed smaller amounts, and Annie only secured two dollars and seventy-five cents of her find.

The side door leading from the shed was broken open, and soon the excited crowd of treasure-seekers got into the front room of the house in which old Penreux had lived. Emily Baker, a girl of fourteen, living at 270 Fifth street, went poking in the dirt in the

corner behind the stove, and found a little paper package. She unrolled it and found twenty dollars in gold and silver. Jasper Davis emptied an



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH AND VIEW SOUTH ON WOODWARD AVENUE

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS



VIEW WEST ON LAFAYETTE AVENUE FROM GRISWOLD STREET (THE BUILDING OCCUPIED AS A BOOKSTORE IS THE ORIGINAL M. C. R. R. DEPOT)



ALL ABOARD FOR THE FLATS



AUSTIN BLAIR, THE WAR GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN

Grocer Meath, at the corner below, did a thriving business in candy yesterday. Whenever a youngster made a find he darted to the grocery, followed by his friends, and there invested some of his treasure in sweetmeats.

"I think that I had twenty customers yesterday who found money in the old hut," said Mr. Meath this morning.

Up to noon to-day the house was filled with searchers, and the dust caused in turning over the rubbish was really stifling. This



OFF FOR CLEVELAND — DETROIT RIVER



WILLIAM E. QUINBY, U. S. MINISTER TO THE NETHERLANDS

sword. He came of a family of fighters on the frontier, the name and deeds of one of them at least being preserved to all time in the northern tier by a monumental remembrance in a quiet cemetery in Lycoming county, Pennsylvania. During the Canadian rebellion of 1837, General Brady had command of the



THE MICHIGAN STATE CAPITOL BUILDING AT LANSING

morning a young man named John Ernst exhumed an old pair of pants and retired to see what was in the pockets. He was seen to take out a silver medal and some coins, but hid the rest of his find.

It was evident that Penreux in his old age developed the same propensities as the magpie and the crow for hiding things. Atraid to carry money on his person, and distrusting banks, he concealed his money as he received it and then forgot about it. It is also supposed that his wife, who died in 1879, had the same propensity.

One of the persons in charge of the property said to a neighbor: "I was going to sell what was in the house to a second hand man for one dollar. I'm glad I didn't, for I found ten dollars."

GENERAL BRADY AND HIS FAMOUS DUEL

Gen. Hugh Brady was one of Detroit's famous characters for many years, a lion of the war of 1812, and his descendants are to-day among the most prominent families of Detroit society. He is described as a great raw-boned man of splendid proportions, over six feet in height, a giant in stature and courage, and a brave, impetuous fellow, ever ready to back up his convictions with his



THE LATE HENRY F. BALDWIN, EX-GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN



THE LATE JOHN J. BAGLEY, EX-GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN



MUSKRAT INN, ON THE ROUGE

United States forces, and took a prominent part, at that time, in capturing the stragglers, and bringing the war to an end. He died in Detroit in 1851, at a ripe old age, and one of Detroit's crack military organizations was named the Brady Guards, in his honor.

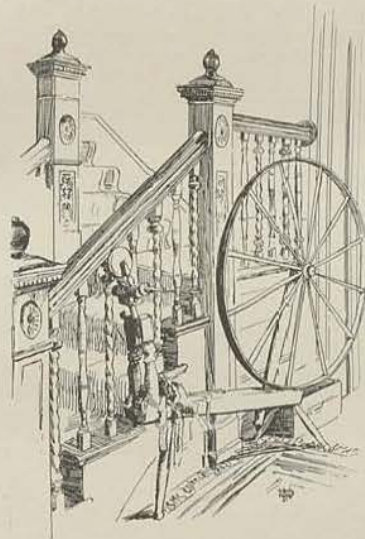
Recently, in a reminiscential article relating to the old town of Sunbury, Pa., the Philadelphia Press told the following interesting story concerning a famous duel in which Brady was a principal when he lived in Pennsylvania. The scene is laid in the old town of Sunbury, where, on a certain muster day, he rode into town probably without any thought or dream of what was to befall him before night. He was connected with the commissary department of the army of 1812, and as the



THE TALLY-HO!



JUST LANDING



STAIRWAY AND SPINNING WHEEL IN HON. T. W. PALMER'S LOG CABIN



NORTH-WEST CORNER WOODWARD AND ADAMS AVENUES, JUST TORN DOWN (MARCH, 1893) AND NEW BUILDING BEING ERECTED



AMONG THE FERNS

enlistment of recruits was still in progress, the obtaining of supplies for the growing army was of paramount importance.

The review was in progress; the militia from Point and Rush and Shamokin and the other townships were still going through their evolutions when General Hugh rode up to the door of Mike Kutzner's tavern, opposite the old court house, and dismounted. He was widely known and many a familiar salutation was exchanged as he strode into the public room of the hotel.

There was no prohibition party in that year of our Lord, 1812, in Pennsylvania. It was not considered a breach of good manners to pour out a slug of whiskey in a public tavern and drink to the health of your friend or friends, and so Gen. Hugh Brady did not scruple to stand before the low, massive, and unadorned white oak bar and call for a glass of the best in the house. If he had contented himself with this one glass, this portion of the old stories of Sunbury would never have been written. But Brady wasn't that sort of a man; he knew a good thing when he saw it, or tasted it, and so he called for another, and possibly half a dozen more during the ensuing four hours, and the exchequer of Michael Kutzner, tavernkeeper, was proportionately



CASS AVENUE M. E. CHURCH



THE OLD WOOD-SAWYER

increased as the contents of his cask diminished at the bidding of the fighting Brady.

There was another man equally renowned for his courage as General Brady of the United States army. He was a lawyer by profession, a soldier by choice.

It was Capt. Daniel Levy, a man of mark and a citizen of distinction. He was of medium height, smooth face, compact build and of ready wit. It was a part of Gen. Hugh Brady's business in Sunbury to see Capt. Daniel Levy. There were some details of equipment for the army to be discussed and while Gen. Hugh Brady waited at Kutzner's, Capt. Daniel Levy watched the evolutions of the township soldiery on the southern bank of the Susquehanna in front of ex-Senator Maclay's stone mansion.



THE LATE ALANSON SHIELEY

When Captain Levy at last entered the bar-room at Kutzner's, he was dusty and very dry and this condition of his no doubt tended to hasten the episode in which he was one of the principal actors.

The public tap, or bar-room of Michael Kutzner's tavern, was of the characteristic kind of eighty years ago. It was about 20x25 feet, with an unusually high ceiling for a hotel. The main entrance was from the public square, and on the same side of the room two small windows with a dozen small lights of glass set in heavy sashes looked out upon the court

house green. On the other, or northern side, two more windows gave an unobstructed view of the Susquehanna, 500 yards distant.

The bar-room was very plainly furnished. The light oak bar, with a dozen bottles on a shelf behind it, stood close to the east wall of the room, with a door on the left as one entered which opened into the dining-room. Around the room were arranged a half dozen wooden and rush bottomed chairs, while on

either side of the rude hearth stood two broad seated wooden settees or settles.

After the two soldiers had pledged each other in mutual glances at the white oak bar they adjourned to the table between the windows. Under ordinary circumstances they would have been the cynosure of all eyes, but on this day the drinkers at the bar, the militia men and the townspeople who happened to drop in regarded them with interest at a dis-



HOTEL CADILLAC AND WASHINGTON AVENUE



VIEW ON WASHINGTON AVENUE



WOODWARD AVENUE, NORTH FROM THE CAMPUS



GEORGE V. N. LOTHROP, U. S. MINISTER TO RUSSIA, 1887-88

tance. For this reason the origin of the famous duel was never known.

The pair had been sitting at the oaken table between the windows for quite a while with various papers spread out between them when the few men in the room heard a few expletives, and the next instant the two men had leaped to their feet. The lie was passed. Of this there is scarcely a doubt. As they sprang from the chairs two swords flashed in the light of the setting sun as it streamed through the windows. Before the men who remained in the room Samuel Awl, the father of Dr. R. H. Awl, and Michael Kutzner and a couple of soldiers could stir, there was the sharp ring of steel on steel and the swords of the two soldiers clashed together across the table.

It was no fairy French play, that duel in Mike Kutzner's bar-room that afternoon. The



RT. REV. JOHN FOLEY, BISHOP OF THE CATHOLIC DIOCESE OF DETROIT

deadliest insults had passed over a question which has never been made known, and each man fought for his life. All the advantage was in Brady's favor; he was the taller of the two, and his arm was the longest and strongest. But Levy never wavered or yielded in the outset. It was fatal for him to fight across the table, so inclining away he got clear of it, and once in the middle of the floor he made a desperate lunge at his opponent's breast. The blow fell short, and then with his giant's strength Brady aimed a blow at his antagonist's sword arm, hoping to disable and then



WOODBRIDGE STREET, WEST FROM GRISWOLD STREET



"Trot, trot, to Boston,
To buy a loaf of bread!"

kill him. The vicious assault was parried, and panting and cursing, the two men fought like madmen around the room. A single misstep, a stumble over a chair, would have been fatal to either, for with boiling blood and blending passion neither would have hesitated to commit what would have practically been murder.

To the coolness and bravery of Awl and Kutzner was due the fact that life was not sacrificed. Entreaties were in vain, and, so, as the duel waged, the spectators began the most novel efforts at peacemaking that perhaps were ever heard of on this continent. Seizing one of the wooden chairs, and watching his opportunity, Samuel Awl flung it between the two combatants. Kutzner did the same, but regardless of these obstacles the men fought across them. And at this point came the climax.

Brady had been steadily fighting down his antagonist, but the admirable defense and cleverness of Levy had enabled him to escape injury. Suddenly Brady raised himself on his tip-toes and, regardless of his unguarded position, raised his sword to bring it down with awful force upon Levy's head. The latter saw the blow coming, turned his head slightly, and

raised his sword on guard to catch it. So powerful was the impetus of this assault that the sword of Brady, cleaving downward, cut off the end of Levy's queue—which he always wore, being a lawyer—and breaking down the guard of his antagonist, inflicted a severe wound on his left shoulder.

Levy staggered back, and again Brady delivered a fierce downward stroke, which missed its object, but the point of the sword scored a deep cut in the heavy sill of one of the windows. For nearly fifty years this mark

of Brady's sword remained on the window sill of Kutzner's old place, and was only removed when the property was remodeled.

This ended the duel, for Awl and his companions had worked so industriously throwing up a barricade between the belligerents that they were forced to stop fighting. All the furniture in the room except the old settees was piled up between the men. When Brady sheathed his dented blade with an oath and panting called for a drink from the frightened tavernkeeper, Levy stood leaning against the wall exhausted but still defiant, with his sword point on the floor and his hand pressed to his side.

It was a duel to be proud of; one of the Three Guardsmen kind as when Athos and D'Artagnan stood up and fought their way out of the cavern between Paris and the coast.

But of all the hundreds of the curious who hung



ROBERT HOPKINS, ARTIST



WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



"FOREIGN MISSIONS"

outside Mike Kutzner's place in Sunbury that afternoon and pressed their faces breathlessly against the little square panes of glass to catch a glimpse of the fierce combat within, not one thought to leave behind the story in writing of that unique event.

After the lapse of two generations and forty years, after the brave and impetuous Brady had passed to his grave in Detroit, the story is told anew. Not, perhaps, as the respected Dr. Awl would and has told it in a paragraph of crisp facts, but embellished as the circumstances warrant from a liberal and romantic view. Captain Levy recovered. His wound was severe but not dangerous,



"GOOD BYE!"

Amicable relations were established between the duellists, but they were never the firm friends they were before that unhappy but dramatic episode.

THE "GRIFFIN" AND LAKE ST. CLAIR

On Aug. 12th, 1870, many prominent people of Detroit, Grosse Pointe and vicinity celebrated the second centennial anniversary of the naming of Lake St. Clair, which took place, i

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS



THE LATE D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD

Robert Cavalier de la Salle was the commander of the "Griffin" and the discoverer of Lake St. Clair, and a brief account of his work will be naturally looked for in this connection. In 1669 La Salle is first heard of making his way with a Seneca guide to the Ohio river, which he descended, as far as the rapids at Louisville. Here



ST. ALBERTUS POLISH CATHOLIC CHURCH



A PROFESSIONAL CALL



THE LATE JACOB S. FARGAND

seems, in an approved formal way, on board the ancient schooner "Griffin," off Grosse Pointe, in 1679. This vessel was to the beautiful St. Clair lake country what the ancient Spanish caravels were to the eastern (Atlantic) seashores of the new continent, and we reproduce elsewhere from an ancient print a picture of her as she appeared in 1679.

he was abandoned by his men and retraced his steps alone. The following year he embarked in a canoe on Lake Erie, reached the straits of Detroit, coasted Lakes Huron and Michigan and descended the Mississippi to the 35th degree of latitude. Assured that the great river discharged not into the gulf of California (as had until then been supposed) but into that of Mexico, he returned to provide means for more extended explorations. Unfortunately his plans and maps are lost; they are known to have existed in 1756, and if accounts are correct they would have given to the world the first knowledge of the Ohio, if not the Mississippi. La Salle was eventually aided by the governor of Canada, and the two planned a post on Lake Ontario, far beyond the settlements



GATEWAY AND LODGE AT ELMWOOD CEMETERY



HON. HENRY T. THRESHER, SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND



OUT FOR A WINTER MORNING AIRING

of the St. Lawrence, which might overawe the Iroquois and turn to France the stream of wealth that was inuring to the Dutch and English from the free trade. Twice La Salle visited France, where his influence at court obtained for him permission to pursue his plans at his own expense for five years. He received from the king a patent of nobility and a grant in



BOWENA STREET



RT. REV. THOR. F. DAVIES, BISHOP OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF MICHIGAN



LOOKING AT THE ALBUM

seignior of Fort Frontenac, as the new post was called.

The place where was built the first vessel—the "Griffin" that sailed the upper lakes—is the mouth of a small stream the Cayuga river. She was of about sixty tons burden and the drawing given on page 57 of this work (made by the late Chief Justice Campbell) gives a clear idea of its character. It was a two-masted schooner, but of a character peculiar to that day, having double decks and a high poop projected over the stern, where was the main cabin, and over this rose another and smaller cabin, doubtless for the use of the commander. The stern was thus carried up broad and straight to considerable height. Bulwarks protected the quarter deck. She bore on her prow a huge figure, in imitation of an heraldic monster—the arms of Count Frontenac—"and above it an eagle." This, in the representation, adorns the top of the stern. The ship "carried five small cannon, three of which were brass, and three arquebuses, and the rest of the ship had the same ornaments that men-of-war used to have." "It might have been called," adds the historiographer, Hennepin who accompanied the expedition,

"a moving fortress. In fine, it "was well equipped with sails, masts, and all things necessary for navigation," besides arms, provisions and merchandise.

On the seventh day of August La Salle and his fellow-voyagers, to the number of thirty-three, embarked and having sung a Te Deum, spread their sails to a favoring breeze. The ship proved a good sailer, and on the 11th they entered "a strait thirty leagues long and one broad," called in the language of the French, the Detroit, and the next day they reached the beautiful expanse now known as Lake St. Clair.

It seems it was a custom of French voyagers in new regions to bestow upon any prominent feature of the landscape the name of the saint to whom the day of the discovery was dedicated in the church calendar. There was a saint who bore the present modernized name, and who was one of the headless saints, a martyr to his virtue, but his calendar day is November. The saint whose name was really bestowed, and whose day is August 12, is the female "Sainte Claire," the foundress of the order of Franciscan nuns of the thirteenth century, known as "Poor Claires." Clara d'Assisi was the beautiful daughter of a



"ISN'T THIS FUN?"



FISHERY AT THE MOUTH OF THE ROUGE

from the popes authorization to possess property she solicited from Innocent IV, in favor of her order of Franciscans, the privilege of perpetual poverty! F. Way, in his work on Rome, says that Ste. Claire has her tomb at the Minerva and that the house she lived in still exists between the Pantheon and the Thermæ of Agrippa—that here she was visited by the pope and on the 12th of August, 1253, while listening to the reading of the Passion, in the midst of her weeping nuns, she died, as the first abbess of the Clarisses and the founder of over 4,000 religious houses.

We are not told with what imposing ceremonies the christening was per-



VIEW WEST ON DAVENPORT STREET



THE PRESENT U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND POST-OFFICE

nobleman of great wealth, who early dedicated herself to a religious life and went to St. Francis to ask for advice. On Palm Sunday she went to church with her family, dressed in rich attire, where St. Francis cut off her long hair with his own hands, and threw over her the coarse penitential robes of the order. She entered the convent of San Dumiano in spite of the opposition of her family and friends, and was afterwards the most celebrated founder of orders in the Roman church. At a time when all the communities were extorting



"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!"

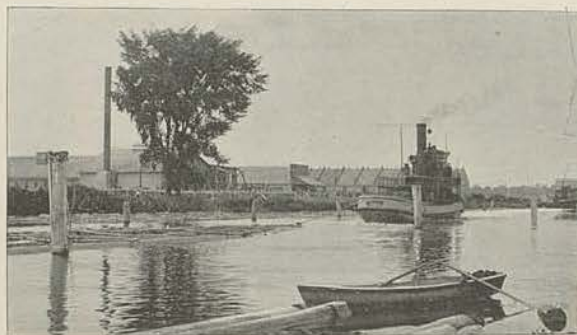


COL. JOHN WINDE

formed, but surely some inspiration was derived from the beautiful scenes of nature through which the voyagers had just passed, which then surrounded them, and which to our eyes are now no less lovely and inviting. The natural beauty of the region lying between Lakes Huron and Erie had been recorded by all the early travelers, with words of admiration. Many of the islands were low, and some of the river margins scarcely above the water. But all was green and peaceful. Dark forests extended to the water's edge, and many a tall monarch of the wood waved its gigantic arms over the brink, and was reflected in a glassy surface which no tide or flood ever disturbed. The marshes were luxuriant with wild rice, that furnished a sumptuous repast to a great variety of birds and water fowl, and even a welcome supply to the Indians. Occasional villages and bark wigwams enlivened the shore, surrounded with gardens and corn fields, and the most elevated points were crowned with burial mounds.

The chroniclers all allude to the abundance of wild game and fruits. There were apples "as large as the Pommes d'Api," or Lady Apples, and "nuts like moderate sized oranges." La Houtan says

"the pears are good but rare." The apples were probably crab, though one writer speaks of the trees as set methodically; but who can tell us what were the pears? Can it be that the famous French pear trees, whose origin no man living knows, existed here as natives at that day? The beauties of the passage filled the voyagers with rapturous delight. Hennepin records the loveliness of the shores, the prairies and the forests. The "Griffin" was covered with game and fruits which had been gathered in great abundance



RAFT TOWING ON THE ROUGE



THE OLD BOAT HOUSE



A SHADY INLET



A PICNIC FOR ONE



THE BIG BEND

and with little effort, and the voyagers feasted and congratulated themselves on having found a land almost literally flowing with milk and honey.

Of the fortunes of La Salle and the Griffin, following the discovery and naming of St. Clair, it must here suffice to say that master and ship had here nearly reached the height of their usefulness. A deep-seated jealousy of La Salle pervaded the fur traders and the Jesuits and made them hostile to his enterprise, since it more or less threatened their private gains. The pilot of the Griffin while on a special expedition, was either bribed and purposely sent his ship to the bottom of Lake Huron, or the vessel foundered in a storm, for it was never heard of again. La Salle continued on, but this time to the south, discovered the mouth of the Mississippi and took possession of the Louisiana country in the name of the French king. A French colony was organized in France, to settle the new country, but it became reduced by suffering and disappointment to one-fourth the original number, and La Salle himself, while on the way to Canada for relief, was shot by two men who accompanied him and had sworn vengeance on their leader.

DETROIT AS A SUMMER RESORT

BY AN OUTSIDER

Probably the proposition that Detroit, with a population of nearly 300,000 souls, is a most suitable place for a summer resort, would be met with a smile of incredulity by the people of other cities, especially the east, but we guarantee that if they will pay a visit to this place, in the most sultry month of summer, they will find not only within a few miles of the city, but in the city itself, all the general enjoyment, and salubrious air which they would find in a professional summer resort.

Regarding this city, first as a resort for invalids, we find peculiar attractions. The atmosphere is pure and free from malaria, as the land has long been subject to tillage, the

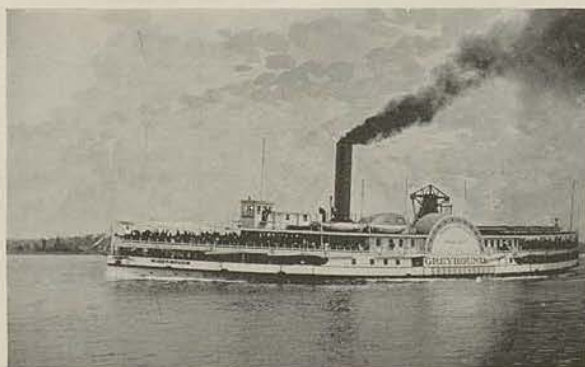
sewerage is excellent, and the streets are broad. The fuel principally used is wood, so that the air is free from the clouds and dust that result from the use of bituminous coal in most western cities. The adjacent mineral springs and baths, among them the sulphur springs at Sandwich and Springwells, have been found effective in many diseases, and the Mount Clemens Springs, famous for curing rheumatic and neuralgic disorders, are within half an hour's ride.



A WOODWARD AVENUE HOME



OBSTANT VIEW OF TOWER OF FIRST STATE HOSPITAL BUILDING IN MICHIGAN, VIEW FROM GRAND RIVER AVE. AND BAGLEY AVE. FROM PAINTING (1869) BY ROBERT HOPKIN



THE STEAMER "GOV. FORD"



A TEN-OARED BARGE RACE—THE FINISH—AT DETROIT

Pleasure seekers find fishing all the year round in Lake St. Clair, and game birds, especially water-fowl, abound in the season. Pretty steamers carry the tourist to this lake, and southward to the Erie. Near the latter, in the Detroit River, which flows by clear and limpid, is the well known Grosse Isle, and further on is Put-in-Bay Island. These delightful places are as conveniently reached from Detroit as Coney Island and the Long Island beaches are from New York, and have fine hotels, thus affording a variety of pleasant trips in addition to the beauty and healthfulness of the city itself. I confess that I, an Eastern man, was greatly surprised at the unusual richness and variety of the attractions and advantages of Detroit, and I set to work to find out all I could about its natural surroundings and the way in which the people have improved them, and I am indebted to the kindness of friends as well as my own observations.

The water supply is obtained from the river at such a distance above the city that it is absolutely pure drinking water, and the force of the river performs the labor of Hercules in cleansing the city and its drains. Street railroads run to all parts of the town, and the manner in which the streets are laid out and paved and kept in order, as well as all other matters under the control of the municipal government, might set a worthy example to New York.

The society of this city is choice. Most of the residents are the fourth or fifth generation of the old French settlers, and are imbued with that delicate refinement and sociable character which mark the good families of the provincial towns of France. It is as if the older Dutch and English families of New York were a majority of the population.



THE YOUNG WOMEN'S HOME

The social superiority is enhanced and maintained by the usual adjuncts of a well ordered community. The churches are abundant, representing the principal sects, the Roman Catholic (descended from the grand old Jesuit mission) numbering fifteen out of the seventy-four, and the Episcopalians fourteen. St. Anne's (R. C.) is the oldest ecclesiastical edifice between the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains, and contains relics dating back to 1805, and traditions whose origin is lost in the dim light of the pristine forests. The other church buildings present some of the finest archi-

ture and some of the most beautifully frescoed interiors to be found in the United States. The school system of Detroit is comprehensive and complete, and as supplements to it there are the Detroit Female Seminary, founded in 1850, and containing many students from neighboring states as well as the daughters of Michigan's best families; and the State University at Ann Arbor, an hour's ride from the city, which is as free as the public schools to residents in this state. I do not tell you about the school system as an inducement to summer pleasure-seekers, but Detroit is such a wonderful city, and so rapidly growing into

importance, that everything concerning it will be of interest to all readers.

As a home Detroit can scarcely be surpassed, for the people have not grown rich through the feverish excitement of speculation or treasure hunting, but have gradually built up the city by the ordinary quiet routine of business. Consequently, there is a substantial, homelike air about them and about the town, which pervades the thoroughfares and reaches its perfection in the cheery, happy homes. Do not think I am picturing a Utopia, or trying to make you look upon this city as a Platonian Republic or one of the Isles of the



POST-OFFICE, U. S. COURT HOUSE, ETC.

Blessed, stranded during the geological changes of the continent. There are cross-tempered people here, there are faults of city government, there are political schemers, there are discontented taxpayers — there are, on all hands, in this apparent Eden of the New World, the dwarfed trees of ill nature, the knotty joints and gnarled branches which are universal in human nature. But compared with the internal dissensions of a city like New York, this is marvelously peaceful.

There are no "slums" in Detroit. The land is cheap and the building facilities are exceptional. Most well-to-do mechanics and even laborers live in neat white cottages, the tradespeople in brick structures, and a greater percentage of the people, I think, than in any other city, occupy their own houses on their own land. There are no tenements, and nearly every residence has a lawn and shade trees. There are, besides, a number of parks dotting the city, affording free passage for the fresh air, which is laden with the scent of the flowers which everybody cultivates. Some of the houses of the wealthier inhabitants are magnificent, and may well vie with your boasted Fifth and Madison avenues, and some of the streets rival the broad avenues of Washington. The exquisite taste of the



FLIRTATION



BUCKSKIN HUNTING COAT — A CESTER RELIC

people of Detroit is evinced not less in their homes for the dead than in their city houses. There are several beautiful cemeteries near by, in which are some of the sparkling streams and groves of fine old forest trees which skirt the town on all sides, making lovely villages of its suburbs and delicious sylvan



TWILIGHT — BECK HOUSE NEAR CONNOR'S CREEK

retreats of the uncleared ground. The gentle slope of the land adds much to the varied beauty, while it is practically beneficial as a means of both irrigation and draining.

During the last thirty years the value of real estate has steadily increased, but the price asked for it is not, even now, very



SIGNALING THE CUTTER



DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE



ACROSS THE STUBBLE — THE OLD JAMES SMITH FARM

large, except in the business center of the city. Buildings are going up on every hand, and several hundred are projected for the coming year. All this is the result of a growth so sure and firmly planted that any investment here is certain to yield a handsome return, the prospects of future development being jeopardized by no sudden upstarting of business, which is apt to bring as great a downfall. ANON.



A RIVER VIEW



ENTRANCE TO FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THREE NOTABLE MARKETWOMEN

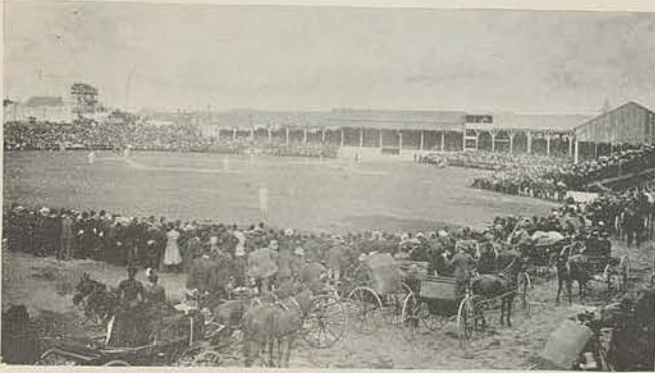
Detroit has been noted, in years past, for the excellence of its public markets, and the closing of the Central Market the present year (1893) makes an epoch in the city's history and awakens a flood of reminiscences in the minds of older residents of the city. Volumes might be written on life in the old Central Market, but none of them would be complete without more or less reference to the lives and doings there of three



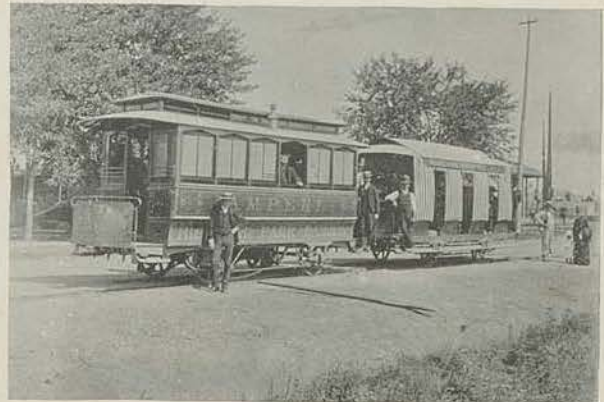
GRACE HOSPITAL



A HOME ON WOODWARD AVENUE



RECREATION PARK DURING THE BASE BALL SEASON.



ALL ABOARD FOR HIGHLAND PARK — FIRST TRAIN



DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

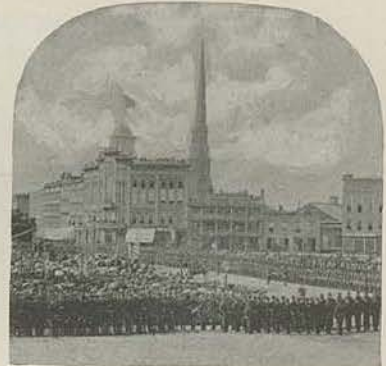
From a poem written by E. N. Willcox, and read at the dedication Jan. 22, 1877

Where frowned the prison, now the palace smiles
Where crime and justice wrangle, now there shines
Volume on volume, glittering piles on piles;
And here the good of all we know, enshrines
Itself in alcoves, where the student pines
In longing reverie; but erst the cell
Of him who traced in glimmering, fading lines,
Each long day's history of his earth-born hell,
Come ye and read his epitaph and read it well

When Learning, tripping on the dewy lawn,
With smiles invites us to her pleasant way,
And lisping lovingly, asks us here to stay,
Here with the laurel let us crown the boy,
Here, too, the maid, with rosemary and bay;
'Tween Poetry and Prose there's no alloy,
An unmix'd good in each—critics alone destroy.

of Detroit's most notable marketwomen, Nancy Martin, Mary Jacklin and Mary Judge.

It was here that Nancy Martin, a thrifty Quakeress, whose sharp tongue and kind heart are not forgotten to this day, could be seen hustling about the stalls. Not forgotten either is that piece of heroic generosity by which this kind-hearted old creature, who toiled in the stalls of the market place until she was over sixty years of age, gave all her hard-earned fortune, including the



PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO 1ST MICHIGAN VOL. INFANTRY, COL. O. E. WILCOX, COMMANDING — MAY 11, 1861.

MICHIGAN FLAG SONG — AN ECHO FROM SUMTER

Adapted to the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore," by D. Bethune Duffield

Trumpet and ensign and drum-beat are calling
From hillside and valley, from mountain and river,
"Forward the flag!" Even though heroes are falling,
Our God will his own chosen standard deliver.

CHORUS.

Star-spangled Banner! our hopes to thee are clinging;
Lead us to victory, or wrap us in death;
To thee
Staunch are we,
While yet a breath
Remains to sing thee,
Or arm to fling thee,
O'er this fair land, wide and free.



OLD WRECK ON THE ROUGE — NEAR GLASS WORKS



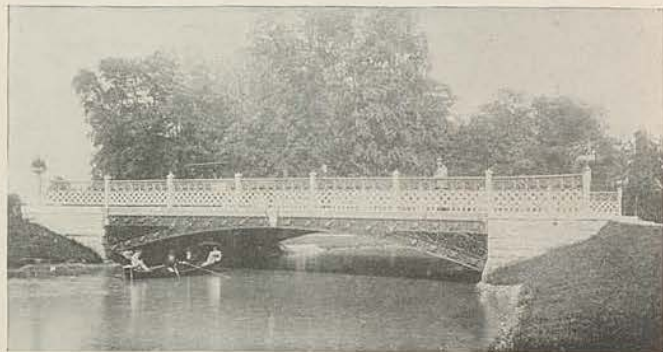
VIEW ALONG WARREN AVENUE (EAST OF WOODWARD)



DETROIT LYCEUM, RANDOLPH STREET



INGHRAM DAIRY LUNCH HOUSE AT BELLE ISLE



UNDER THE IRON BRIDGE — BELLE ISLE PARK



THE CITY'S NAVY YARD AT BELLE ISLE PARK



THE SKATERS' PAVILION AT THE PARK



U. S. GOVERNMENT LIGHTHOUSE AT THE PARK



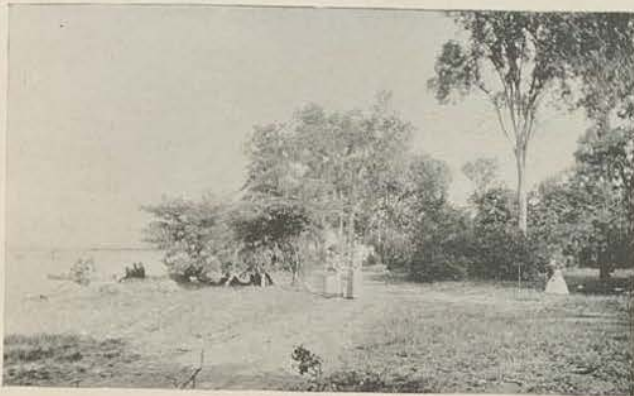
MAIN CANAL AT THE PARK



UNDER THE ELMS AT THE PARK



VIEW OF THE MAINLAND BRIDGE FROM BELLE ISLE



PICNIC PARTY — HEAD OF BELLE ISLE



VIEW ACROSS LAKE ST. CLAIR — HEAD OF BELLE ISLE PARK



THE FIRST BOAT HOUSE AT BELLE ISLE PARK

a young woman, in this way: A. H. Redfield was controller of Detroit in 1863, and she arrived in the city, on her way from Indiana, and her guardian there — a brother of Mr. Redfield of Detroit — to Montreal, where her parents lived. She had stopped off to see her guardian's brother, and while with him learned that her father had died. It was a long journey in those days, to Montreal, and Mary decided that she would not go on. So Mr. Redfield gave her a post on the market square, let her build a little shanty there and set her up in business. She sold candy and fruit and all sorts of things for a time, but presently there came a



POLICE STATION AT BELLE ISLE

land upon which the hospital building now stands, to assist her friend, Walter Harper, in the founding of Harper Hospital. Everybody knew Nancy Martin, with her thrifty manners and tidy figure. She used to sell fowls in one of the inside stalls of the vegetable market.

One day the public heard that a man named Walter Harper had given the city 1,000 acres of land to found a hospital and then a few months afterwards they learned that Nancy Martin, who was his housekeeper, had given three acres of land near Woodward avenue for a site for the hospital and fifteen acres beside, in the 10,000 acre tract. The whole amount of these gifts was \$45,000. Nancy Martin's contribution amounted to \$15,000 and she made that small fortune selling chickens on the market.

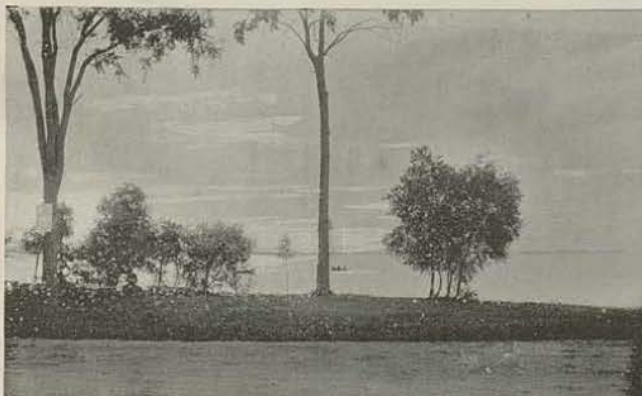
Mary Judge came to the market when she was



AN EVERY DAY MEET AT BELLE ISLE PARK

man who set up an oyster stand beside her, and then another and another. Finally there was a whole row of huts facing Bates street and a market-woman who kept a stand across the way made such a fuss that they were self-compelled to go because they were squatters and had no rights there. Then Mary went into the market and kept a stall, selling flowers.

Finally, a few years ago she had grown so old and had paid so much money into the city treasury for her booth, as she says, that the council allowed her to keep her stall without further rent. She has been to see the council several times. Once they admitted her and she made a speech. She



LOOKING TOWARD GROSSE POINTE, HEAD OF BELLE ISLE PARK



CENTRAL CANAL AND (OLD) BRIDGE, AT THE PARK



ARBOR IN BELLE ISLE PARK



VIEW IN THE PARK



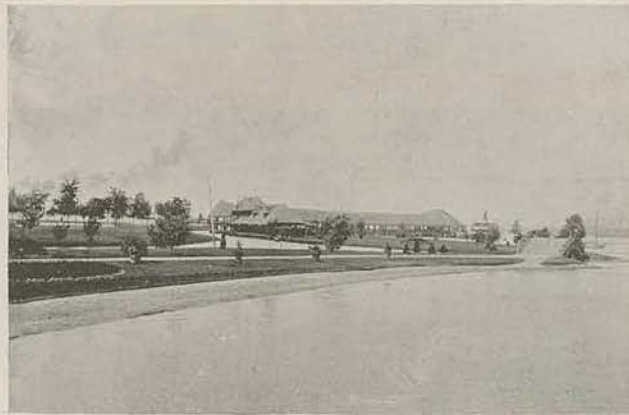
A PARK RAIN-MAKER

has a sort of rude art and upon this subject, which has lain next her poor old heart so many years, she is positively eloquent. She was so eloquent that the aldermen promised that she should not lose her stall when the market was torn down, but that she should have another stall of her own, where she shall be looked after and saved from the general ruin which she saw overhanging the market stallkeepers when the inevitable came.

Mary Jacklin, another of the famous market-women, also gained fame and fortune in a snug, cosy way, within the precincts of the old Central market. She is probably better known about the streets of Detroit today than either of the other market celebrities; and almost any day can be seen in the hotels and other public places, dickering for the delivery of poultry or selling buttonhole bouquets. Withal, "Mother Jacklin," as she is commonly called, is a remarkably bright, shrewd business woman, and while she has never enjoyed educational privileges herself, she has

seen to it that her children acquired and gained what she lacked in "learning." As a result her sons are men of great talent and leading lights in the ministry of the Methodist church.

The Central market has figured often in legal controversies, and a few years ago Judge Campbell, in his decision upon the market bond case, made a novel use of "legal cap" in appending to his opinion a graceful and elegant narrative of the Detroit market, with a neat allusion to the sturdy figure of Nancy Martin and the ancient and what he believed to be wholesome policy of establishing public



LONG WHARF AND BOAT HOUSE, BELLE ISLE PARK



YOUNG NAVIGATORS IN THE PARK

markets where the small traders could come in direct contact with their customers, not without a touch of pathos that this good old fashioned way of trading should have fallen into decay, driven out by the combinations and larger and more comprehensive method of traffic that modern invention has made. The old Central market was bound up with more of the city's life than any other one place in Detroit. Fifty years ago on a bright Satur-



CENTRAL AVENUE - BELLE ISLE PARK (OLD BRIDGE)



"A WRECK" AT THE "BIG BEND"



ICE WATER HERE—IN THE PARK

of Michigan's young people that know what their forefathers have gone through, and of their hardships as early settlers of the "wilder Michigan." The following reminiscences are related by one of Michigan's pioneer women, Mrs. George C. Lathrop, now living near Stockbridge, and will doubtless interest young and old:

"September 23, 1828, we were married in East Bethany, Genesee county, N. Y. Mr. Lathrop, like many others at that time, had a great longing for the 'wilds' of Michigan. He had some three years previ-



DETROIT BOAT CLUB HOUSE, AT THE PARK

AT THE REGATTA

La Belle Riviere! Upon thy breast of blue
What moving scene is borne this glorious day,
With current affluent from the Manitou
Of waters? What magnificent array
Of mammoth steamers, schooners, birch canoe,
Low, rakish yachts, skiffs, barges fill the bay!
Along the shores and on the house-tops, gay
Grand stands—where room the tiniest feet have won,
What eager thousands crowd to see the fun,
When you grim warship fires his signal gun!

A puff of smoke, then booms the sullen sound;
Loud hails the Commodore, "All ready? Go!"
And ten long barges, with a sudden bound,
Spring from the river's bosom, with a flow
Of simultaneous breath, as steeds the ground,
Strained every steel-strung muscle as they row:
Is life the prize, and not a pageant show?
Red caps and blue, afar they climb the stream,
Mid man's loud vivas, woman's tinorous scream,
Till their oars flash the sun's last ling'ring beam.

What grasp, what strength, what skill each arm endures,
Tho' each receive the plaudits of the town,
And emulation's smile each cheek suffuses,
And each brave brow deserves a victor's crown:
But one can triumph of those noble crews,
Yet sweeter far, above you orange gown,
A love-lit smile lights up the peachy down
Of one dear face among the myriads there:
The oarsman's sweetheart flutters in the air
The scarf he gave her—next her heart to wear.

Ma Belle Riviere, with loving thought I turn
To look again, into thy loving face.
Born on thy margin, how my heart doth yearn,
Away from thee, to haste to thine embrace,
And kneel, where Nature's love I first did learn,
Such memories rush, thy flow cannot efface;
"Twere my delight thine history to trace.
I've seen the red man light his wigwag fires,
The voyageurs heap graves of noble sires
Upon thy rose-clad banks, now flushed with spires.

I've seen the gorgeous circumstance of war
Panoply itself in all its pomp and pride
High on the parapets, and felt the scar
Of the rude cannon ball, etched into thy side.
I've grown to hate the commerce which could mar
With quays th' expanse where fleets should proudly ride;
And sewerod filth pollute thy restless tide.
Hence—peaceful thunders only o'er the roll,
Till earth and heaven shall wither as a scroll!
O, save me with thy spray when my last hour shall toll!

E. N. WILCOX.

day morning that spot was gay with a throng of pretty country girls—black-eyed, olive-skinned, with the vivacity that only French girls know—who came from the Canadian shore with their little ponies hitched to funny brown-bodied carts, binging fruits and vegetables and flowers to the city for sale.

In those days you could buy in the Central market, as Silas Farmer says, "almost anything but lodging—confectionery, fruits, shoes, poultry, stockings, vegetables, laces, meat, fish—they were all displayed there for the customers who passed."

About this one point not only all the traffic but all the gossip—political and social—seemed to center. Ladies met there in the mornings to do their shopping and chatted of social matters as they fluttered about among the booths. Men made it a place for talking over business matters and gathering the financial and political gossip of the day. It was the place for the newspaper man to meet the prominent people of the city and get the daily intelligence of the town.

DETROIT AND VICINITY IN 1830

We are indebted to the Detroit Journal for an interesting account of the experiences of an early settler in Michigan.

Today there are but few



TWO LOUNGERS AT THE PARK



MAIN CANAL AND BRIDGE



BRIDGE—HEAD OF BELLE ISLE PARK

ous visited Michigan and located a farm of eighty acres, two and one-half miles east of Ann Arbor, on what was called the stage road between there and Dixboro road. A week after our marriage we started for Michigan. There was no railroad from Batavia to Buffalo, and it required two days to go with wagons. At Buffalo we boarded a schooner for Detroit. We were finally landed in Detroit, then a muddy little town, inhabited mostly by French. The buildings were poor, though

(Continued on Page 59.)



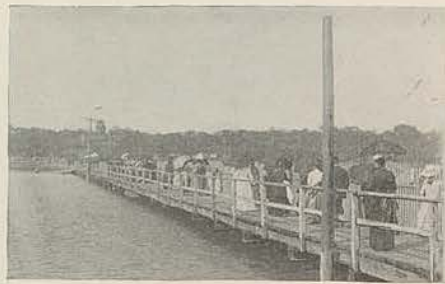
A TOOLHOUSE AT THE PARK



DRIVEWAY IN THE PARK



THE GRIFFIN

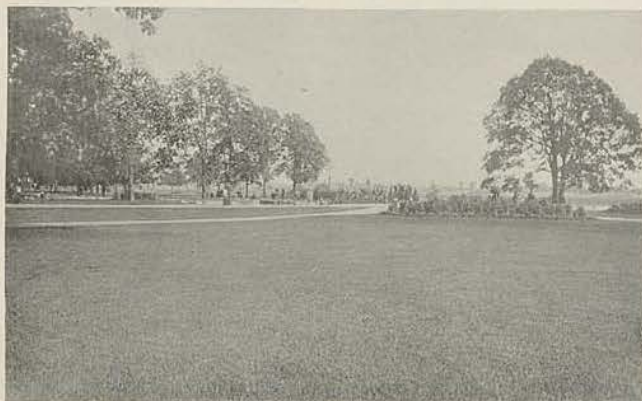


THE OLD WHARF, BELLE ISLE PARK

NAMING OF LAKE ST. CLAIR

A LEGEND OF L'ANSE CREUSE

Hearken, stranger, while I tell
Wondrous things that once befel
The people of this drowsy land.
Here on this pulpit where I stand
Preaching my sermon to only one,
Long ago I sat in the sun,
And saw a sight that shook with fear
The hunter fierce, and the trembling deer.
The bright warm rays of an August noon
Hushed each sound but the locust's tune
But a gentle wind blew from the west,
Dimpling with ripples the water's breast,
And catching the swans' wings where they float,
Drove each one on like a well-trimmed boat,—
A stately boat, with canvas white
As a sheet of snow in a starry night.
Now here, now there, the great fish rise
To snap at the gaudy dragon flies;
The loon like a porpoise rolls and dives,
Screaming as if for a hundred lives,
And solemn bitterns stand and think,
Each on a leg, by the rushy brink,
Just as the sun in his path on high



THE OLD TREE AT THE PARK

Floating aloft with its lilies of gold,
The great white flag of France is spread
And the pennon decking the mainmast head,
Bears the chieftain's arms on a field of red.
Three black-nibbed falcons gaping wide
Scowl through the ports on either side.
And the old sergeant says they speak
Each for a common day in the week,
While the great bow gun with its heavy knell
Rings as loud as a Sunday bell.
But another standard is seen to-day
As the gallant cruiser wins the bay,
For the cross is waved, and the censer swings
And the seamen kneel as the mass bell rings,
For to-day is the feast of the Abbess Claire;
And the corded priests, with chants and prayer,
Sprinkling the lake with holy water
Name it after the church's daughter.
Then in a trice the gunners catch
Each in his place the blazing match, [shore
And the flame leaps out, and the trembling
Quakes at the terrible cannon's roar,
And stout La Fleur with chuckling grin
Said as he patted his culverin—
In my church there's never a friar
Sings like the abbot who leads the choir!



LOG CABIN IN DEER PARK—BELLE ISLE



MICHIGAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE

Stayed his course in the middle sky,
Speeding along with a foaming wake
A great ship sailed upon the lake; [flew,
And the loon dove down, and the white swans
Scared at the sight of the wonder new;
For never had vessel along this shore
Cleft these quiet waves before.
No better craft was ever seen
Than brave La Salle's stout brigantine:
Out from the prow a griffin springs,
With scales of bronze and fiery wings,
And the ship that earned so wide a fame
Bore on its scroll the Griffin's name,
For when the cunning robes of black
Troubled the zealous Frontenac
And strove his ventures hands to keep,
From reaching out to the western deep,
The wrath of the sturdy Norman rose
At the jealous arts of his patron's foes,
And the ship he built for his dangerous quest,
He named from the valiant noble's crest,
And vowed he would make the Griffin fly
Over the crows in the western sky.
A gilded eagle carved in wood
On the crown of the quarter-deck castle stood,
And from the staff astern unrolled,



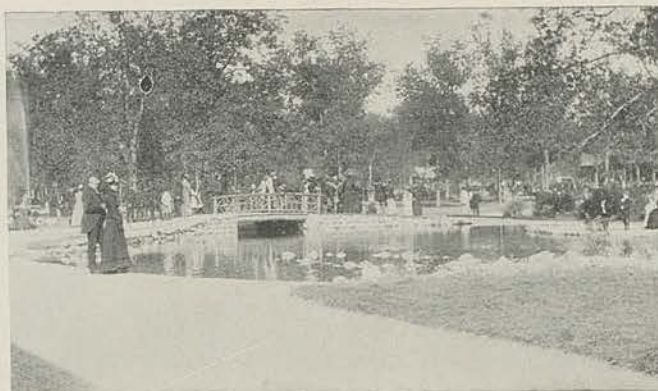
AN EVERY-DAY SCENE AT THE PARK

Out in the lake the Griffin lay
Wind-bound at anchor many a day,
While the ship's company explore
The novel wonders of the shore;
And as they reach upon the way
The bend at Pointe a Guignolet,
Before them spreads a lovely bay;
Its limpid waters softly glide
Like the slow creeping of the tide,
Upward and backward on the beach,
But ne'er beyond one margin reach.
And in its lonely beauty there,
So still, so smiling, and so fair,
To their charmed eyes it seemed to be
A sunny strip to Normandy,
Where mermaids in the moonlight play,
And happy children all the day.
Beside the shore a cross they plant,
The reverend priests an anthem chant,
And the stern soldier, as he went,
To seek the shelter of his tent,
Cast backward many a yearning look,
Made homesick by that fairy nook.
The ship sailed on, but the friendly shore
Saw it returning nevermore.

J. V. CAMPBELL



CENTRAL CANAL, LOOKING TOWARD BRIDGE — BELLE ISLE PARK

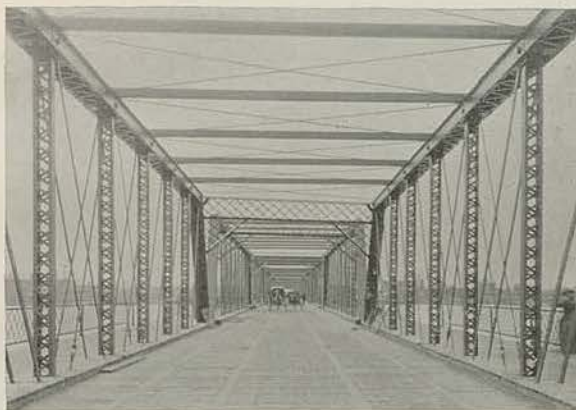


WATCHING THE STURGEONS AT BELLE ISLE PARK

it was the capital then, and the legislature was in session. My husband met an old acquaintance here — Judge Rumsey. It seemed good, even then, to see one we knew.

"Mr. Lathrop engaged a man to take our goods to their destination, for which he paid forty dollars. We started for our 'woods' home. The roads being poor — what little there was — we made slow progress, stopping for the night near the river Rouge, at a tavern kept by a man by the name of Ruff. Things were in accordance with the name — rough. The landlady tried to be very accommodating, for she said to me, 'When the baby wakes up, your husband can have the pillow.'

"Where Ypsilanti now stands there was but four dwellings. An old trading house had been converted into a tavern. There was quite a show of flowers in the woods, although late in the fall. We reached Ann



THE MAINLAND BRIDGE TO THE PARK

Arbor the evening of the second day. That city derived its name on account of the noble forest on the original site of the village. For the prefix 'Ann' it was indebted, according to undeniable tradition, to the first white woman that cooked the first meal there, 'Ann Sprague,' then Mrs. Rumsey, of our town, East Bethany. She took me down to a little brook or run, as they called it, where some stones were piled together. Here she did her cooking. Though it has been some sixty-four years, it seems as though I could locate it now, were I there. It was a delightful place and here we stayed the second night. There being no bridge across the river we had to ford. I was highly delighted with my forest home, which though wild in its nature, looked nice to me. Mr. Lathrop was ambitious, and built us a nice house, so that we moved in in April. School privileges being poor, and I having plenty of time, concluded to have a select school at our house. Accordingly, in May our school began, which served to while away many lonesome hours. Occasionally we had local preaching there.



YACHT CLUB HOUSE AND ANCHORAGE



IMPROMPTU REGATTA ON THE CANAL



SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE PARK

I recall two young ministers that came from Ohio, Pilchard and Coleisser, who became very eminent preachers.

"A Virginian by the name of John Allen, an experimental gardener, furnished us all seed. His garden was upon the ground where the university now stands. I forgot to say that previous to the whites coming here it was the Indians' dancing ground.

"The Indians were not very troublesome at this time, yet occasionally when they found women alone and they had been drinking, they would trouble them. I remember one instance. They had been to Detroit for their presents and were on their way home. Near Plymouth the chief's son went into a settler's home and demanded bread. The woman told him she had none. He still insisted and killed her. The news spread. They raised a company at Detroit, having Dr. Nichols as captain. They overtook the Indians on the plains below Plymouth. They gave the chief to understand if he would deliver up his son they would not molest him, but if not they would shoot him. He made motion for them to do so, and they did. The spot was called Togas Plains after the chief, and there was no more trouble at that time. Dr. Nichols afterwards located at Dexter and was their leading physician for many years.

"My husband afterwards took up 340 acres of land where the village of Sharon now stands, and lived there many years.

"The howling of wolves was one kind of music we had in those days. Once when my



AQUATIC HERBARIUM — BELLE ISLE PARK



EAST FRONT OF BELLE ISLE CASINO

husband was away one came and poked his nose under the door and commenced his tune, which was taken up by others in all directions. At another time one took a pig from the pen, and going a short distance gave a call and soon had plenty of help. Again, when Mr. Lathrop was obliged to go for a doctor they followed him all the way. Men were frequently chased by wolves and had narrow escapes."

THE OLD RED MILL

Soon after the settlement of this lake country there came a time when, owing to the increasing husbandry and cultivation of the smaller grains, the necessity for mills arose. Water power was not easy to obtain in this level region, and the windmill



ISLAND APPROACH TO THE MAINLAND BRIDGE



THE CASINO AT THE PARK

was the natural sequence. Soon the great white flapping sails or wings of these primitive aids to man could be seen slowly revolving, and they formed such a picturesque addition to the lovely but quiet landscape that they were attractive even to the passing mariner or savage canoeist, and they were most generally located on the river or lake shore.

Upon some of the little creeks were mills dating back beyond 1734. One was near the present crossing of the Michigan Central Railroad and Twenty-fourth street — upon La Rivière du Mouline a Campau, or Cabacis's Creek — Connors' or Tremble's Creek — mill River; one on or near Jefferson avenue and Bloody Run, and another on Gratiot Road.

We have already reproduced the legend of "The Devil's Grist" concerning one of these windmills,



VIEW OF BRIDGE TO THE MAINLAND

and now add another, from the charming collection of "Legends of Le Detroit," by Maria Caroline Watson, Hamlin, as follows:

In the former district of Springwells (at the foot of Twenty-fourth street), of the present city of Detroit, stood an old red mill. It was circular in form, and had a stone foundation supporting an upright wooden body, with a conical roof.

It was a weird sight on a moonlight night, with its long arms stretched out as if beseeching aid, and its tattered sails drooping mournfully, telling its melancholy story like a flag at half mast. The beholder involuntarily felt that creeping shudder of awe which contact with the mysterious calls forth. There are buildings like human beings upon which nature places her signet, — a history.

The Indian, as he returned from his day's hunting, laden with the trophies of his skill pushed his canoe out into the stream far from its shadow. The gay, joyous voices in the pleasure boats of the officers of Fort Lenoult were hushed as they silently glided by, and the *coureur des bois* who had faced untold dangers, devoutly crossed himself as the old red mill rose in view on his return from his distant and perilous expeditions. On winter evenings, under the genial warmth of a hickory log and the soothing influence of his *cider au charbon*, the



NEAR THE NEW BRIDGE

old habitant would tell to his children, who listened with bated breath, the legend of the old red mill.

Many years before, when the English under Colonel Rogers, had taken possession of Detroit, there lived at the mill a Canadian family who had adopted a daughter of the tribe of Pontiac. She was beloved by a British officer, but belonging to the Ottawas, whose haughty chief was disposed to resist the new comers, and residing among the French, who looked suspiciously at the invaders, waiting to see if the promises made in the treaty would be ratified (a suspicion which subsequent events proved not without cause), it is not to be supposed that the course of true love could run smoothly. Yet love, which laughs in the face of all danger and is prolific in resources, soon found a means by which the lovers could meet. It was agreed upon by them that a signal should be given when there was no danger of a surprise, — a lighted candle to be placed in her window; quickly then would the officer obey the summons of his lady love.

Wasson, a warrior of the Saginaws, allies of Pontiac, had long loved the fair maiden and had laid at her feet the trophies of the chase, but the Indian girl saw them not, nor heard his pleadings, for her ears yearned for the sound of another voice whose soft accents had nestled in her heart like hushed music. Wounded by his rejection, the brave sought the cause, found it, and courted revenge as his companion. Watching his opportunity when the girl was alone, he upbraided her for having forgotten her duties as an Indian maiden and for deserting the traditions of her race, and raising his tomahawk told her that she should pay the penalty of her treason with her life. As the savage's arm descended the girl sank deluged in her blood. The Indian had not completed the sacrifice; one more victim his revenge demanded. He lighted the candle, the secret of which he had learned, and patiently waited. Splashing oars and a low, cautious call soon told him that the lover had obeyed the beacon of love. The savage gluttoned over his success and waited breathlessly with weapon poised to hurl at his intended victim as he opened the door, when suddenly other footsteps were heard proclaiming the return of the family.

In the general confusion which ensued on the discovery of the murder the Indian slipped away unnoticed, balked for the time of half of his revenge. The lifeless remains of the lovely victim were tenderly laid to rest. The



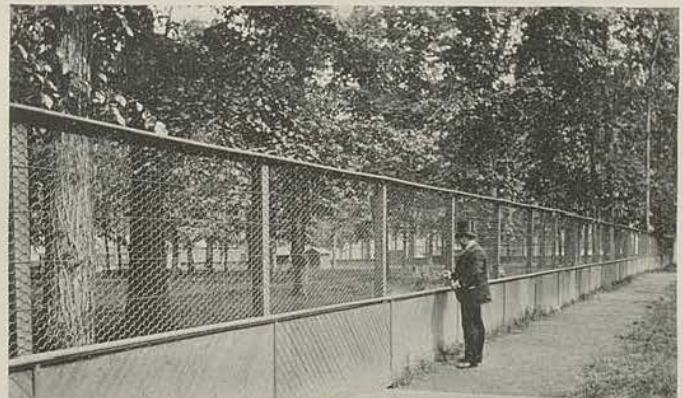
VIEW ON BELLE ISLE — SKETCHED IN 1870 — BY ROBERT HOUKIN

officer sought in the busy strife of the period to forget his grief, but the Indian's revenge only slumbered, and shortly afterwards the officer was basely murdered by him while he was detained as a hostage at Pontiac's camp at Bloody Run.

The mill was afterwards deserted, but the lonely wayfarer who passed there at night whispered strange stories of its being haunted by an Indian maiden who stood at a window with a lighted candle.

THE CASS MANSION

All the better class of dwellings of the French habitants were of a very substantial character. They were built of logs squared, and covered with clapboards, the roofs being shingled with cedar. One of the oldest and most noted



TWO FRIENDS AT THE DEER PARK AT BELLE ISLE



"THE MAY QUEEN" — IN THE PARK



OLD ICE HOUSE AT THE PARK



RUSTIC SEAT — BELLE ISLE



THE NORTH SHORE DRIVE AT THE PARK



THE BRIDGE SWUNG OPEN AT TWILIGHT, FROM PARK HOUSE DOCK

structures of this class was the Cass house, illustrated on page 68, which has been used by several of the territorial governors of Michigan, and exhibited many marks of the tomahawk and bullets received during the Indian wars. It stood on what was



MAJ. GEN. G. B. WILCOX, U. S. A.



DETROIT FROM SANDWICH POINT IN 1837, FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY WILLIAM A. RAYMOND



THE OLD FARNSWORTH STORE, CORNER WOODWARD AND MICHIGAN AVENUES

known as the Cass farm. It was situated on the immediate bank of the river, where it was abrupt and high and shaded by trees. It was torn down in 1883, being 150 years old. It latterly stood on Larned street, not far from its original site. Another old domicile was the Lafferty house, which stood half a mile below. It was erected in 1747 and demolished in 1861.



OLD CITY HALL, DECORATED BY ROBERT HOPKIN, M. C. R. R. FREIGHT DEPOT, OLD ARMORY BUILDING AND ATHENAEUM THEATRE — 1861



SIBLEY'S LIME KILN

THIS AND THAT

One day last summer a roughly dressed man — a Pole or Bohemian — was driving a dray belonging to a wholesale grocery house, loaded with groceries. As he turned from Congress into Griswold street part of his load fell off, and the man, who was seated on the pile of boxes, fell with it, striking heavily on the cobblestones. One of the wheels of the heavily loaded dray passed over his leg, and fractured the bone. A crowd, numbering several hundred, soon gathered around him. The street was muddy, as the



ST. JOSEPH'S (R. C.) CHURCH



ENTRANCE TO YOUNG WOMAN'S HOME, ADAMS AVENUE



VIEW ON THE ROUGE — STEAMER MILTON D. WARD — EXPOSITION BUILDING IN DISTANCE





THE LATE JOHN OWEN

sprinkler had been liberal in its work, and the injured man's clothes were in a sadly daubed condition. Altogether he was far from attractive in appearance. He lay there all in a heap, surrounded by a gaping crowd, not one of whom offered to help him, until a well-known business man made his way through the throng, raised his head and supported him in his arms until the ambulance came, at the same time using his hat to fan the poor fellow. The business man ranks among the "tony" men of the city, and is always well dressed. But that simple act of kindness shows that there is a real man inside of those good clothes, who was not afraid to soil them by contact with the muddy apparel of a suffering fellow man. — Detroit paper.



UNION RAILWAY STATION — CORNER FORT AND THIRD STREETS

DETROIT NEWSBOYS

Detroit newsboys are an independent army of youngsters at the present time, there being about 2,000 of them, regularly licensed, and in 1877 an amusing indication of their independence was shown when they attempted to prevent the sale of the Detroit Evening News, because the price charged them, in



OLD HYDE HOUSE — SITE OF WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE — FROM OLD SKETCH BY E. HOPKIN

THE CAMPAU HOUSE

The Campau house, pictured on the sixth and seventh pages of this work, was torn down in March, 1880. It stood on the south side of Jefferson avenue, midway between Griswold and Shelby streets, and is said to have occupied the site of the original quarters of Cadillac. It was erected in 1813 on an old stone foundation, for Joseph Campau, at a cost of about \$6,000. It was one of the most ancient, and at the time of its destruction the best preserved of any of the French houses of the olden time.



THE DETROIT (JESUIT) COLLEGE AND CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND PAUL, JEFFERSON AVENUE



BRIG. GEN. L. E. H. G. MINTY — FROM AN OLD WAR TIME PORTRAIT



A BIT OF MOONLIGHT

their opinion, was too high. They would not sell the paper, and tried to prevent others from doing so. Their generally unruly character at this time compelled the passing of a licensing ordinance, but that Detroit newsboys are generally a good class of toilers and appreciate what is done for them is shown by the way they treat their friends. Prominent among these is General Alger, whose portrait appears elsewhere. This gentleman gives the news-



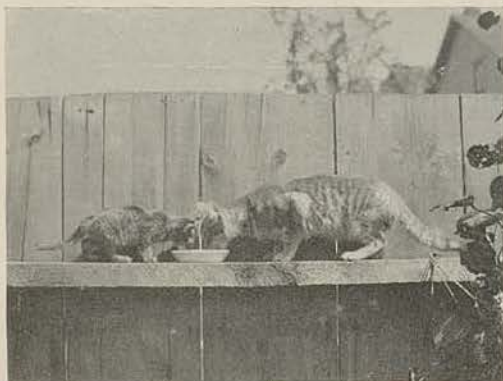
A TOW — LOOKING UP THE ROUGE RIVER



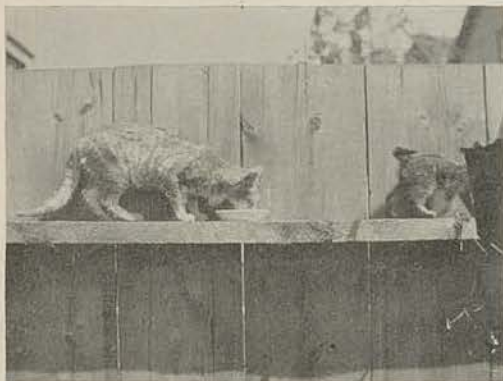
WINTER FERRYING AT DETROIT



A WOODWARD AVENUE RESIDENCE



"PEACE AND PLENTY, OR —"



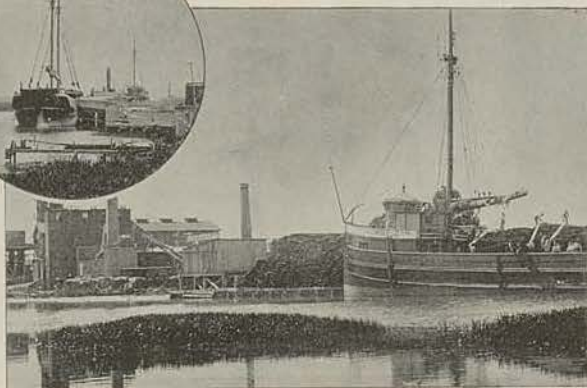
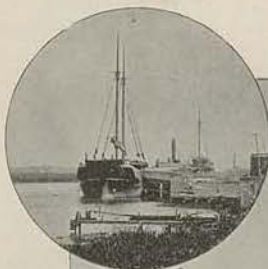
— AN EXPRESSIVE TAIL (TALK)?"



JOHN R. WILLIAMS, FIRST MAYOR OF DETROIT

THE OLD WINDMILL, LAKE ST. CLAIR, FROM
PAINTING BY HOPKIN

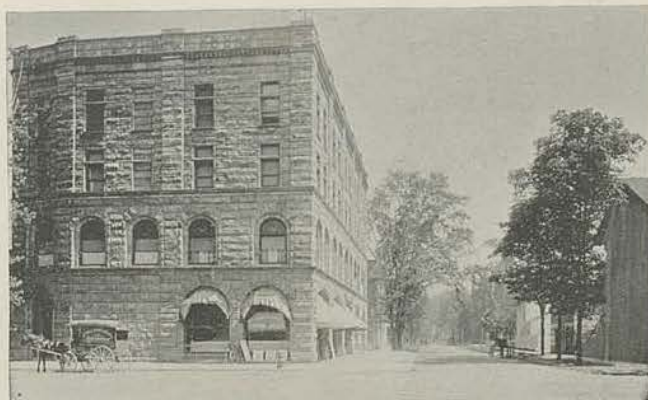
AN OLD ELM ON THE ROUGE



ONE OF DETROIT'S LUMBER PLANTS — ROUGE DISTRICT



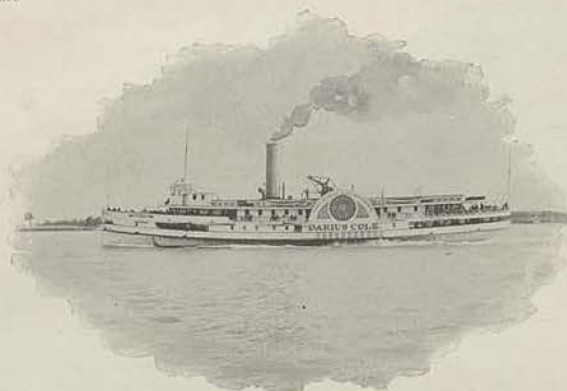
HOME OF THE DETROIT CLUB



CATHOLIC CLUB BUILDING



UNDER THE BRIDGE ON THE ROUGE



STEAMER DARIUS COLE — "OFF FOR PORT HURON"



A PRETTY BIT OF THE ROUGE



GOING FREE

boys a suit of clothes every winter, and he is called the father of all the newsboys. When he returned home, a few years since, from a long trip, he was met at the depot by an army of his young friends, who shouted, "What's the matter with Alger? — He's all right!" And this phrase-shout of the Detroit newsboys was the origin of the cry, with variations, which went all over the Union during the presidential campaign of 1888.

DETROIT IN ROMANCE

To read the early history of Detroit is like going back in story to the chivalrous days of sunny France, and Detroit and much of the adjacent country was but a France in romantic miniature — a new France. C. M. Burton, one of Detroit's most interesting historical writers, dwells upon this theme in a most interesting way. He says:

"The first colony that settled here came from the France of Louis XIV., and mediaeval scenes and the savage life of the new world existed side by side.

"Cadillac was the grande monarch, being accorded the homage his rank demanded. A maypole was raised in his honor, that was



THE WEST END CLUB HOUSE



FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH



WAYNE COUNTY JAIL AND SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE, DETROIT

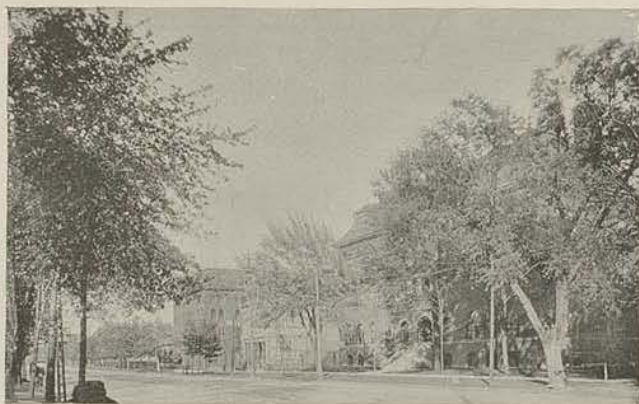
attended with all the pomp and ceremony of an ancient custom. A cask of eau de vie was tapped in celebration of the occasion, cups and flasks were handed round, and Cadillac, raising high his silver goblet, would pledge the king and the health of all present: "Vive de Roi, vive le Seigneur Cadillac du Detroit," was lustily sung by the habitants, and then la dance ronde followed, in which buxom dames and gallant youths joined, as they made the silent forest ring with their merry voices. Cadillac granted strips of land under conditions which seem absurd to us of the present day; but feudalism was as firmly established as though this were an actual monarchy. During French rule, kings, regents and queens, cardinals, archbishops and generals of religious orders, ladies of high degree, governors and generals exercised authority over the City of the Straits. We can scarcely contemplate these things now in connection with Detroit, but they were part and parcel of its historic evolution."



JOSEPH CAMPAU — FROM AN OLD PAINTING

MR. CAMPAU AND THE YANKEES

Joseph Campau, the famous French American, who made Detroit his home, and whose old residence, as one of the landmarks, is pictured on the earlier pages of this



PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, JEFFERSON AVENUE

work, appreciated Yankee thrift and enterprise. On one occasion, in the spring of 1851, as the ice had gone out of the Detroit river and the upper end of Lake Erie was reported clear, the owner of a steamboat gave notice that he would sail next day. The lower part of the lake was known to be covered with floating ice and the boat started after much anxiety had been expressed concerning her safety. The next day, towards evening, Mr. Campau met the telegraph manager near his (Campau's) residence and said, "Does ye hear anything from te boat — te boat tat went out yestertay mor'n?" "Oh, yes," said the telegraph man, "she has just reached

Erie. She got into the ice and floundered about, tearing her paddle-wheels to pieces, but she is in Erie harbor, all safe."

"Well," said Mr. Campau, "I t'ot so.

Now when de Englishmon he want to go anywhere, he sit down and t'ink how he get dar, and te Frenchmon he want to go, and he stop and t'ink how he get dar; but de American, te Yankee, he want to go, and be-gar, he go. He go Heaven, he go Hell, he go anyhow!" So much for Mr. Campau's respect for Yankees, but they admired him as well, for he was as indomitable and persevering as any of them, — there was no hesitation or indecision with him. He knew what he wanted, and acted immediately upon the formation of his plans.



JUDGE H. B. BROWN, U. S. SUPREME COURT



MICHIGAN ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE — ELMWOOD AVENUE

POLITICS IN DETROIT FIFTY YEARS AGO

The rush of immigration into the territory commenced in the year 1830. That period was also reached when old party lines were broken throughout the country; the friends and opponents of Andrew Jackson were forming into lines, that ultimately became the Democratic and Whig parties of the period. One of the earliest political parties bore the name of Democratic-Republicans. This party had an existence in Wayne county almost as soon as the country was organized. The Democratic party afterwards succeeded to the first half of the old name, and about 1852 new life was infused into the Whig party.

The first copy of The Detroit Free Press appeared on Thursday, May 5, 1831. It was the first daily paper in the state, but a weekly when it started. Some time



GEN. L. S. TROWBRIDGE



LOG CABIN OF SENATOR PALMER (PALMER PARK)

before 1831 Gen. John R. Williams, who had been for several terms mayor of Detroit, had been nominated at a meeting of adherents of Andrew Jackson for delegate to Congress, and The Free Press strongly advocated his candidacy.

In 1831 the population was about 3,000, but the capitol still stood far out in the common, away from the business and dwellings of the city. In muddy weather during the Legislature the members were carted to and from the capitol. Most of them made their headquarters at "Uncle Ben" Woodworth's hotel. The last regular session of the Legislature in Detroit closed March 17, 1847.

Politics created intense excitement in the early days, and overshadowed everything else while the excitement lasted. In the effort to win a victory at the polls, between 1830 and 1844, any method was deemed legitimate; but no pains were taken to hide it. On election days both parties were out in full force, and they made the welkin ring with noisy music, processions, whiskey and broken heads.

The presidential campaign of 1840 will be remembered by many as the time when, as the stump speakers said: "The prairies were ablaze, the settlements in flames, and the woods on fire with enthusiastic zeal." "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was the slogan of the Whig party; and almost every our corners in the west had its Tippecanoe club with log cabin and hard cider.

On April 15, 1840, a log cabin was raised on the north-east corner of Jefferson avenue

and Randolph street, a bottle of Harrison's brand of hard cider being placed beneath each corner of the building. The cabin could accommodate about 1,000 people; and among the attractions were several stuffed animals, owls, wildcats and raccoons, besides a live bear and a Bible. The walls were decorated with a copy of the Declaration of Independence,

Washington's farewell address, and a map of the United States. Strings of dried apples, pumpkins, seed corn, venison and bacon were suspended from the beams and rafters.

Prior to the day of dedication, the ladies were called upon to supply for the occasion "corn bread, and such other log cabin fare as their kind hearts and ingenuity may dictate."

On April 21, the day fixed for the dedication, the cabin was thrown open at 4 P. M. for the entrance of the Whig ladies with the good things they had prepared. In the evening the ceremony took place, the attendants bringing candles to illuminate the room. After the addresses a dinner-horn was sounded, and then from tables that fairly groaned under the weight of the good things that were upon them pumpkin pie, pork and beans, hominy, mush and milk, Johnnie cake, venison and parched corn were served to all alike. Toasts drank with hard cider finished the day. Many a politician going home from these bouts, described every proposition in Euclid in the mud. Sham battles, fireworks and hard cider were features in election campaigns.

On September 28, 1840, a Democratic barbecue was held on the Cass farm. Col. Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President of the United States, was present. Crowds came to hear him;



VIEW AT THE LOG CABIN FARM (PALMER PARK)



A GROUP OF SENATOR PALMER'S FAMOUS "JERSEY CREAMERS"



FERCHERON POND — SENATOR PALMER'S LOG CABIN FARM, (PALMER PARK)



LAKE IN PALMER PARK

but the enthusiasm on the other side was against him, and many of the rank and file "only kept their spirits up by pouring spirits



down." Although defeated, a resolution was adopted a few years later at a Democratic meeting in the sixth ward. It ran:



BEAUTY HITS ON THE ROUGE

"Resolved, That we oppose the many named monster now designated Whiggery, and fearlessly engage that, though he had as many heads as names, we would chop them off, and trample



his nondescript carcass in the Black Swamp.
"GEORGE ROBB, Secretary."
"Detroit, March 29, 1843."



A HIT ON BELLE ISLE



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, RANDOLPH ROGERS, SCULPTOR

FIRST DECORATION DAY IN DETROIT

Bring garlands, rosy garlands,
And strew these grassy graves;
For heroes here are sleeping,
Where Liberty stands weeping
For the bravest of her braves.

Bring flowers, fragrant flowers
From off Spring's dewy breast,
For those who through the battle
Passed down, amid war's wild rattle,
To the soldier's glorious rest.

Bring amaranthine flowers
From Fame's far shining crest;
For martyrs here lie crowded,
In the nation's flag enshrouded,
With its glory on each breast.

Bring music, plaintive music,
And pour it on the air;
But check, oh, check the bugle's cry,
And hush the snare-drum's wild reply,
Through these quiet aisles of prayer.

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

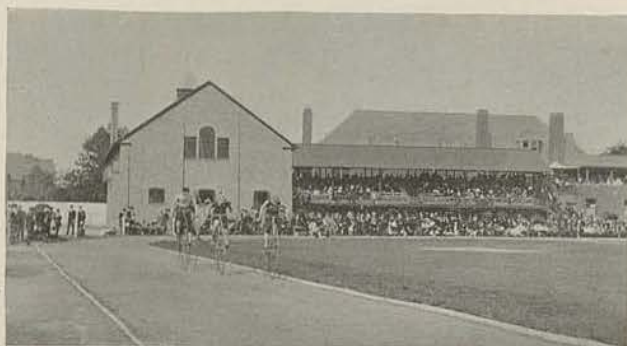


THE OLD CASS MANSION

AN OLD MAN'S EXPERIENCES

Selah Winfield of Wayne was probably the oldest living American in Michigan, at the time this work began to be put in type, and his experiences, as narrated to a reporter of one of the local papers, are so interesting and worthy of preservation that we give them place here. He was born in New Jersey 101 years ago and this is his story:

"Yes, I wuz born in 1792, while George Washington was President. I wuz born in Essex county, New Jersey, and lived there most of my life and now I am over 100 years old, and have seen this country under every president it has ever had. My first vote was cast for James Madison and I have voted at every



BICYCLE RACE ON GROUNDS OF THE DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB



JEFFERSON AVENUE, WEST FROM DUROIS STREET



SCOTCH (CENTRAL) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



ST. PAUL'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH



AN ARTISTIC TRIBUTE OF A DEVOTED HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE'S MEMORY, IN ELMWOOD

election since excep' the last one and then I wuz most too old to go to the polls. When I wuz about twenty-two years old I enlisted in the war against England to save my brotlier who wuz drafted an' didn't want to go. I wuzn't in only a short time, for the war ended soon by the Britishers getting licked.

"I remember onct when I wuz a boy that an injun cum to our house when all the folks were gone and wanted something to eat. He wuz all painte d up, and I wuz a little bit skeered, but the old gun hung up in another room, jist where I could get it and I climbed up on a chair and got it down and set it in the corner. I told the injun I couldn't give him anything to eat an' fur him to git out an' go about his business; he said, 'Wanter hear injun yell?' I said, 'No, I don't.' Then he gave a war whoop. I run into the other



ST. LUKE'S (PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL) HOSPITAL AND GROUNDS, FORT STREET WEST



CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART (CATHOLIC) DAY SCHOOL

room an' got the gun, and cocked it and put the end on a stool, pointed it toward him and told him to git. Well, he got pretty quick, for I had hold of the trigger and would have pulled it off in a minute. He went down the road and met some of our people and asked them if they knew what wuz the best thing an injun ever et an' he said 'twas little boys' liver. Then he jumped into the woods an' ran. They knew I wuz alone an' they cum on a run to our house an' I wuz pretty glad to see them."

The old man rested a while and then said: "I



CHARLES B. LEWIS — "M. QUAD"



OFFICE AND RESIDENCE OF SUPERINTENDENT HOUSE OF CORRECTION



A JEFFERSON AVENUE GEM



PRESENT BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING



A BIT OF RENAISSANCE ON TRUMBULL AVENUE



AN OLD-TIME LUMBER BARGE



OLD CAMPFIRE CLOCK



AN OLD RUSTIC BRIDGE NEAR SANDWICH

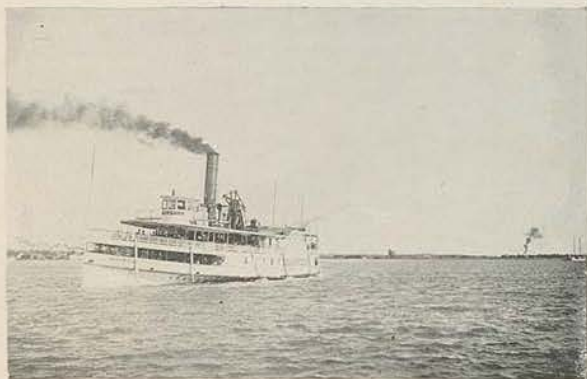


METROPOLITAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS



A DETROIT HOOK AND LADDER HOUSE

remember onct when I wuz a young man, after I cum out of the war I wuz going down the road when I saw a brown bear sitting on his haunches in the middle of the road and I first thought it was only a tame one, an' I thought I would git it an' take it home. Well, I cum up to it and the bear reached out and took hold of me. He drew me up an' give me such a hug that I thought my back wuz broke. I wuz considerable of a wrastler then an' I caught hold of him an' give him a trip, an' he give me a wuss hug than before, and dropped me then. He scampered off an' I got up and started for home and fell down in the door fainting. The bar had clawed the flesh off my back an' arms an' it wuz a long time before I got over it an' when I did, I didn't



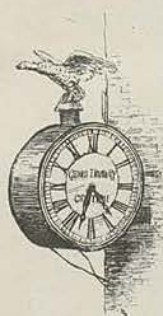
THE IDLEWILD ON THE ST. CLAIR RIVER

tackle another one without knowing whether he was loaded or not."

Again the old man rested and gained composure, and the little Bible was brought out to show the date of his birth, "Jan-

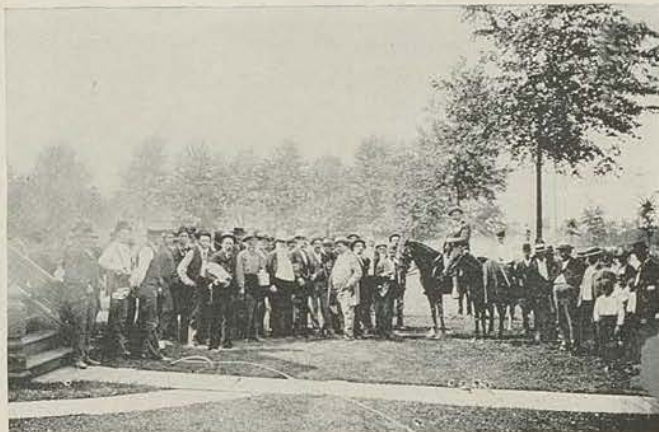


DOWN BY THE STILE — ON THE ROAD TO PLYMOUTH



THE OLD SMITH CLOCK, CORNER OF WOODWARD AND JEFFERSON AVENUES

uary 30, 1792. "In the year of our Lord." "It had been a long time since that wuz written there," said the old man again, "an' I wuz the youngest of the amily. I don't know why I have been permitted to live so long, but my grandfather lived until he wuz 106 years old, an' when he wuz 100 years old he took a bag of wheat on his shoulder and carried it to the mill himself an' my great-grandfather lived until he wuz 108 years old, an' to this probably I owe my long life." "No, I don't get any pension," he said in answer to my inquiry, "I enlisted under my brother's name an' if any one got the pension



FORMAL OPENING OF THE BOULEVARD IMPROVEMENTS, AUGUST 10TH, 1891



BIRDSEYE VIEW, LOWER END OF WOODWARD AVENUE AND THE RIVER



SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND OLD HULL HOUSE, (WASHINGTON AVENUE)



SECOND AVENUE, NORTH FROM HENRY STREET



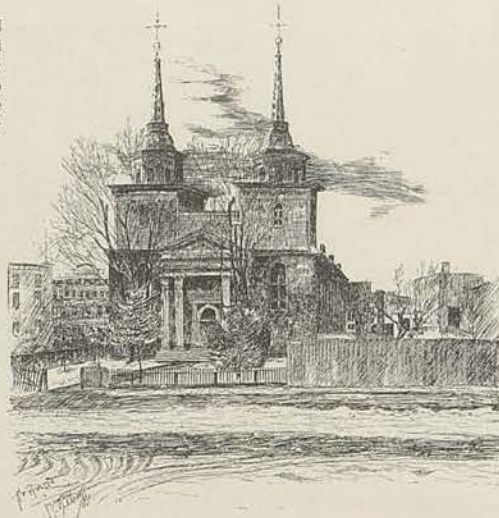
HICKORY ISLAND AND LAKE ERIE

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

it must have been him or his wife. I have tried once or twice, but my claims have been thrown out. If I could get it, it perhaps would make my life more pleasant for the little time I have to remain, but I have got along so far an' I can live the rest of my lifetime without it, for I have only a few years at the best."

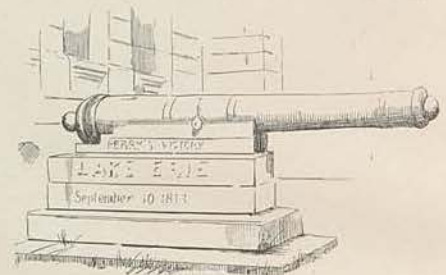


JAMES F. JOY



OLD ST. ANNE'S CHURCH

Mr. Winfield lives with his daughter, Mrs. James Mitchell, about one mile north of the village of Wayne. He moved to Michigan in 1851, and has been a sort of a wanderer, having lived in most parts of the state. About three years ago he left the home of his daughter Sarah, with whom he had lived until



A RELIC OF PERRY'S VICTORY, AT CITY HALL

that time. He has been a familiar figure to the people of Wayne for twenty years and even last summer he was able to walk about the village or sit hour after hour with his fishing rod on the bank of the river enjoying his favorite pastime of fishing.



CUSTER INDIAN CHASE RELICS, IN DETROIT MUSEUM



OLD UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — SITE OF GOVERNMENT BUILDING



CREAM PITCHER FROM OLD RAILROAD HOTEL



SUGAR BOWL FROM OLD RAILROAD HOTEL



OLD FISHERY, FIGHTING ISLAND

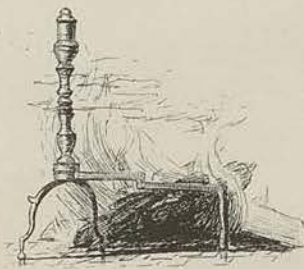
He is now confined to the house, not by disease but old age.

His mind is unusually bright concerning events of his childhood and early manhood, but rather treacherous about recent happenings. He was ready to tell of his life, and eagerly devoured any news that was said in his presence. He has been

(Continued on page 76.)



OLD FISHERY, HEAD OF BELLE ISLE



OLD ANDIRONS FROM THE CASS MANSION



GEN. HUGH BRADY



CANFIELD AVENUE, WEST FROM SECOND AVENUE



BOULEVARD, LOOKING WEST FROM WOODWARD AVENUE



LOOKING UP MONROE AVENUE—FROM CAMPUS



OLD LOG HOUSE NEAR DETROIT



OLD FISHERIES OF THE RIVER



A BIT ALONG THE RIVER



THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHER



"RIGHT, DRESS!"



A VIEW AT ELMWOOD



DOORSTEP FRIENDS



CHUMS

CHILD LIFE IN THE CITY

I.
The city's din can never drown
The tramp of their restless feet :
What to them are the skies that frown
Or tempests that rave and beat ?
On pavement and curb they rally
With laughter and mad exploit,—
The light of the street and alley,
Our boys of La Belle Detroit !



EVENING DEVOTIONS



GETTING ACQUAINTED



IN FRONT OF THE SHOP WINDOW

II.
They bloom on step and window sill,
In bangs and braids and curls,
But if in gutter or by the rill,
Like undiscovered pearls,—
They bud and blossom sweetly, still,
Those flowers, the little girls.



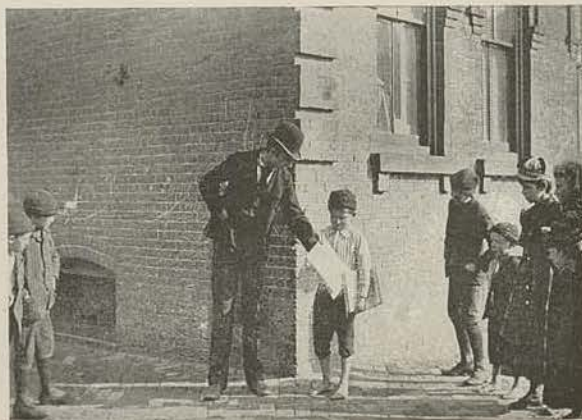
A DAUGHTER OF POLAND

The children crowd the landing
And strangers bless their fates,
No matter what their standing
For all a welcome waits ;
Her way there's no withstanding —
The City of the Straits.

LAURA SANDERSON



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALGER? — HE'S ALL RIGHT!"



BUYING THE NEWS



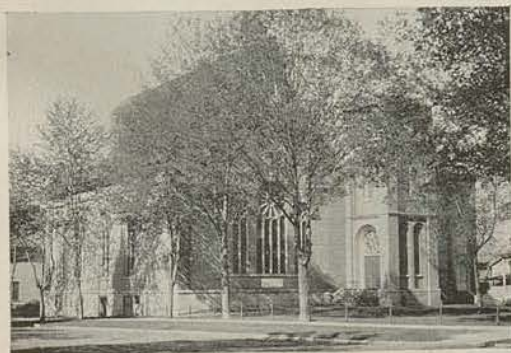
ON THE RIVER RAISIN



THE LOTUS BED IN AUGUST



THE BOYS' HOME, MONROE



EPISCOPAL CHURCH



MAJ.-GEN. GEO. A. CUSTER, FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY HIM TO LIEUT. F. F. KILLINGBURY, OF GREELEY ARCTIC FAME

CUSTER

ON THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY AT MONROE, MICHIGAN

Ay! raise the shaft on Raisin's bank,
Let it be wrought of steel!
And unseen hands shall draw the bands,
Lift the lever, turn the wheel —
Hands that held the unerring rifle
'Gainst breasts which fear could never stifle,
Kentucky's proudest chivalry
Hands that whirled the war club, clutched the knife
Strung with hairy garlands of the strife,
The Red man's fiendish revelry.

And who be ye, ye phantom host,
Gath'ring on yon shadowy plain,
In visored gloom, in casque and plume,
Crowding and crushing war's red
lane,
To welcome him, this last Bayard,
Without dishonor's wound or scar,
Our youngest *preux* chevalier?
Plantagenet and Lion-hearted!
King Henry of Navarre, departed —
He's with *you* now, our cavalier!

Come, too, ye crescent-bannered host!
Allah's prophet's oriflame,
Horse tails streaming, dark eyes gleam-
ing,
In this sanguinary game:
Grasp ye his hand whose guidon red
Flashed in the front of those he led
So oft to death or victory.
Hail him, Murat and Phil Kearney!
Marion, Hampton, Stuart, Henry —
Salute! Valedictory.

And shall not you in heart's core cher-
ish —
You who survive his name,
Phil Sheridan, and every man,
Who rode the quantlet-ride to
fame —
The memory of this knightly chief,
Slain mid-career, so brilliant, brief?
Where's Lucan's Light Brigade?
Where Gibbon, Crook and Pleasanton?
Kilpatrick, Stanley, Grierson
In glory's panoply arrayed?

Then lift ye high his monument
Of glittering, gleaming steel,
With sabres crossed and lance embossed —
Ay, lift it to his bugle's peal!
And let his trusty stallion rear
His spray-weaved mane and neigh his cheer,
Caparisoned for war!
And let his faithful hound come here
And wail a requiem o'er his bier,
The weird prairie echoing far.

But ere you raise the monolith,
Dig deep and fill the base
With those dread bones — foundation stones —
Of those who followed that wild chase,
Impetuous in his squadrons thundered,
Those thrice, thrice glorious three hundred —
The men who followed Custer!
They wore the chevron, he the sash;
But spur they not as mad a dash
With him in Fame's long muster!

E. N. WILLCOX



METHODIST CHURCH, MONROE



THE MARSH CLUB HOUSE



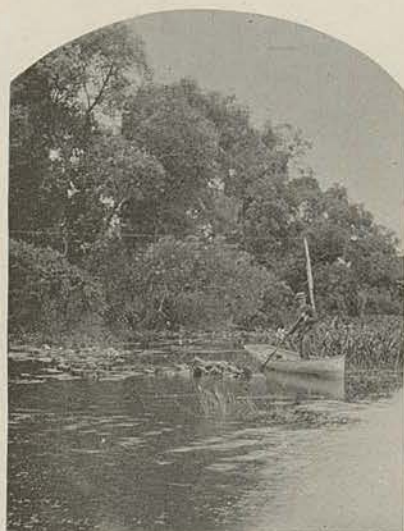
"CRUMBS OF COMFORT"



CONVENT DOWN BY THE BRIDGE, MONROE



UNION SCHOOL — MONROE



"IN THE SHALLOWS"

Monroe is located at the head or western end of Lake Erie, about midway between the mouths of the Detroit and the Maumee rivers. The inlet called Brest Bay, into which the river Raisin empties, and on the banks of which river Monroe is located, constitutes the largest and best harbor on the upper end of the lake, and one of the safest harbors along the line of the great lakes.

The railway communication from Monroe to the outer world, consists of the Lake

a Democrat all his life, and his face lit up when the interviewer said that he had cast a ballot for him in favor of Cleveland at the last election.

He is probably the only living man who can tell of the time when Washington was alive, and undoubtedly the only survivor of the war of 1812, who does not draw a pension from the country he helped to defend.

ABOUT MONROE

To the pretty little city of Monroe belongs the distinction of being the second oldest city in Michigan, as it was first settled about 1784, by the French from Canada, and they were followed within the next ten years by Americans.



THE HIGH SCHOOL AT MONROE

Shore and Michigan Southern Railway; the Toledo branch of the Michigan Central and the Flint and Pere Marquette Railway, while an important addition in the shape of a new division of the Pennsylvania Central system is assured at an early date.

It has large manufacturing interests, very extensive nurseries and in the immediately adjacent country, great attention is paid to the raising of beef cattle and high grade draught horses.

In its municipal equipment, school buildings, court house, city library, Holly water works, electric system, electric railway line, business buildings and private houses, it will compare favorably with any western city. Three flour mills, two large tile factories, four paper mills, several sash and blind factories, a grain elevator, a foundry, a carding mill, machine shops, the plant of the Sterling Manufacturing Company are among the institutions which help to make of the city a desirable home, and in addition, Monroe distributes annually more telegraph poles than any other point in the world.

There are ten churches, one convent (St. Mary's Academy) and a Catholic academy for boys, so that it is apparent that Monroe is in every respect a model, thrifty city, with all the accessories of cities much larger, and with prospects for the future most flattering.



THE OLD SIDNEY D. MILLER HOME — MONROE



THE OLD CUSTER HOUSE — MONROE



THE GOVERNMENT CANAL, MONROE



THE GOVERNMENT CANAL AT THE CLUB HOUSE



A WING AN' WING TOW AT THE CANAL

The following contribution from one of the oldest living settlers of Monroe will be found of interest.

"In October, 1831, I landed from the steamer Ohio, in the then attractive but crude city of Detroit, which contained about 2,500 inhabitants, my intention being to make it my home, but meeting an old neighbor from Berkshire County, Mass., who was then located in Monroe, on the river Raisin, I was persuaded to locate at Monroe. At that time Monroe contained about 500 inhabitants and was the second place in size and importance in the territory, and it was located on the river Raisin, about three miles from its mouth. The river was navigable for lake boats up to within a mile of the centre of the village. The river Raisin is a rapid stream, and at that time it had three grist mills and two saw mills within the village corporation, and they were the only

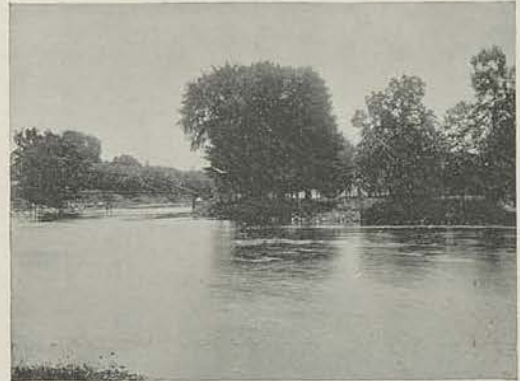
water mills between Detroit and the Maumee river, a distance of seventy miles. Thus the people of the country between those points, and all west for fifty miles, depended upon the mills at Monroe for their grinding, and so in the presence of rich and productive lands, and because of many other advantages, Monroe became a very important place.

The lands on each bank of the river for ten or twelve miles from Lake Erie, west, were settled by French people who were granted homesteads by the French government when they claimed to own and were in possession of Canada and Michigan. When the war between France and England terminated and England acquired possession, these grants were confirmed, and after the war of 1812 between the United States and England the United States ratified their claims. At that time the people claiming, and in possession of these lands were Messrs. Robert, Berrec, Duval, Suzor, Menard, Navarre (James, Isadore, and Francis), Joseph Loranger, Egnew, Lasselle, Godfrey, Leonard, Patterson, Leclair, Rowland, Glass, Hunt, Bissonette, Knaggs, Campau, Labadie, Cicott, Nadeau, Peltier, Reaum, Bordeaux, Lacroix, La Plante, Hiron, Duroches, Paxton, Soleau, Beaubien, Caldwell, Bezeau and others. I had a personal acquaintance with most of these men, and knew them as a brave, honest, noble class whose words needed no bond; men whose acts were always marked by integrity and whose memories it is well to perpetuate.

The names mentioned are still common in Wayne County, and the families, originally from the same stock, visited each other often. In the war of 1812 between England and the United States, the river Raisin and Detroit river were the historical points of the West and when I located in Monroe in 1831 many of the old

original settlers were living and occupying their old homes. From them I learned of their suffering and hardships; the country at the time of their settling on the river Raisin, was full of hostile Indians who gave them so much trouble that they were compelled to erect a stockade for their own protection. The stockade was on the high bank of the river just below where the Michigan Central Railroad bridge crosses the river at Monroe, (which was then the head of navigation for coasting boats) and at the foot of the rapids, in 1831 a part of the old stockade was still standing.

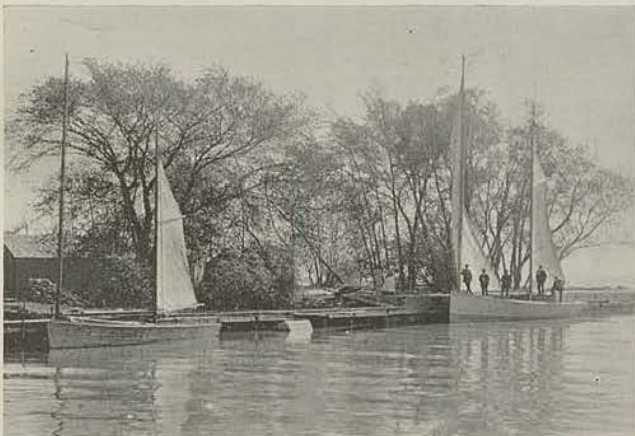
The massacre on the river Raisin took place January 22, 1813. Monroe was then occupied by General Winchester with a part of General Harrison's forces, mostly Kentucky soldiers. On January 20, 1813, Colonel Proctor in command of the British troops then at Malden, near the mouth of the Detroit river and about twenty-five miles north-east



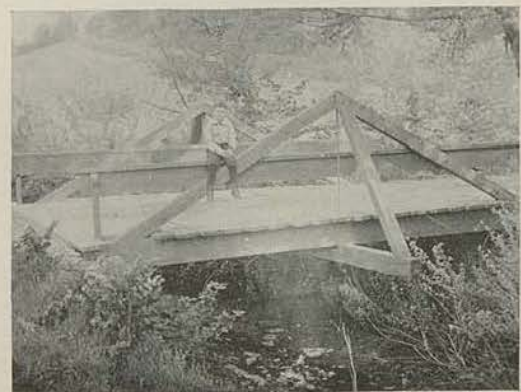
THE ISLE OF PATMOR, MONROE



"A PAIR OF PETS"



DOWN BY THE CANAL HOUSE



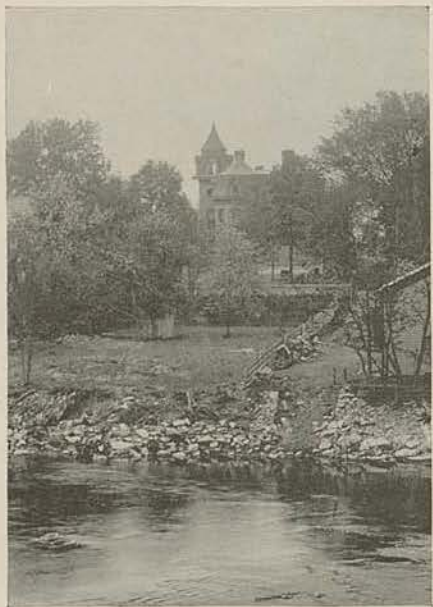
PLUM CREEK BRIDGE NEAR MONROE



ELM AVENUE, MONROE



"WHOA, JANUARY!"



A BIT FROM THE RIVER, MONROE

of Monroe, marched his command accompanied by the Indian orcs under their chiefs Round Head and Split Log to attack General Winchester's forces at Monroe. They arrived and commenced the attack about five o'clock in the morning and continued the fight until near noon, when the Winchester force became demoralized and retreated, followed up by the English and Indians until they had killed and captured nearly all of the American force. I never learned how many troops were engaged on either side, but believe it was about 2,500. Our Monroe people are a moral, Christian people with good prospects for the future, and they prospered equally with other cities until steam power superseded water power. Then Detroit took a start and has continued to grow and prosper until it has become the pride of all Michigan. Meanwhile Monroe has been compelled to stand nearly still. In 1838 Monroe had a population of about 5,000 and we were doing the greatest commercial business of any place in Michigan.

The people of Monroe enjoy life as fully as people do in any large city and they are determined to press forward in improvements as fast and as far as prudence and good sense will warrant, without overburdening themselves with debts and a burdensome taxation.

Monroe now contains over 6,000 people and the city is improving year by year. It has one of the finest water supplies in the West, drawn from the clear water of Brest Bay, some five miles away. It has also natural gas in abundance, costing less than coal or wood. It is lighted by a well equipped electric plant and its streets and business places are lighted by it. Briefly, Monroe has all the luxuries that any city has, including five schools, with churches and a goodly showing of high grade business men. As a rule its laboring classes have their own homes and are able to live as well as do like conditioned people in larger places.

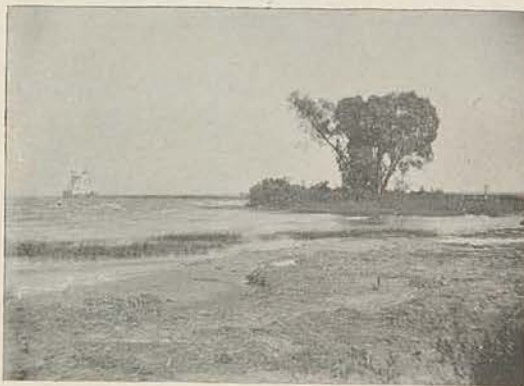
ANON

MONROE, July 15, 1893.

WINDSOR AND WALKERVILLE

Windsor and Walkerville are our nearest and most populous suburbs or environs, and are but a five minutes' ride over the river, by the constantly crossing ferry-boats. Both, together, — although separate corporate towns — comprise, from ten to twenty thousand souls within their limits. Windsor is a busy, bustling little city — decidedly a city of homes — with shady, and as a rule, well paved streets, and is the terminal point of several trunk railroad lines; besides being a large manufacturing and mercantile center for the Dominion trade and lake commerce.

Walkerville is practically a part and parcel of Windsor — adjoining it on the east — and is a great manufacturing center — almost entirely so — contain-



BEACH AND LIGHT HOUSE, MONROE



MONROE HARBOR LIGHT HOUSE LOOKING OUT ON LAKE ERIE



THE CATHEDRAL (R. C.) MONROE



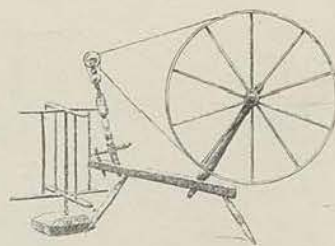
IN THE CANAL, MONROE



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, MONROE



"A WIND THAT FOLLOWS FAST"



OLD SPINNING WHEEL



KITCHEN UTENSILS



OLD YARN FRAME



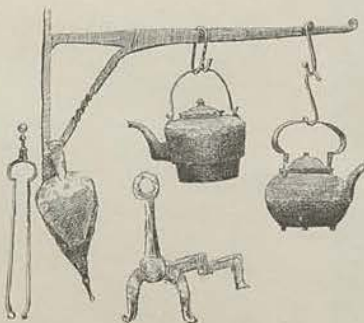
THE COURT-HOUSE AT MONROE



TONGS AND YOKE



SNOW SHOES



A CRANE AND FIREPLACE UTENSILS



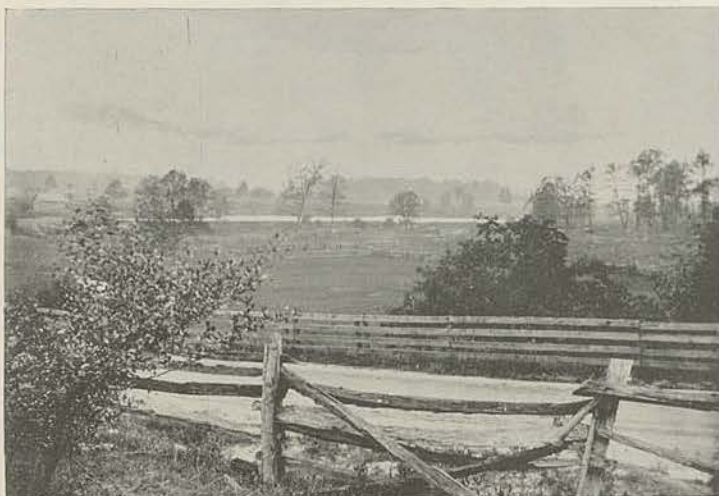
ZION CHURCH, MONROE

ing one of the largest distilleries in the country, that of Hiram Walker & Sons. The town, however, has its own separate and distinct local government, railroads, electric street car lines—very excellent ones by the way—connecting with Windsor and Sandwich lines, and its own ferries, connecting with and running to Detroit every eight or ten minutes.

It is here, at Walkerville, that we come to take the train to one of our most beautiful and attractive summer resorts, the "Mettawas," on the shore of bounteous old Lake Erie, and but a few minutes' ride from the hot and dusty city, where we can stay a day or longer, as inclination dictates, and enjoy the cool breezes and glorious scenery of this most charming place.

SANDWICH

Just above and beyond our beautiful river, high up on its green, sloping banks, nearly hidden by the foliage, lies the old and quaint Canadian village



ON THE ROAD TO BIRMINGHAM

of Sandwich. With its tall cathedral spire towering high above the noble elms and maples the place always forms a favorite study for our artists and a beacon for the passing mariner.

With the picturesque "ruins" adjoining the cathedral, called the "Bishop's Palace"—once the scene of pomp and splendor, but now of fallen glory—the view is very suggestive. Then there are the college and its lowly surroundings, the narrow streets, with their perpetual Sunday air, and odd old dormer-window houses, fast going to decay; the old and venerated convent and its unwritten history of good and glory; the pretty little Episcopal church, surrounded by its sanctified dead, lying so quietly, and

yet not forgotten, at least by the kindly heart and hand of good old Sexton Pentland, who keeps the little "God's Acre" so sweet and attractive. He can tell you the history of each and every grave and the buried hopes and ambitions locked and sealed forever within their sacred portals. Here lies buried a Canadian physician of prominence, who "Going to minister to the wounded and dying of her majesty's troops," on that fateful morning when the dogs of war first broke loose, in the Patriotic Rebellion of 1837, "was most foully murdered by piratical Yankee villains." Here also are buried the two wives—sisters—(first and second) of Lieut. F. F. Kislingbury, 11th U. S. Infantry. They died far from home and friends, out on the western plains, and as one after the other succumbed to the hardships of a soldier's wife's frontier life, they were brought by the faithful, loving husband and father, hundreds of miles, by rough army



NATIONAL HOTEL AT BIRMINGHAM



RAILWAY STATION AT BIRMINGHAM



STREET VIEW AT BIRMINGHAM



TOLL GATE NEAR HUDSON

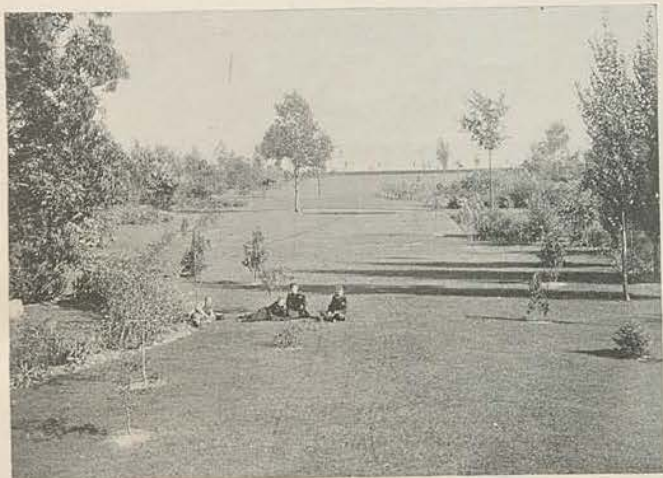
wagon train, through snow and flood, and going through many hardships—taking many weeks—to gratify their dying wishes that they might sleep the long sleep beside their loved ones, in the old churchyard at home. It was a most noble and notable example of self-sacrifice, yet only characteristic of the man who still more nobly exemplified it when, slowly but surely starving to death at Cape Sabine, as second officer in command of the Greeley Arctic expedition, he



NEAR BIRMINGHAM



UNDER THE MAPLES—BIRMINGHAM



PRIVATE LAWN, GROSSE POINTE, LOOKING OUT ON THE LAKE

would sacrifice and give up his meagre allowance to some poor fellow who he thought needed it more than he did, only to soon give up and succumb, at last, himself. With them also lies buried another sister, the wife of Col. George W. Schofield, U. S. A., a brother of General Schofield, present commander-in-chief of the U. S. army.

Just across the way from this pretty little church and cemetery stands the substantial, if not attractive court house and the massive jail building and wall surrounding the same, wherein so many murderers have met a speedy trial and prompt, stern Canadian justice at the rope's end.

About a mile from here, due east, at the end of a very pretty driveway, or lane, and almost hidden by the heavy foliage, the curiosity-seeker will find one of the most unique, odd and ancient, yet picturesque houses in America—the old Prince mansion. With its low hanging ivy clad porches



VIEW AT GROSSE POINTE



THE SHORE ROAD AT GROSSE POINTE



MILK RIVER BAY—GROSSE POINTE



VIEW ON THE DAVIS STOCK FARM, GROSSE POINTE

and dormer-windows, its sharp, abrupt roofs, the once lovely, but now decayed air of past glories, the well kept grounds and noble foliage make it a picture which once seen will never be forgotten. The same also holds true in relation to the Baubie mansion, directly on the banks of the river and looking towards Detroit. Historically speaking this is one of the most interesting houses in Sandwich. It was a famous and favorite rendezvous and trading mart of the Indians for a great many years, but notwithstanding its great age it is a remarkably well preserved relic of historic times. The drive, too, from the outskirts and high banks of Windsor, along the glorious old Detroit river, as far down stream as Petite Cote, Chappells, Sulphur Springs, — yes, Amherstburg, sleepy yet attractive old Amherstburg — is a rarely enjoyable one. Here you must glance at the kaleidoscopic river scene of passing fleets—the greatest amount of tonnage in any one port in the world constantly passing you. The beau-

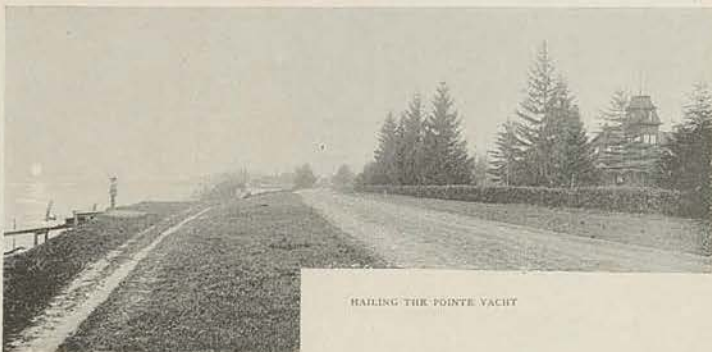


A GROSSE POINTE HOUSE



A GROSSE POINTE RESIDENCE

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS



HAILING THE POINTE YACHT



A GROSSE POINTE DRIVE



ALONG THE BANK — GROSSE POINTE



DETROIT, BELLE ISLE AND WINDSOR FERRY LANDING



THE COL. BAUBIE MANSION, SANDWICH, ONT.

tiful city just across the river and stretching along the banks so many miles, is all there, and many more attractions we might mention, make old Sandwich and its surroundings the most attractive and picturesque "environs" or suburbs that Detroit or any other city in this country possesses or can boast of.



THE CANADA SHORE — FOOT OF LAKE ST. CLAIR



A STREET SCENE IN WINDSOR



NEAR SANDWICH, ONT.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO CLAIREVUE — GROSSE POINTE

SABBATH EVE AT GROSSE POINTE

Soft as the shadows of a heavenly day
Fades the mild radiance of a Sabbath eve;
The voiceful waves in sobbing murmurs grieve,
Like drowsy children, borne from sport
away.

High and afar the silver cloud sweeps by,
Bearing, perchance, this soft and hallowed even,
Some band of loving angels home to heaven,
In tender charge of one no more to die.

Below, and slowly o'er the darkening wave
Flits man's frail bark with white though shat-
tered sail,

That tells the story of that stormy gale
Betwixt his cradle and the watery grave.
But higher than the cloud, or floating
shroud,

Or golden stars that now drop down their rays,
For, through the upper depths in notes of
praise
Earth's pilgrims send, with chantings full
and loud,

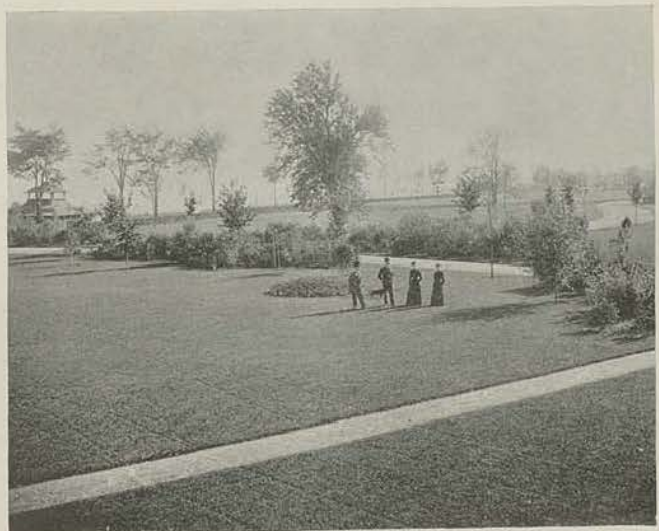
Their thankful chorus for God's Sabbath days.
D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD



THE LAKESIDE SHRINE — GROSSE POINTE



THE GROSSE POINTE CLUB HOUSE



CLAIREVUE LAWN — GROSSE POINTE



A GROSSE POINTE HOME



AUTEVELO STREET, CLAIREVUE — GROSSE POINTE



BISHOP'S PALACE, SANDWICH



ASSUMPTION (R. C.) COLLEGE, SANDWICH

A VALUABLE JESUIT MANUSCRIPT

The work of the Jesuit missionaries has already been alluded to in this work and Richard R. Elliott has now performed a very valuable service to history in translating the very interesting manuscript left by Father Peter Potier, the last of the Huron missionaries in 1743-1781, and who died at Sandwich in 1781. The extensive grounds on which stands at the present day the church and college of the Assumption, at Sandwich, form a small portion of the domain belonging to the "Huron mission of Detroit," under Fathers Armand de La Richardie and Peter Potier. Father Richardie acquired possession of Bois Blanc island and had a part of the land cleared and cultivated, and Father Potier had charge here for about five years, when, on account of Indian disturbances, the mission was closed, in 1747.



SCENE FROM RIVER TO THE CATHEDRAL



ESSEX COUNTY COURT HOUSE, JAIL AND TREASURER'S OFFICE



CATHEDRAL (R. C.) CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION



THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND BURYING GROUND, SANDWICH

To show the quality of men these missionaries were we quote from Bancroft's History of the United States: "Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain glory, the missionaries became dead to the world and possessed their souls in

(Continued on Page 85.)

L'ARGENT IN GROSSE POINTE.

For twainity leven year, hor dot,
Soach taime Hi nevair see
Has dem dat face de publi k
Een eighteen nainety-tree,
De bank she shut hup planty tight,
Beesenaess, too, was slack,
Han de mos' dat soame poor fael-
low got.

He's carry hon her back.

De store she's say he's goan to fail
Some day hor poor soon,
Han eef beesnaiss don' get good,
Mak' change to beer saloon;
For man she'll go wadout de eat,
Wadout de coat for apree,
Han pay for whreesky, hal' de day,
Den want hall silvaire free.

De Grosse Pointe crop ees valry
poor,
Mos' everyting ees taigt,
Haincloadaing, Joe Bezor heemself,
Who's dat way evairy na-ight
Wha de end ees gaun to bean,
Noboady seem to know;
But evairybody har de Pointe
She's got haard row to hoe.

De farmer man mos' all complain,
Dere debt dey's got to meet,
But dat sho'd be dead-heavy
Wid protection hon de wheat,
Protection hon de wool han aig
May help doz sheep han ben,
But, eet takes leetle l'argent
To settle hup wid men.

JEAN JAE



C.B. THE OLDEST HOUSE IN SANDWICH



REAR VIEW OF CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP'S PALACE, SANDWICH



AN ANTIQUITY AT SANDWICH—THE OLD JESUIT HURON MISSION HOUSE

unalterable peace. The few who lived to grow old, though bowed down by the toils of a long mission, still kindled with the fervor of apostolic zeal. The history of their labor is connected with the origin of every town in French America; not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way. Gen. Lewis Cass wrote: "The whole history of human character furnishes no more



ROAD TO TECUMSEH-TOWN



THE CASINO AT THE METTAWAS



THE PARK AT THE METTAWAS



HOTEL—AT THE METTAWAS



MOUTH OF DETROIT RIVER—BOIS BLANC ISLAND AND LIGHT

illustrious examples of self devotion than are to be found in the records of the establishments of the Roman Catholic missionaries, whose faith and fervor enabled them to combat the difficulties around them in life, or triumph over them in death. Some were burned at the stake and tortured with savage ingenuity, but nothing could shake their fortitude."

Limited space permits us to copy from the Elliott translations only the following:

"Account book of the Huron Mission of Detroit, commenced on the feast of St. John, 1740, A. de la Richardie, S. J. Superior:—



SUGAR AND FOX ISLANDS, FROM GROSSE ISLE

"I have paid in full all accounts due at the post of Detroit.

"Courtois, Charles, has received wheat and grain to the value of 294 livres, 15 sols, which he is to pay to me during the month of May, 1741.

"Prisque has agreed to continue in my service another year,



OUR ARTIST IN SILHOUETTE AT BOIS BLANC ISLAND



AN ISLAND HOME GROUP — BOIS BLANC ISLAND

that is to say, until the arrival of the next convoy in 1741, for 100 livres in furs, a shirt and a pair of mitts. His services for the current year have been paid in full."



THE DREAMER — GROSSE ISLE

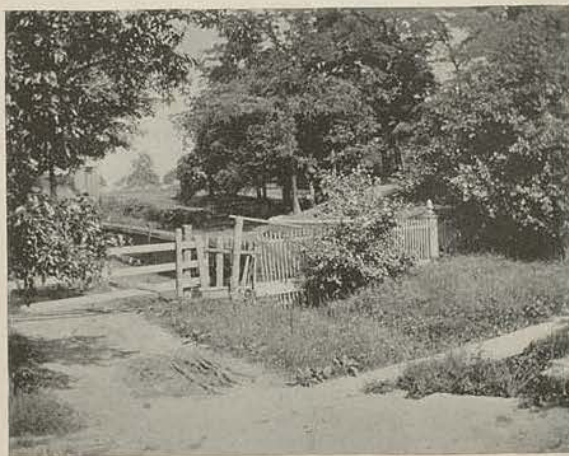


RIVER ROAD, GROSSE ISLE

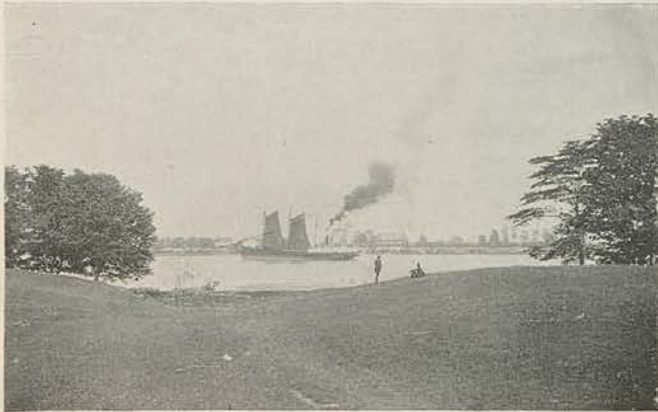
The "convoy" fixing the term of "Prisque's" engagement in the above entry was the great event of the year in colonial life at Detroit. It was the annual shipment from Montreal of the year's supplies, of the government's stores and money, and of the consignments of the factors and merchants at Montreal, Trois Rivières and Quebec to their correspondents at Detroit. The convoy usually took the route of the Ottawa river, the Georgian bay, Lakes



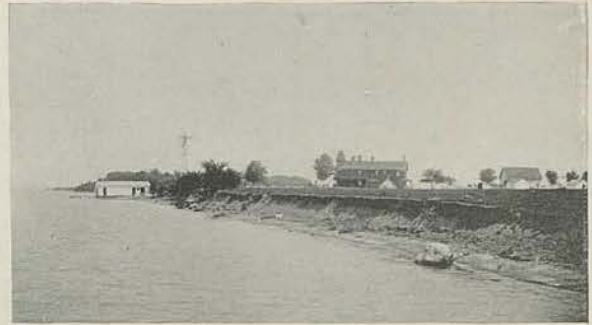
A BIT OF SUGAR (ISLAND)



GROSSE ISLE — "THE BARS"



AN INTERESTING OPENING BETWEEN THE TREES — BOIS BLANC ISLAND



ALONG THE SHORE OF BOIS BLANC ISLAND

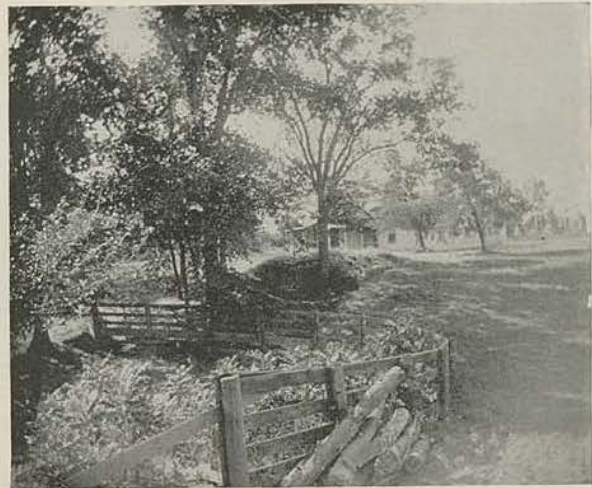


A GROSSE ISLE CANOE SAILOR

Huron and St. Clair; it was a fleet of trading vessels, canoes and bateaux with armed protection, and arrived during the month of September.

BEAUTIFUL GROSSE ISLE

"One of Detroit's river jewels," is an expression sometimes used in speaking of Grosse Isle, probably the most notable of the city's river resorts, excepting of course Belle Isle Park. The "Big Island," for such it is also sometimes called, is about nine miles long and one to two wide, and lies only about twenty-five miles south of Detroit. It has an interesting history, which these crowded pages cannot dwell upon. Suffice it to say, therefore, that



"THE CAVE" — GROSSE ISLE



A GROSSE ISLE COTTAGE



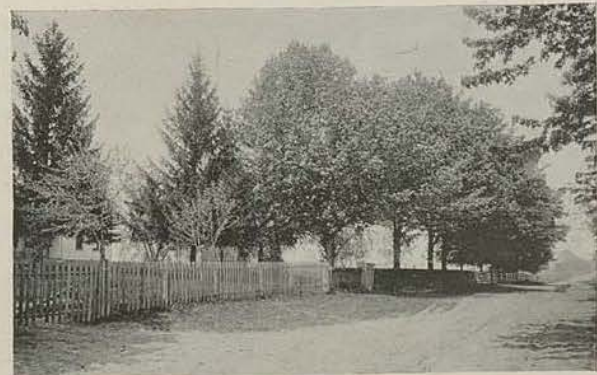
BOIS BLANC ISLAND LIGHT AND OLD INDIAN BLOCK HOUSE



A GROSSE ISLE STUDY



BOIS BLANC LIGHT HOUSE



THE HAUG POULTRY FARM, NEAR DEARBORN

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS



EAST SIDE ROADWAY, GROSSE ISLE



GROSSE ISLE YACHTSMEN



EAST SIDE LANDING, GROSSE ISLE



A GROSSE ISLE CROSS ROAD



A GLIMPSE OF THE WEST SIDE — GROSSE ISLE



THE BIG TREE — GROSSE ISLE



STONY ISLAND

William Macomb, one of the three sons of John Macomb, an early emigrant from Erin's green soil, bought the island from one George McDougall, who obtained it from the Indians in exchange for some article he fancied. John A. Rucker, Jr., a lineal descendant of Macomb, is the oldest settler on Grosse Isle, still living, and is owner of the original government grants of three sections of the island. This Macomb family finally became so numerous that it is said the largest tree on the island might be selected and



GROSSE ISLE — THE WHEELMEN'S DELIGHT



MRS. BRODHEAD'S RESIDENCE — GROSSE ISLE



"THE OFFICE" — GROSSE ISLE



DR. F. F. ANDERSON'S RESIDENCE — GROSSE ISLE



THE STRASSBURG COTTAGE — GROSSE ISLE



"NO LANDING HERE" — GROSSE ISLE



DAYBREAK AT GROSSE ISLE



A ROAD TO THE RIVER — GROSSE ISLE



A GROSSE ISLE BOAT HOUSE



GROSSE ISLE WATER WORKS

its many branches counted which would yet hardly outnumber the branches of the family of old William Macomb who have lived and are now living on the big island. Of the descendant Rucker family it is notable that so many of the boys entered the United States army, and so many of the girls married army officers. There are still several old French families on the island, who hang on to their small arms, although their value has been boomed out or sight since wealthy people began to move in upon the island.



A GLIMPSE OF THE RIVER — GROSSE ISLE, WEST SIDE



A GROSSE ISLE REVERIE

during the summer about two thousand people reside here. About half this number stay on the island through the winter.

Grosse Isle furnishes an ideal camping ground. The foot of the island juts out into the clear water, and on its grassy banks a dozen or more tents may always be found pitched by campers who have come from the city for a breath of fresh air and a few day's fishing. The roadway skirting the east side of the island is a beautiful drive-way. Monarchs of the primeval forest, which the old Macomb family found on Grosse Isle, grow on the narrow strip between the roadway and the river at the right and along the side.

(Continued on page 91.)

Judge Samuel T. Douglas, one of the oldest residents on the island, tells many interesting stories concerning the picturesque French characters on the isle. He says, that one time, many years ago, when money became scarce, and the Frenchmen were having a hard time of it to get along without any capital, he suggested to one of them that he could sell his little farm on the island for sufficient money to buy a good deal larger farm on the mainland. The Frenchman said he was aware of that, but that he had been



DOWN BY THE BOAT HOUSE — GROSSE ISLE

born on the Detroit river and lived there all his life, and he could not bear to live in any place where he "could not shoot de dauck, trap de maushrat an' kaitch whaite-fish."

The old Biddle house is one of the institutions of the island. It has very little about it and its attractive grounds that is suggestive of the hotel. Miss Jane Brodie is the landlady and her cheery manner comports well with the cool, breezy quarters she presides over. There are many model summer homes on the island,—too many to mention,—and



THE FROG HUNTERS - TAWA



A ROSEBUD AMONG THE THORNS



RAILWAY STATION AND OLD BRIDGE AT GROSSE ISLE

SPRING RAMBLE IN THE VALE OF ROSES

Chide not th' intruder, still, sequestered groves!
Your soft, spring verdure shuts me closely in
Dense are these leafy shades! Mid dreamy haze
Of loosened blossoms and bewildering scents,
Entranced I wander!

The airs of spring are sighing through the grove,
On plaintive wings:
I hear 'neath rustling leaves, like muffled chimes.

The gush of springs:
The river's rippling voice is low afar,—
How sweet, O spring! thy tender voices are!

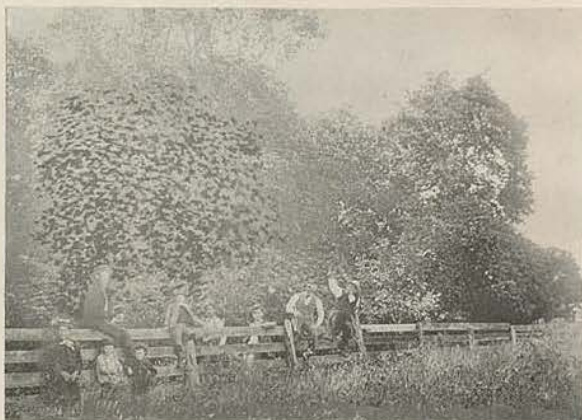
And zephyrs faint are sighing round my heart,
On plaintive wings:
While tenderly are welling up, within,
A thousand springs?

A fairy voice is breathing softly near,—
How sweet, O heart! in Spring thy voices are.

I stray and seek, I know not where, nor what:
But tell the shade,—
O were the Spring within thy dreamy haunts
A beauteous maid,

I'd clasp the dainty beauty at my side,
Though in the fragrance of her breath I died!

From "Pen and Lute," by R. Storrs Willis



LOWRIE'S VINEYARD - TAWA ISLAND



JUDGE DOUGLAS' HOME, GROSSE ISLE

TAWA ISLAND

(Written by Kathleen A. Myles of London, England, while visiting friends on Tawa Island, 1893, at the mouth of the Detroit river, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. George Lowrie, whose residence is situated on this island.)

Tawa, that sweet repose from toil and care,
With Detroit River circling around,
This surely is the spot in all the earth
Where unalloyed and pure delight is found.

Surely thro' all the vastness of his might
This place has felt the sweetness of God's smile:

Far from the city's noisy din and strife,
A cool retreat is found upon this isle.

Arcadian forests pale before its glow,
And all the bliss of a Utopian age,
Naught with this island ever could compare,
Save Eden's garden in its pristine stage.

'Tis Eden's garden ere the serpent came
And left his evil track o'er all within,
For surely in this sylvan paradise
Innocence bars the entrance of sin.

Who could feel anything but rapture there,
And loving thankfulness to God for rest;
An evil thought could find no harbor here,
Tawa's sweet influence would make it blest.

And blest are we when thro' these lovely glades
We feel our hearts uplifting o'er the strife
And trouble of the city's ceaseless roar,
And taste in lengthy draughts this purer life.

In this oasis of our desert bare
Surely more holy thoughts to us are given,
To raise us higher and to make us feel
On Tawa's Isle a little nearer heaven.



A GLIMPSE OF THE RIVER - FROM GROSSE ISLE, WEST SIDE



A SUMMER CALLER, GROSSE ISLE



LOWRIE'S COTTAGE - TAWA ISLAND



AMONG THE BRAMBLES

for the island itself, it must be seen to be appreciated.

PORT HURON

This city is located at the extreme lower end of Lake Huron, sixty miles above Detroit and is most widely known as the location of the greatest submarine railway tunnel in North America. The first permanent settlement at this point was made in 1790, although a French mil-



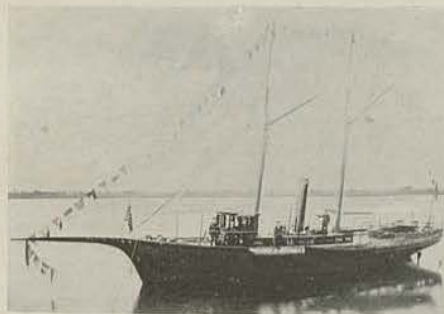
"THEIR COMPANY"



BOUNDING BAR POINT — LAKE ERIE — AT NIGHT

walk and rustic fences at the left, fairly making a canopy of green branches above the road in places. The wheels of the vehicle raise but little dust from the hard sunburned clay road-bed. The view is inspiring. Golden sunbeams dance fantastically on the great plaza of rippling waters; here and there a boat plows a white bubbling furrow through its surface and along the shore a long line of gaily painted windmills spinning in the breeze above the unending bank of thick foliage would cause Don Quixote to make his war steed prance.

Columns might be written of the attractions of the island, and many chapters of interesting fact and legendary lore might be given, but they must appear in some other form. As



THE STEAM YACHT "GRACE"



MR. THRELL'S COTTAGE, GROSSE ISLE



A DESERTED CAMP

lation of about 20,000, while directly across the river is the Canadian city of Sarnia, with about 12,000 population. As a deep water harbor, the river at Port Huron is not excelled by any on the great lakes. Port Huron has an admirable farming country contiguous



MAMA JUDY LIGHT, DETROIT RIVER

itary post was established there as early as 1686 and was maintained there for nearly two years. Fort Gratiot was established at Port Huron in 1814, was abandoned in 1822, reoccupied in 1828 and was continued as a U. S. military post until 1876, when it was abandoned and destroyed. Our pictures of Fort Gratiot were taken some twenty-five years ago, when the post was occupied by the government. At present the city has a popu-



DOWN BY THE RIVER SIDE, GROSSE ISLE



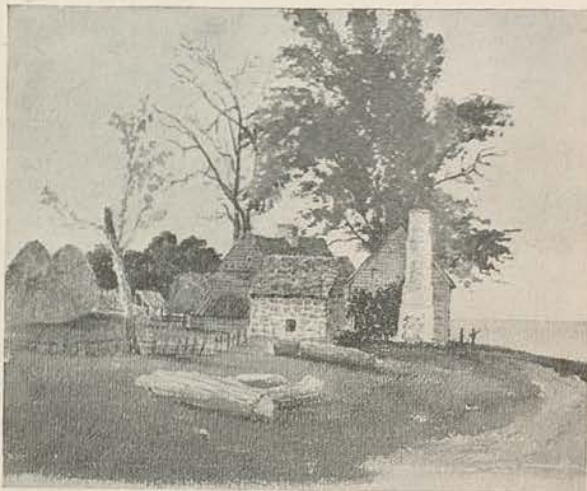
OFFICE AND BUILDINGS — WYANDOTTE ROLLING MILLS

and it is very important as a manufacturing and general commercial center. Like all cities and towns between Lakes Huron and Erie, it is very popular as a place for summer residence. The Grand Trunk railway of Canada, the Flint and Pere Marquette railway, the St. Clair River R. R., the Chicago and West Michigan R. R. center at Port Huron.

The important claim is made for the city that here is a deep water harbor, fitted by nature for the discharge and transshipment of western products to the Atlantic seaboard by railway. The deep draught vessels which it is claimed will be used in the future, cannot navigate the St. Clair lake and Detroit river, and the history of Buffalo will be repeated at Port Huron. The railroads having passed the obstructions to navigation in the Niagara river, are pressing onward with irresistible force, and will soon pass the obstructions to navigation in the river and Lake St. Clair, and will meet the commerce of the upper lakes above these barriers in the head waters of the St. Clair river.



BREAKING CAMP — SUGAR ISLAND DOCK



THE ELLIOTT MANSION AND OLD SLAVE HOUSE BELOW AMHERSTBURG.



NIGHT TRIP ACROSS THE LAKE FOR CLEVELAND



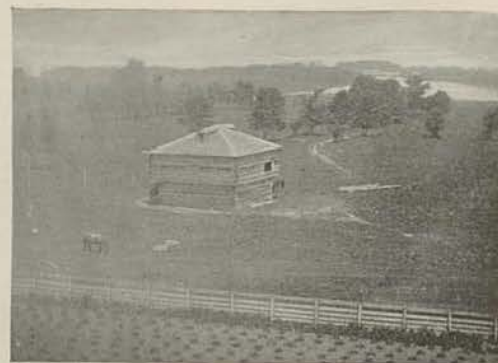
A SAIL BY MOONLIGHT

HURONIA BEACH

This is a delightful resort situated at the foot of Lake Huron, three miles north of Port Huron. It is a pleasant place to spend the summer months and is largely patron-



NEAR CHAPPELL'S PETITE COTE



BLOCK HOUSE AT BOIS BLANC ISLAND



DOUBLE CAT FLEET AT THE FLATS

twenty miles from Detroit, on the Grand Trunk R. R. and on the Clinton river, one of the most romantic and charming streams in Michigan, as can readily be seen by our illustrations. One of the favorite excursions of Detroiters is the trip from Detroit to Mt. Clemens, by steamer—a three hours' ride.

Leaving the dock about 9 A. M., we steam up the Detroit river, past the city and the beautiful park, out into Lake St. Clair. Hugging the northern shore, soon after passing



THE ROOKERY AT ST. CLAIR

ized by Southern people, who bring their families here and rent cottages for the season. The cottages, about one hundred in number, all face the lake, and are situated on an avenue running parallel with the beach line. Meals are served in a fine dining hall, at moderate rates. Electric cars run between the beach and Port Huron. The ride is a delightful one, and every pleasant afternoon



WELCOME

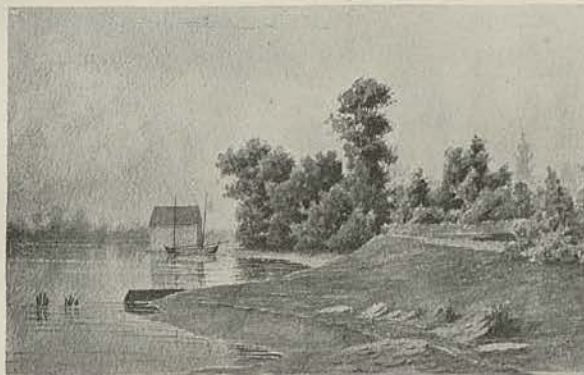
hundreds take advantage of it. Marcus Young, of Port Huron, established Huronia Beach as a summer resort, and to his efforts and energy its popularity and success are largely due.

MT. CLEMENS

The charming, busy city of Mt. Clemens has a population of about 5,000, and is situated some



LOOKING DOWN THE FLATS CANAL



ALONG THE RIVER NEAR CHAPPELL'S



AN EVEN DOZEN

tea, and start on the ride home about 8.30 P. M. Or, if one is romantically inclined, he can stay a bit longer, and take the ride by moonlight, which is unsurpassed in loveliness anywhere in this country.

The city itself is well and substantially built, well paved, well governed and prosperous to a

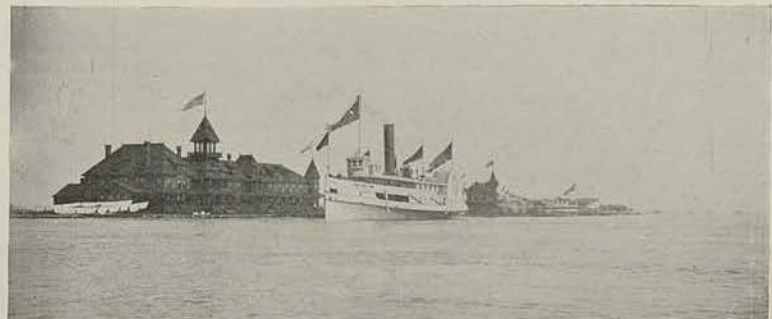


A FULL SAIL BREEZE

Grosse Pointe lighthouse, we steam into the Clinton and up to Mt. Clemens, in good season for an excellent dinner at one of the numerous and excellent hotels with which the city abounds—in fact the place is famous the



HEAD OF GOVERNMENT CANAL—AT THE FLATS



THE STOP AT RUSHMORE—ST. CLAIR FLATS

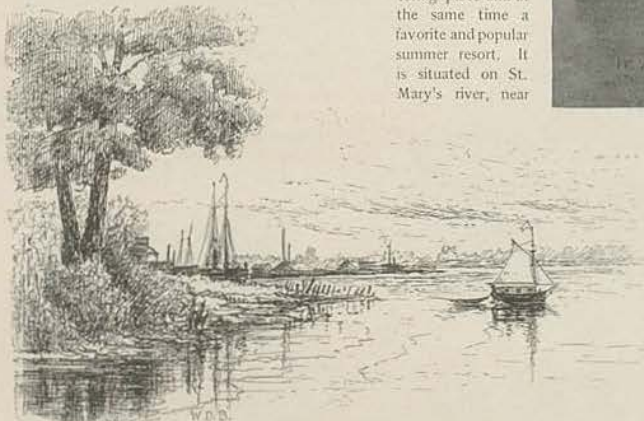


UP THE LAKE TOWARD KINGVILLE

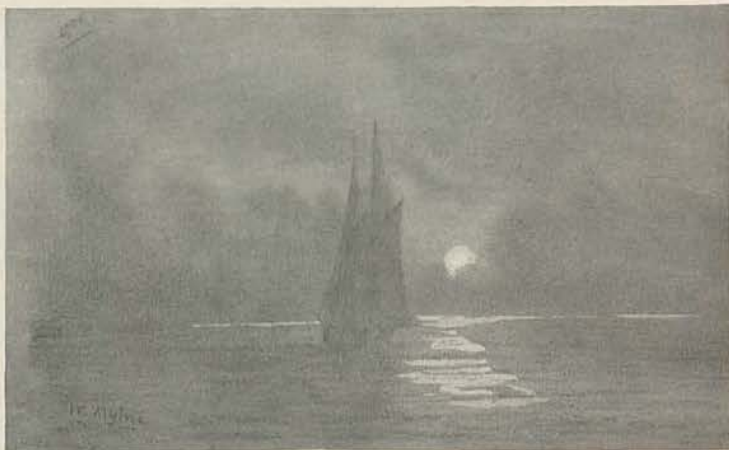
high degree, and abounds in lovely and charming homes, churches and a high grade of schools.

SAULT STE. MARIE

The city of Sault Ste. Marie is a busy little place of about 7,000 population and is quite an extensive manufacturing place and at the same time a favorite and popular summer resort. It is situated on St. Mary's river, near



ON ST. CLAIR AT ALGONAC



MOONLIGHT ON LAKE ST. CLAIR

1877. The famous Ship Canal was completed in 1855. It has the largest lock in the world, is 800 feet long and 100 feet wide. The Government proposes to deepen the entire canal to 21 feet. Any one who visits here should not fail to see the canal and shoot the rapids in a canoe with the expert Indian "voyageur."

ST. IGNACE

The old and historic town of St. Ignace, which was settled in 1671 by the French, lies on the north side of the straits of Mackinaw.



THE CLUB HOUSE AT THE FLATS



THE KYEING BOAT DUE AT THE FLATS



ALGONAC — ST. CLAIR RIVER

the outlet of Lake Superior and opposite the famous rapids of the same name. It was a famous Indian trading and meeting place and was undoubtedly visited by white traders before the Mayflower was thought of even. A palisade was built here by the French in 1750. An international railroad bridge 3007 feet long was built here in



THE RUSHMORE CLUB HOUSE AT THE FLATS



THE LACKAWANA BOUND DOWN



SPORT AT THE FLATS

It is a quaint, old and picturesque place, and abounds in relics of its historic past. Pere Marquette is a part of the history of St. Ignace and a prominent part of it too. Here the noble priest lies buried, and over his grave stands a fitting monument to his ever great and good memory. Here, too, we find his church yet standing where he ministered so well and kindly so many years—although to Michigan and the whole North-west a



W.D.S.

ON THE ST. CLAIR



A FAMILY STROLL AT THE FLATS

monument is not necessary to perpetuate and keep fresh the memory and life work of this pioneer priest.

ROCKY MARQUETTE

The rock-bound shore of Marquette has lured many an angler and sportsman hither. Marquette is called "The Queen City of Lake Superior," and is one of the most beautiful places on the south shore of that great inland sea.

This city, built upon and between the hills, is a model of taste and elegance, and affords one of the finest views



HAPPY INDIANS FROM WALPOLE ISLAND

of lake and inland scenery to be found in the Upper Peninsula. The atmosphere is cool and invigorating, and the place as a summer resort is surpassed by but few places on the continent. The private residences are of an unusually fine character, many of them costing from \$20,000 to \$50,000 each. The settlement dates only from



DRIFTING DOWN KANSY STREET AT THE FLATS



LAKE ST. CLAIR CLUB HOUSE



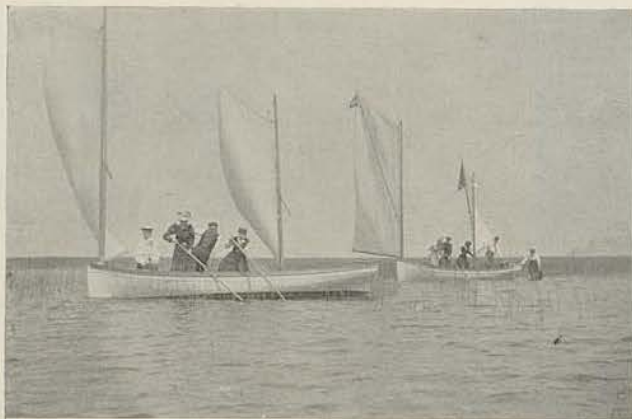
THE FLATS NAVY YARD



OLD HOME OF THE LAKE ST. CLAIR FISHING AND SHOOTING CLUB



STAR ISLAND — ST. CLAIR FLATS



HARD A GROUND — AT THE FLATS



IN SIGHT FROM OAKLAND HOUSE DOCK, ST. CLAIR SPRINGS



ABOVE WALKERVILLE

1845, in which year the iron deposits first began to be worked. The first iron dock was built in 1854, and the railroad completed to the mines in 1857. Several hundred thousand dollars have been spent in the improvement of the docks within the last few years, and they are now the finest on the coast. Over \$10,000 have already been spent in building drives to and about Presque Isle, a great headland north



LAKE ST. CLAIR FISHING AND SHOOTING CLUB HOUSE AT THE FLATS



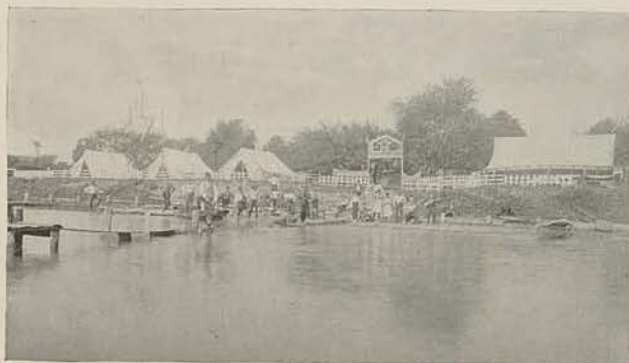
THE MAUD S. AT THE FLATS

of the city, comprising about 400 acres and given to the city by the United States government for park purposes. All travelers will find a visit to this park well worth the time spent therefor.

Marquette and vicinity is the angler's paradise. The fame of the streams, in every direction from the city, as the home of the brook trout, is already widespread, and the number of those who come here every year to enjoy the rare sport thus furnished, is rapidly growing. Nearly every species of the gamiest of fresh water fish can be taken from the waters within a few miles of Marquette, though that most beautiful and gamiest of all fishes



VIEW AT NEW BALTIMORE



CAMP OF THE LAST CHANCE FISHING CLUB OF PITTSBURG ON THE ST. CLAIR RIVER



MERRY CLUB HOUSE AT THE FLATS

— the brook trout — leads in the matter of numbers and popularity. If creek-fishing is distasteful, there remains the long stretch of rock-bound shore of the great lake. Off these rocks is splendid fishing for speckled trout — the carrying of the catch frequently making not the least of the labors of the angler.



THE RAILROAD CAR CONDUCTORS CONVENTION AT THE "OAKLAND," JUNE 23, 1893

BAY VIEW

Bay View is a famous summer resort and gathering place of Chautauquans and university extension workers. It is situated on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, is easily reached by rail and steamer and in the summer has a population of about 20,000.

The history of Bay View is comparatively recent, but in these few years its fame has gone far and wide. Eighteen years ago, when the site was bought, thirty Indians and their chief united in the transfer. All the region was a dense wilderness, but now a well-built summer city of over four hundred cottages rises among the terraced groves, with all the conveniences and elegance of a permanent city. Five lines of steamers on the great lakes and two railway lines to-day make the place pleasantly accessible, and low-priced summer tourist tickets, sold everywhere, practically bring the place near to the populous centers.

In the assembly hall at Bay View there is seldom less than 1,000 persons present to listen to the evening discourses, and the selection of this spot in the immediate vicinity of the other places



THE OLD "ZACK CHANDLER" — FROM PAINTING BY HOPKIN



ON THE ST. CLAIR

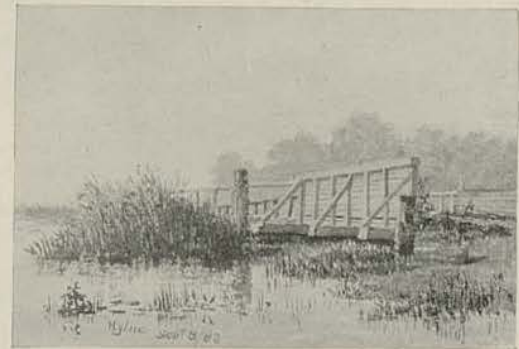


RUSHMORE CLUB WATER WORKS

teachers from all parts of the country is of itself a great inducement to visit the resorts of Little Traverse Bay.

This is the Mecca of hay fever sufferers and their malady is speedily dispelled here, while every intending visitor will be glad to know that flies and mosquitoes are unknown at this place.

Harbor Point, nearby, is also much fre-



OLD BRIDGE NEAR ALGONAC

mentioned, for summer university studies, is a sufficiently emphatic assurance of the delightful social character of the several communities. The advantage of becoming acquainted with celebrated thinkers and

quoted or the same reasons as Bay View, and has many beautiful points of attraction.



LAKE FREIGHT STEAMER "MARUBA"



A QUIET SAIL — LAKE ST. CLAIR



A SUMMER HOME AT THE FLATS



STEAMER "PROMISE," ON LAKE ST. CLAIR, MARCH 26, 1893 — ICE 12 TO 15 INCHES THICK



ON THE SANDY BEACH



ON THE ST. CLAIR



WHEELING ON LAKE ST. CLAIR, MARCH 26, 1893

PETOSKEY

Petoskey, the famous summer resort, was but twenty years ago the abiding-place of a band of Indians, from whose chief the town derives its name. To-day it is a community of over 4,000 souls and is favorably known throughout the land.

Petoskey is built on table lands which rise in splendid terraces from the sandy beach of Little Traverse Bay. This is a beautiful sheet of water, fifteen miles long by nine miles wide, narrowing gradually so that its inmost end forms a natural amphitheatre. It is the busiest and most important resort in the north part of the state, and the Mecca of hay fever sufferers, who find here absolute relief. The location is on the south side of the bay, and the prevailing wind being from the lake, it is always cool and laden with health-giving freshness.

The accommodations for guests are excellent and extensive, and in the way of amusement and recreation simply complete.



ALONG THE RIVER FRONT AT ST. CLAIR



THE BLACK RIVER LOOKING WEST FROM SEVENTH STREET BRIDGE, PORT HURON

rattling and clanging on the ore and grain docks, the little city in question is in the center of one of the most delightful of summer resorts.

Those who are fond of fishing may find here all sorts of game,— bass, pike, pickerel and white-fish, while in the Whitefish, Escanaba and Day's rivers near at hand, will be found most excellent brook trout fishing.

Game of all kinds, from the black bear down to the squirrel, from the snipe and plover up to ducks and wild turkey are plentiful. For boating and bathing the little Bay de Noc furnishes ample facilities. Gladstone may be easily reached by rail or boat and the hotel accommodations are exceptionally satisfactory.

GLADSTONE

The picturesque little seven year old city of Gladstone, of between two thousand and three thousand inhabitants, is located on a high promontory which overlooks the little Bay de Noc, the sailors' paradise,— a large inlet from the north or lower end of Lake Michigan indenting the Upper Peninsula of the Wolverine State.

Seven years ago the



ALONG THE EMBANKMENT AT THE FLATS



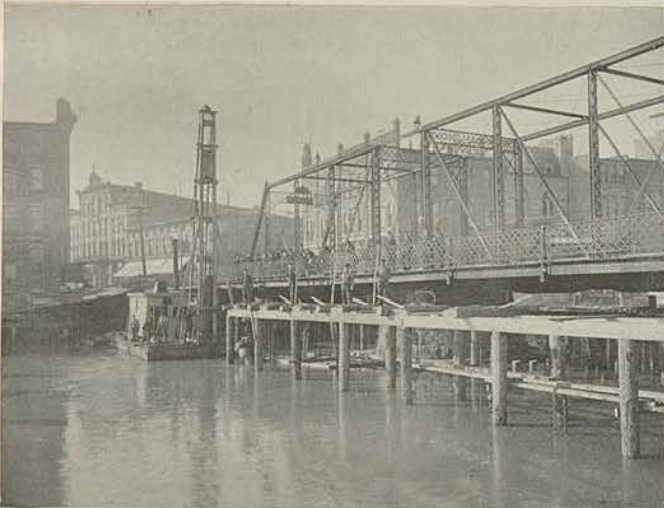
THE CLEVELAND GATLING GUN BATTERY ON DRESS PARADE AT THE OAKLAND



A NEW NOSE NEEDED — STOPPED AT PORT HURON FOR REPAIRS

MICHIGAN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

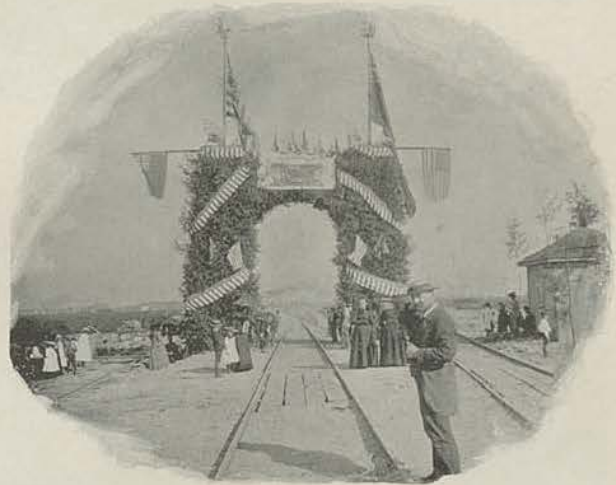
"Outside of West Point, the Michigan Military Academy still maintains its place as the leading military institution of the country." This is not quoted from any advertisement or circular, but is the expressed opinion of Colonel Heyl, Inspector General of the United States army.



THE BRIDGE OVER BLACK RIVER, MILITARY STREET, PORT HURON.



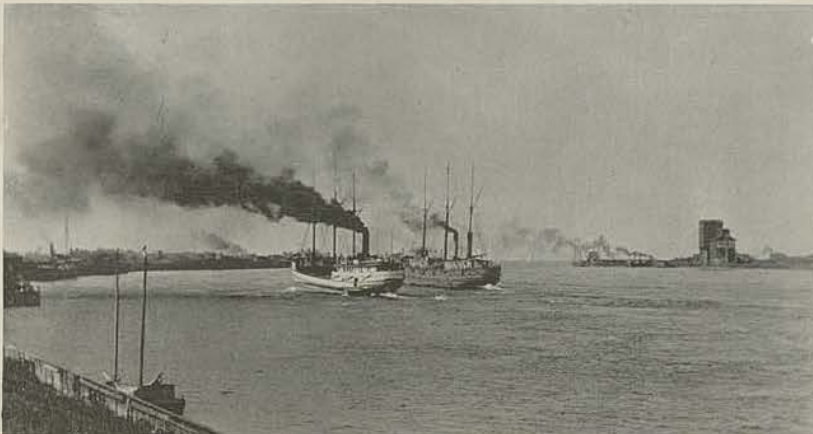
THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL LOCOMOTIVE



INTERNATIONAL TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT PORT HURON ON COMPLETION OF RAILWAY TUNNEL UNDER THE RIVER ST. CLAIR

The Academy is situated twenty-six miles from Detroit and four and one-half miles from Pontiac, with which it is connected by railroad. The grounds, comprising one hundred and twenty acres, are on the shore of Orchard Lake, in one of the most beautiful and healthful localities in Michigan. The buildings are all new, of brick, and built expressly for the purpose for which they are used. There are already six modern buildings, well lighted and ventilated, and complete in every respect, as represented in the engravings on pages 113-115-116 of this work.

The Academy is pre-eminently self-made, having started without endowment and never having received pecuniary aid from the state. Yet in a sense the Michigan Military Academy is fostered by the state, and is subject to state inspection. It is intimately



ST. CLAIR RAPIDS LOOKING NORTH FROM WATER WORKS — PORT HURON.



A GROUP OF RESIDENCES, PINE GROVE AVENUE, PORT HURON

connected with the military affairs of the state, and its graduates are eligible as brevet second lieutenants in the state troops. The course in military instruction resembles that at West Point, and West Point uniforms are worn by the cadets. Arms and equipments are furnished by the general government, and the text-book department is under the supervision of a military professor, a graduate of West Point, detailed by the United States government from the regular army. The fact that the cadets of this institution took first prize of \$1,000 and a gold medal in the national drill at Washington, in 1877, and won distinction at the Washington centennial celebration at New York in 1889, also at the World's Fair in Chicago this year, is a strong evidence of the efficiency of instruction and discipline.

The graduates of the academy who numbered nearly two hundred and fifty, have already proved that this academy affords the ideal school training, imparting physical health and force, which is the best spring of mental activity, manhood, and good citizenship. The institution is an



ST. CLAIR RIVER IN FRONT OF SARINIA, ONTARIO

intellectual and moral force in the community, and justly merits the high estimation in which it is held.

LAKE GOGEBIC

Lake Gogebic is one of the most celebrated fishing resorts in the north-west, and our illustrations, on page 140 and elsewhere, though they may make the sportsman's mouth water, are in no way exaggerative of the sport to be had on the lake.

It is on the very summit of the great water-shed between Lake Superior and the Mississippi. It is fifteen miles long and one and one-half to three miles wide. It is 1,400 feet above the ocean and 800 feet above Lake Superior, which is only seventeen miles distant. This lake is surrounded with a dense and luxurious growth of woods indigenous to this high northern latitude. The fishing in Gogebic Lake and its tributaries is superb. Black bass of great size may be taken here in greater numbers than in any other water in the world, while



A HURONIA BEACH COTTAGE



LEAVING PORT HURON — LOOKING FOR A TOW ON LAKE HURON



BAER BLOCK, FORT HURON



AFTERNOON BOAT FROM DETROIT ARRIVING AT THE OAKLAND



THE U. S. ARMY AT FORT GRATIOT 1859-60

Oakland County is a "land of lakes," there being several hundred of them here and it was the earliest settled of any interior county in the territory. For many years it ranked in importance only second to Wayne, and it has always been first among all the counties of Michigan in its varied agricultural products and live stock.

It is thirty miles square, and contains 576,000 acres, 20,000 of which is water.

The general surface of Oakland County is from 300 to 400 feet above the level of the Great Lakes.

In twenty of the twenty-five townships of the county, there are lakes and lakelets on whose shady banks you will often find nooks fit for the gods to dwell in; but those we mention are the best known, owing to railroad facilities, nearness to Pontiac, and other local considerations. Pine Lake is one and a half miles from the city of Pontiac, and may be reached by the famous Orchard Lake gravel road. It is one and a half miles in length, and it is supplied entirely by springs, there being no visible inlet. "The Interlaken," a Detroit club, is located on this lake. Orchard Lake, on which is located the noted Michigan Military Academy, lies immediately west of Pine, separated from it only by a narrow strip of land on which stands the depot of the Grand Trunk



A SUN-BATH AT HURONIA BEACH



LIGHTHOUSE, FOOT OF LAKE HURON

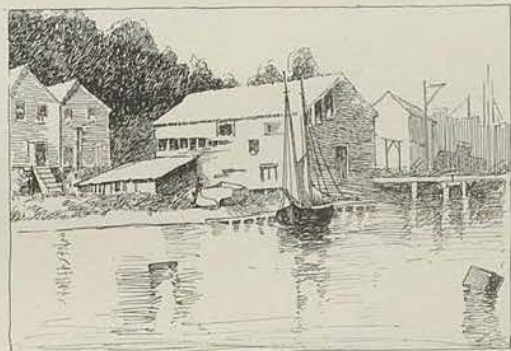
brook trout abound in all the various streams emptying into the lake, as well as in the lake itself and in the outlet. Not alone to anglers is this region of interest, but to hunters as well. Deer are plentiful in this great forest, bears are frequently met with, and grouse are abundant, so that lovers of the gun and rifle may here enjoy great sport.

OAKLAND COUNTY—PONTIAC, THE LAKES, ETC.

"Land of the lakes, upon whose bosom gleams
The varied glory of each jeweled sheen.
O, land of lakes and streams!
O, fairy land of roses and woodland flowers;
Abode of graceful forms of swan and dove;
Land of wild vines, in many a mystic bower;
Dream of an angel wafted from above."



A WINTER SYMPHONY AT FORT HURON



OLD WAREHOUSE—PORT HURON

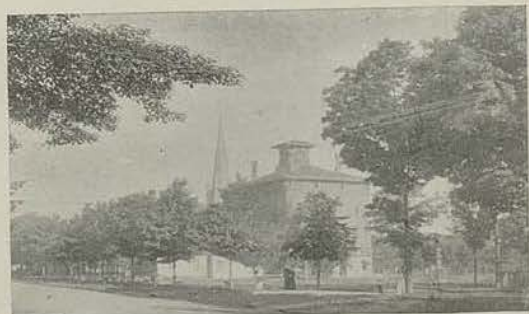


VIEW OF SARNIA FROM FORT HURON



THE BIG FOUR

R. R. This lake is nearly round, a little more than a mile and a half in diameter, with a beautiful island in the center, containing about forty acres. The island is owned and has long been occupied by Mrs. Colin Campbell of Detroit and her family as a summer home. Here is an apple orchard supposed to have been planted by the Indians and, from which it derived its Indian name, "Me-nah-sa-gor-ning," meaning apple ground.



COURT STREET, FORT HURON

Orchard Lake resembles Pine in its shores, and like Pine is spring fed, having no visible inlet except from Pine. It empties its waters into Cass, the largest lake in the county, being about three miles in length. It lies north of Orchard Lake and possesses many of the characteristics of Orchard and Pine lakes. At Cass park, on the eastern shore, is located the Cass Lake Club, which is the social club of Pontiac. On the south shore, near Orchard Lake, is the palatial home of Dr. David Ward. Sylvan is the name recently given by the Sylvan Lake Improvement Association, to the three lakes situated in the south-east corner of the township of Waterford, north of Cass Lake, and adjoining the city of Pontiac.

These lakes are so united that they may with propriety be considered one lake. On a beautiful promontory is situated the elegant Sylvan Lake Inn, which has just been completed.

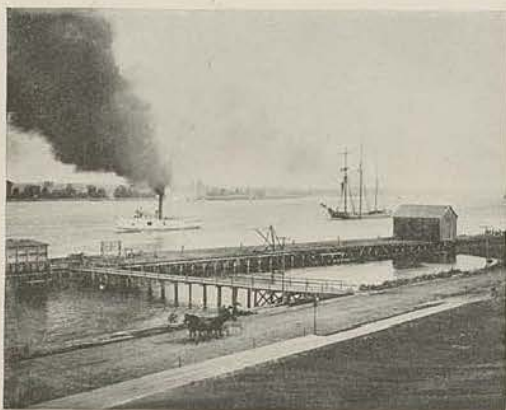
The Grand Trunk Railway passes through the property of the Sylvan Lake Association, with a depot near



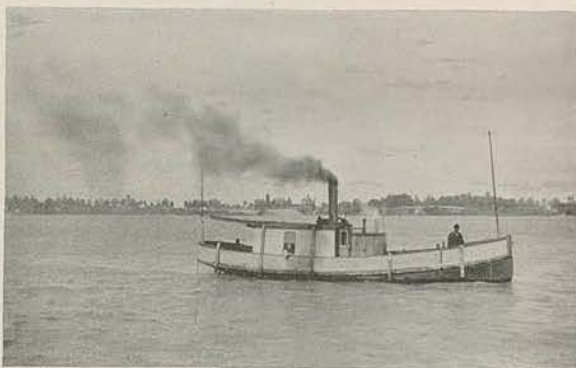
WE'RE ALL IN IT —

of these same lakes, and from these pleasant groves they sallied forth to battle with distant tribes and "when the tiger strife was over," on the shores of these lakelets curled the smoke of peace.

Pontiac is one of Michigan's oldest cities, having been settled in 1818, has now a population of 8,000. Situated on the Clinton near its source almost in the center of the most noted lake district of Oakland County, only



A TOW PASSING THE OAKLAND



ST. CLAIR RIVER TUNNEL COMPANY'S FERRY BOAT

the Inn. The lakes we have named, like most of the lakes in the county, abound in fish, and on these and many other lakes in the vicinity of Pontiac are numerous summer cottages owned by residents of Detroit, Pontiac, and other cities. The Indians, especially those who inhabited this portion of North America before the advent of the white man, were admirers of the beautiful in nature, and the lake district which we have just briefly described was their favorite resort.

Pontiac, "the most princely Indian that ever trod the soil of the mighty west," here had his lodge, and here he is said to have retired after his repulse at the siege of Detroit. The prosperous city which bears his name, numerous thriving villages, and cultivated farms now occupy the hunting ground of the Indian, but art has not entirely usurped the bower of nature. These lakes and much of their immediate surroundings, still remain unmarred by man. Art has added to, but has not taken away the wild and picturesque beauty of those scenes where "under the same moon that shines for us, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate." They paddled their light canoes over the crystal waters



— AND SO ARE WE! — HURONIA BEACH

twenty-four miles from Detroit's city hall, with the finest drives, and most delightful rural surroundings, it is *par excellence* the residence suburb of Detroit. Its schools and churches are not surpassed by any of Detroit. It contains many handsome residences and the occupants of the humblest cottages vie with their wealthy neighbors in the care of their premises and beautiful green lawns, closely trimmed as a rule on all the streets. Pontiac is beginning to be appreciated as a residence city, and one hundred and fifty new homes have been built within the last year, (1892).

The city has two electric lighting plants, an excellent system of water works, and one of the best fire departments in the state; an electric street railway has been incorporated, and it is the intention to celebrate the fifty-fifth anniversary of the advent of steam cars into the county of Oakland, by the introduction of electric cars which will connect Pontiac with Sylvan, Cass, Orchard, and Pine lakes.

The Eastern Michigan Asylum, one of the many famous institutions for the

care of the insane of which America can boast, is situated here. Pontiac is also one of the most prosperous business towns in the state; all its numerous institutions are flourishing, and it is safe to say, that for fifty years there have been fewer failures than in any other city in Michigan.

The Clinton river affords abundant water power. Its railroad facilities are excellent and it possesses many advantages as a manufacturing city. The drive from Detroit to Pontiac and the lakes is a most delightful one, the roads being as good as can be found in Michigan not only but through as beautiful a section of country as one desires to behold.

On the way we pass through several charming "burgs" or town suburbs of Detroit, including Royal Oak and Birmingham, several good views of which are to be seen in our work. Both of these places are also located on the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railroad and are but a few minutes' ride from Detroit's business center, making them very accessible and pleasant homes for many of Detroit's business men. In our pictures of this entire section, as well as all others, we have aimed to secure the most picturesque and beauti-



FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R. BRIDGE AND TRAIN

ful, and in no sense the commercial, and think we have obtained this result in a very high degree, and yet not more so than this grand section of our state warrants; in fact the half of its story, pictorially, as well as editorially, has not been shown or told in our limited space.

J. E. SAWYER



POINT EDWARD, ABOVE SARNIA

TURTLE LAKE

Turtle lake, so called because of its singular resemblance to the "turtle," lies about thirty-seven miles south-west of Alpena, which town is its nearest railroad approach or connection. The lake itself lies in the midst of and is surrounded by one of the grand and impressive old, almost primeval, lower peninsular pine forests. The main body of the lake is about two miles in length and nearly as wide, while the head of the lake, (or turtle) is a small lake connected with the main



THE BARRACKS — FORT GRATIOT — 1859-60



"THE WRECK'S MONUMENT," OR AN OPPORTUNE EXPLOSION IN ST. CLAIR RIVER



THE PASTURE FLATS, NEAR FORT HURON



CASWELL'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NEAR FORT HURON

body or lake by a little stream called the "neck," which is really the "outlet" of the lake. This "head," or small lake is very deep and no bottom has, as yet, been found to it.

About these lakes and the upper south branch of the Alpena river, the "Turtle Lake Shooting and Fishing Club" own some 4,000 acres of land — a sportsman's paradise, abounding in game and the lakes furnishing abundant varieties of fish for the piscatorially inclined members of the club, — such as the redfin pike, trout, black bass, perch and many other members of the finny tribe.

This "little game farm" also contains within its boundaries several fine brook trout streams where this king of fish abounds.

The Club have good, substantial log cabin buildings, which along with their lands, roads and other property, are posted and looked after by their own men, or "care takers" and always, in the season, are in the best of shape for the "royal sport" afforded members. Among prominent Detroit members, we might mention J. D. Fawks, E. H. Gillman, W. C. Colburn, G. H.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS — FORT GRATIOT — 1859-60



PARADE GROUND AT FORT GRATIOT — 1859-60



"SH! I'VE GOT A BITE"—ON BLACK RIVER



WATKINS LAKE, DRAYTON PLAINS



BOUND UP, LIGHT

the dying embers of the big fire logs on the hearth and spin yarns of the chase, smoke the social pipe, or sit in silent "sportsmen's reverie," (a la Hopkin) as they meditate over the exciting events of the day.

We are indebted to Mr. F. Irland and the Hayes Photo Company for their excellent Camp and



LOON LAKE, NEAR DRAYTON PLAINS



THE INTERLAKES ATHLETIC CLUB

of them seem to prefer Orion as a summer residence I am unable to state, unless it is because sickness is so entirely foreign to the place, they go there for a contrast to their busy lives and for a total cessation to the cutting and slashing or the dealing out of physic and pills. The lake has many picturesque little islands dotted about its dark blue surface and one, quite a large island, has been converted into an attractive park. As a matter of course, every house has its boat-house and every boat-house its complement of yachts, both steam and sailing, row-boats, etc., etc., to say nothing of complete fishing outfits with which to while away "Summer's hot and fleeting breath," besides the entrapping and catching of the poor unwary fishes, big and little, with which the lake abounds.

Orion is also a very popular picnic resort for Detroiters, particularly the Sabbath Schools—the shady groves, lovely lawn, clean and safe beaches being well adapted for that purpose.

C. L. C.

Barnes, J. C. Black and Mr. L'Hommedieu—all great lovers and devotees of the divine sport.

In the cosy and comfortable club house is a large old-fashioned fireplace and ample hearth, over and about which can be seen numerous trophies of the chase, club prizes and the huntsman's guns and paraphernalia.

Here, after the hard day's work is done the sport is ended, the members of the Club, the old sportsmen, love to gather and watch

Lake pictures, which no doubt will be of much interest to our patrons and the public generally, as a typical Michigan hunting range and Camp.

C. L. C.

ORION LAKE

Orion Lake, is as pretty a body of water and inland lake as can be found in Michigan. It is about forty miles from Detroit, on the Detroit, Bay City and Mackinaw branch of the Michigan Central R. R. The topography of the surrounding country is rather high and rolling and is some six hundred feet higher than Detroit. The town of Orion, lying quite close to the lake, is a neat and brisk little place of about one thousand inhabitants and there is a fine hotel where visitors can obtain pleasant accommodations and good cheer, and plenty of it, at very reasonable rates.

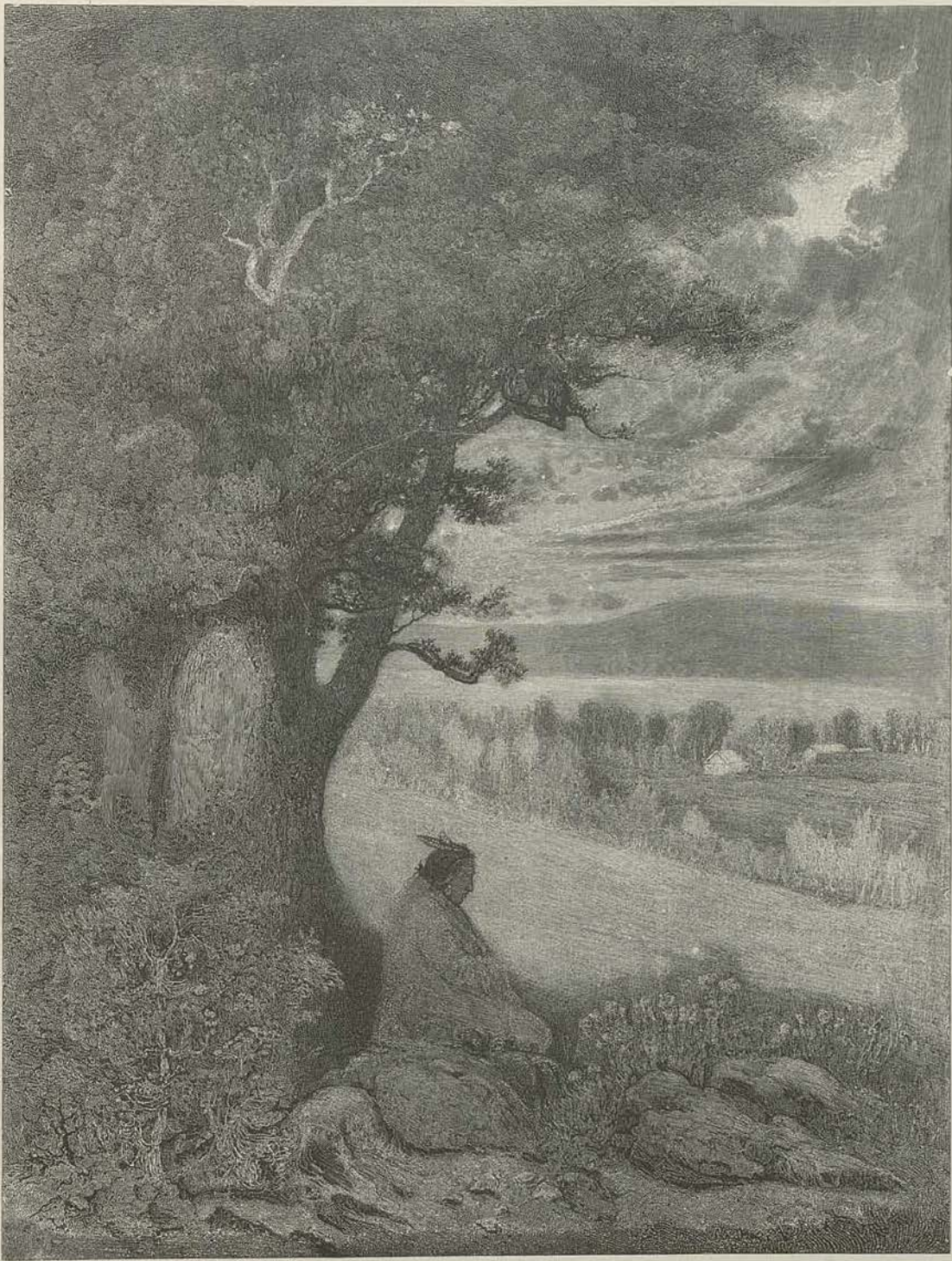
There are many fine summer homes around the lake owned by Detroiters and among them many of our prominent physicians. Just why so many



INTERLAKES FISHER-GIRLS



A PRETTY SCRAP FROM OAKLAND COUNTY

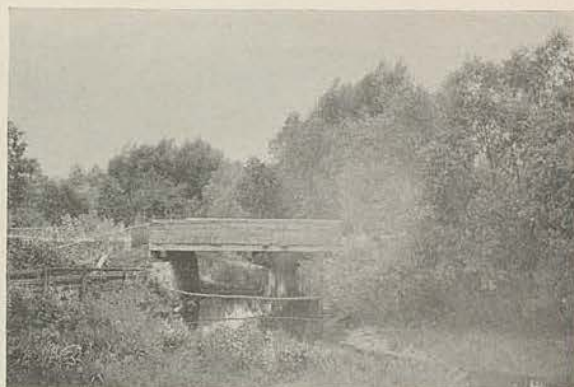


Painted and Engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

PONTIAC'S REVERIE



UNCONSCIOUS MODELS—DOWN BY THE BRIDGE, NEAR PONTIAC



A FAMOUS SWIMMING HOLE NEAR PONTIAC



ON THE CLINTON RIVER NEAR PONTIAC



A "PAINTING" OF PICTURESQUE PONTIAC

GODERICH AND RIVER MAITLAND

The town of Goderich, Ont., is situated on the east shore of Lake Huron, about an eight hours' ride by the Grand Trunk Railroad from Detroit, and it is also a pleasant trip by steamer. It has always been a favorite summer resort of Detroiters. Its bluffs and beaches, magnificent drives, its cool, bracing atmosphere, together with its most unique and grandly beautiful Maitland river scenery, make it a delightful spot for the tourist, artist or sportsman to visit, as can be readily seen by our illustrations on another page.



THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF PONTIAC

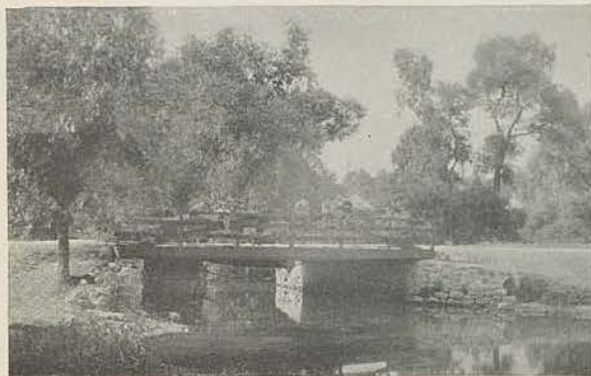


A PONTIAC RESIDENCE

MACKINAC

Mackinac island is at the head of Lake Huron, and is much frequented by travelers and invalids because of its historical interest and peculiarly pure bracing air.

Mackinac in the summer season is the social eyrie of the north. Wealth, elegance, culture and grace rendezvous there and it only needs to be better known to become a Mecca where the magnificent and generous accom-



WATCHING THE ARTISTS, CLINTON RIVER, PONTIAC

modations which now exist will be insufficient for the multitude that will visit it. At present it is the summer home of some of the best and most widely known celebrities of the country. Many of these from Chicago and more distant cities occupy cottages, which in their appurtenances and appointments are little less than palaces, and thither are transported for purposes of the summer outing gorgeous equipages, blooded stock, liveried servants and other conveniences afforded wealth. On the hillside, elevated high above the water with a glorious view of the straits and distant islands and mainland are the cottage sites.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this island. It is a mass of calcareous rock rising from the bed of Lake Huron, and reaching a height of more than three hundred feet above the water. Some of its cliffs shoot up perpendicularly, and tower in pinnacles like half ruined gothic steeples. The island shows unmistakable evidence of the water having once been two hundred and fifty feet above its present line. It is a mooted question whether the lake has fallen from its original level, or the island has been lifted up. It is cavernous in places, and in these the ancient Indians were wont to place their dead.

The harbor at the south end is a little gem, and around it the little old-fashioned French town nestles in primitive style, while above frowns the fort, its white walls gleaming in the sun. This village is a perfect curiosity in itself. Situated at the foot of the bluff, its two streets extend for a distance of a mile along the beach. The buildings are a ridiculous mixture of the modern and antique. Some were brought from Old Mackinaw when the town and fort were removed from that point after the massacre of June 4th, 1763. Many of the fences are of the original palisade style. The whole area of the island is one labyrinth of curious glens and valleys. There are walks and winding paths of the most romantic character among its hills and precipices. From the eminences overlooking the lake can be seen magnificent views of almost illimitable extent, and as the observer

gazes from the rocky battlements of the fort upon the surrounding waters, there steals upon him a sense of security which seems a complete bulwark against the host of Summer annoyances.

ANN ARBOR AND MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

The city of Ann Arbor, a synonymous term with Michigan's great and noble University—a name familiar the world over, is less than a two hours' ride,—forty-five miles—from Detroit on Michigan's finest railroad, the Michigan Central. It is also situated on

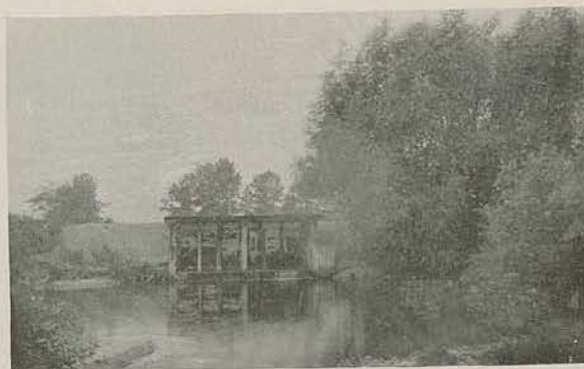


"THE OPEN GATE OF PARADISE," CLINTON RIVER, PONTIAC

the banks of the beautiful Huron river and in a very hilly, finely cultivated farming section of the state. It has a population of nearly 20,000, more or less, sometimes more, engaged for the most part in the acquisition of knowledge, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits, or vice versa, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits and the acquisition of knowledge; take it whichever way that pleases the most, as the writer does not wish to reflect upon the great business push, enterprise and thrift of a city that every true and loyal Michigander is justly proud of.



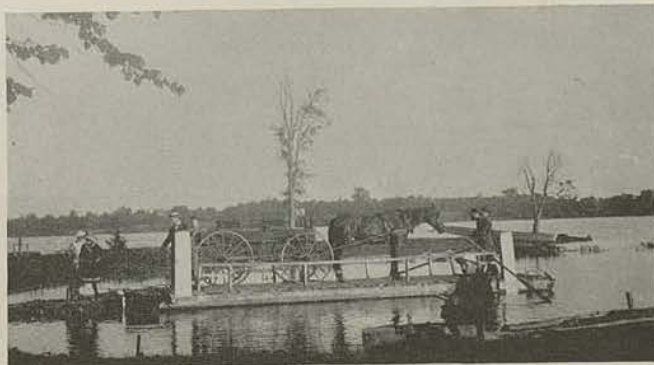
THE CANAL NEAR PONTIAC



THE SLUICE NEAR PONTIAC



THE IMPROVED FERRY AT PONTIAC



THE APPLE ISLAND FERRY, ORCHARD LAKE

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS



A JOLLY INLET—PONTIAC

It is an extremely well and beautifully built city and in proportion to its size has more fine, substantial and imposing structures, not only, but exquisite and charming homes, of any place in this or any other state. Its streets are broad and well paved and the resident portion generally arched with lofty elms, beech or maple and lined with beautiful and tasteful homes, be they large and stately or small and humble, the same neat and thrifty air pervades all alike. All have large lots, beautifully kept lawns and a superfluity of flowers adorns nearly every garden front. Its business streets and buildings are also of the finest class in style architecturally and of solidity in construction, and compare very favorably



CLINTON RIVER, NEAR PONTIAC



SYLVAN LAKE, PONTIAC

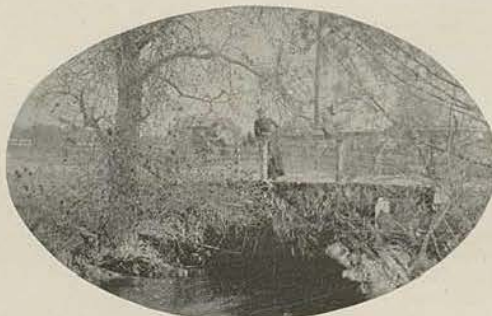


SYLVAN LAKE, PONTIAC

with the largest cities, while its mercantile houses are as large, well and tastily stocked as can be found in Detroit. The public buildings and churches are in keeping with the city's private enterprise and the University's fine complement of buildings, and it also abounds in very many private chapter or college club houses of the most elegant character architecturally and exceedingly well furnished interiors, inasmuch that members suffer no lack of comfort, to say nothing about the luxuries of life.

Ann Arbor has a fine system of electric street railways, branching out all over the city's main thoroughfares and at same time connecting with the city of Ypsilanti, a distance of ten or twelve miles away, where is located the State Normal School and many large and prosperous manufacturing institutions.

The city abounds in numerous beautiful and picturesque drives and the writer, who has traveled



"MEET ME DOWN BY THE BRIDGE"

considerably, does not recall in this country, at least, a finer system of country roads outlying the city for many miles; roads over which it is a pleasure to ride in carriage or "bike" any season of the year.

As befitting the city of Michigan's great seat of learning, Ann Arbor is a city eminently cultured and cultivated to a high degree and its society consequently is of the highest and best order, embracing within its midst men and women of the highest order of heart and intellectuality.

As to the University, one of the best and grandest institutions of its kind in this country, or any other for that matter, I can say but little, if anything, to add to its fame or grandeur. We all know it, love and honor it and the noble man at its head, President Angell. Every Michigan University graduate be



ON THE STREAM



A STUDY, LOOKING UP A STREET, PONTIAC

be a Michigan man or not, knows him but to love and honor him, and every Michigander knows him but to praise and honor him and his great and enduring work.

As this little work is merely descriptive, and more so pictorially than editorially, we do not pretend to go into history or detail, but we cannot pass without bare mention of the magnificent fine arts collection belonging to the University.

The collection was begun in 1855. It contains a gallery of casts, in full size and in reduction, of some of the most valuable ancient statues and busts, such as the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, the Sophocles, a gallery of more than two hundred reductions and models in terra cotta and other materials; the statue of Nydia by Randolph Rogers; casts of modern statues, busts, etc., and reliefs; a number of engravings and photographic views, illustrating especially the architectural and

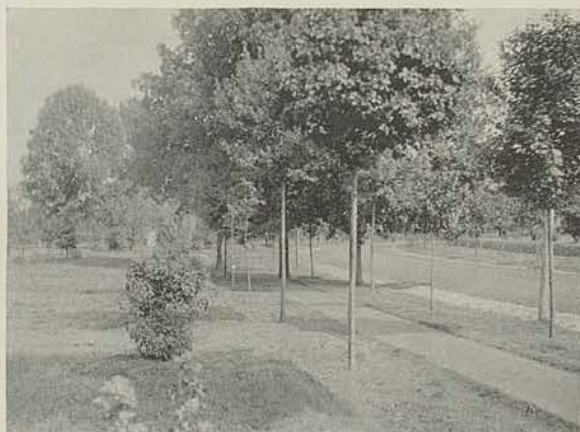


HOME OF CHAS. HARRY EATON, ARTIST, AT HOLLY, MICH.

We are indebted to H. Randall of Ann Arbor for some of the best photographs used by us. O. L. C.

PUT-IN-BAY

Put-in-Bay has a prominent place in the history of our country. Here Commodore Perry gathered his war vessels and laid in wait for the British fleet. Near this island was fought the great naval battle of Lake Erie, and to this perfect



ALONG THE BOULEVARD AT PONTIAC



THE CLINTON MILLS, PONTIAC

sculptural remains or ancient Italy and Greece; a small collection of engraved copies of the great masterpieces of modern painting; two series of historical medallions—the Horace White Collection, and the Governor Bagley Collection; and a large collection of coins, chiefly Greek and Roman, presented to the University by the late Dr. A. E. Richards.

The Rogers Gallery comprises the entire collection of the original casts of the works of the late Randolph Rogers, more than a hundred in number. It was given by that distinguished sculptor to the state of Michigan for the University museum.

Also the fine botanical, zoological collection or cabinets and the Chinese, archaeological and ethnological collections, embracing as it does the interesting and valuable Beal-Steere collection of valuable North and South America specimens of clothing, etc., etc.



THE OLD MILL DAM, PONTIAC



A SHADY BEND IN THE RIVER, NEAR PONTIAC

harbor he "put in" and sent to the authorities at Washington his famous despatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Here, buried beneath a willow tree near the landing, are the remains of six of his gallant officers, and on this spot the United States Government will soon erect a magnificent monument in commemoration of Perry's victory.

In later years Put-in-Bay has become somewhat noted as a summer resort. Its natural advantages have long been recognized, and are unsurpassed by any place in America. Its magnificent scenery (a combination of land and water pictures), absolutely pure air and water, bracing atmosphere and cool breezes, with its superb boating, bath-

ing and fishing, and perfect accessibility from every direction, combine to make it the natural summer resort of the Central, Western and South-western States. This fact is universally recognized by the thousands of people who visit the place annually and are familiar with its many attractive features. The largest summer hotel in the country, "The Victory," is located at Put-in-Bay.

"IS GOD DEAD?"

A REMINISCENCE OF SOJOURNER TRUTH

There are hundreds now living in the city of Detroit and thousands in Michigan, New York and other northern states, who will very distinctly remember a very original and remarkable character whose tall, striking appearance, epigrammatic and pungent words, and forceful sentences made an impression they can never forget. This singular

and most interesting character has addressed and held the closest attention of vast audiences in the above named and other northern states.

The plain, simple, direct, conscientious and earnest manner of this remarkable character made a deep and lasting



THE MULLEN MONARCH, PONTIAC



THE SECRET PASSAGE, CAMPBELL ISLAND



THE INTERLAKEN NAVY OFF DUTY — FINE LAKE



SMOKE-TREE INN — CAMPBELL ISLAND

Phélypeaux

SIGNATURE OF LOUIS PHELYPEAUX, COUNT DE PONTCHARTRAIN, AFTER WHOM DETROIT WAS FIRST NAMED, FROM AN OLD DOCUMENT, (1702) SIGNED BY HIM AND LOUIS XIV., KING OF FRANCE



WINTER AT THE "WILLOWS" FARM



CASS LAKE BEACH



CAMPING GROUP AT CASS LAKE

impression upon all hearers, for God, for Justice and for Humanity. And this remarkable character was a negress! Born and reared under one of the "peculiar institutions" of this country, as a "chattel slave," and that in the great Empire State of New York, remaining in that "cruel bondage" up to the Fourth of July, 1827, sixty-six years ago, when that state abolished slavery she became a free woman. From that event up to the time of her death a few years ago, at Battle Creek in this state, did that wonderful woman



A PRETTY TURN AT PINE LAKE

make the most noble use of her extraordinary powers. By this time I think many who may have read these few lines will have recognized the famous old "Sojourner Truth."

I have seen vast audiences enthused and thrilled by her wonderful and inspiring words. On one occasion in ante-bellum days, when we (abolitionists) were holding a large anti-slavery convention at Rochester, N. Y., and everything looked dark and discouraging, the slave power having obtained such control and domination over the political parties, the churches, and the jurisprudence of the country, and the Supreme Court of the United States had mouthed out through old Judge Taney in the Dred Scott case the inhuman decision, that "Black men had no rights that white men were bound to respect!" Frederick Douglass, who was at this Rochester convention, was adding to the depression and gloom by a half despairing speech, when the tall, turbaned figure of Sojourner Truth rose up in the audience, and amid the silence of death, exclaimed, "Frederick! Is God dead?" It would be difficult to describe in words the electric and thrilling effect of this timely, this Heaven inspired ejaculation from that devoted and venerable old saint. The tide was turned, and in a moment spontaneous and exultant shouts went up from that vast assemblage.

It is a pleasure to record, that, though through blood and tears and the terrible slaughter of war, this faithful old soul, with millions of other aching hearts, lived to see the glorious day of emancipation to the 4,000,000 American slaves; to be confirmed in



SUMMER AT THE "WILLOWS" FARM



A GLIMPSE OF PINE LAKE

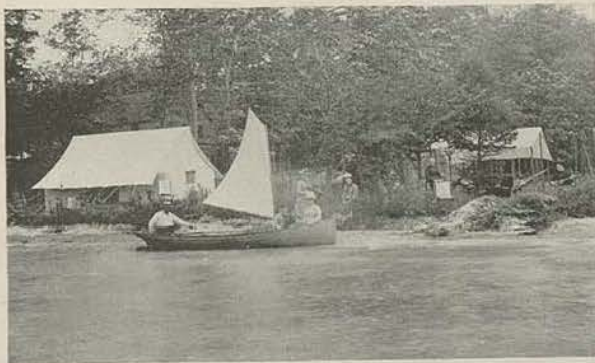
her assurance that "God was not dead," and to realize the prophetic prediction of Thomas Jefferson in reference to the wrongs of slavery, "God's justice cannot slumber forever! I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just."

GEORGE W. CLARK.

Detroit, Mich., Sept., 1893.

HENNEPIN'S OPINION OF THE COUNTRY

The following extracts of interest are taken from the narrative of Fr. Louis Hennepin A. Recollect, who accompanied M. Seine d'La Salle on his visit from a point at the foot of Lake Erie, what is now Fort Erie, to the head of Lake Erie, the Detroit river, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron, "The Soo," and Lake Michigan then named Lake Illinois. They left August 7th, 1679, this point



FRATZVILLE—CASS LAKE



INTERLAKEN CLUB HOUSE, PINE LAKE



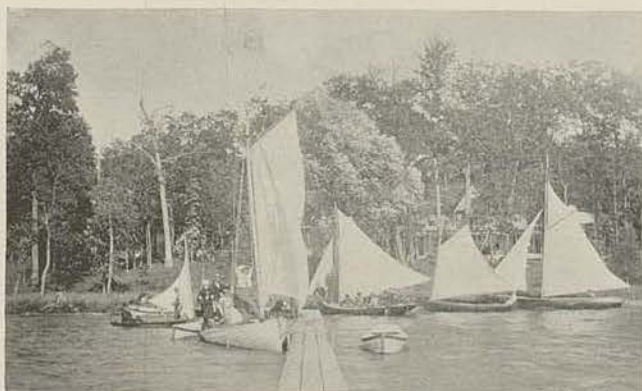
PINE LAKE FISHING FOLK



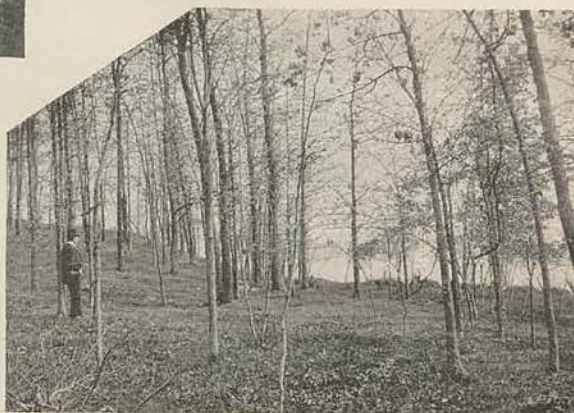
PINE LAKE FROM INTERLAKEN—CLUB HOUSE DOCK



AN ORCHARD LAKE CATCH



CASS LAKE NAVY AND CLUB HOUSE



THROUGH THE OPENINGS TO TIMBER LAKE

above Niagara Falls accompanied by thirty-four men in a small vessel of sixty tons burthen, which they constructed at that point and arrived at the foot of the Detroit river on the 10th. La Salle took his leave of the party, to return temporarily to Montreal in the following season, when they were all at the head of the Illinois river, leaving Tonti in command. There they built a fort and it was from this point that Hennepin with two other men in his birch bark canoe sailed down that river to the Mississippi and unknown to La Salle or Tonti, made his discovery of the lower Mississippi. This is what Hennepin says, as they approached the mouth at the foot of the Detroit river: "The next day we doubled two capes and met with all manner of rocks or sand. We discovered a pretty large island toward the south-west, about seven or eight leagues from the northern coast.



OFF FOR A FISH, OAKLAND LAKE



THE SIGNAL TO THE FREEMAN—SALT RIVER, NEAR NEW BALTIMORE



"ALL ABOARD," GOING UP SALT RIVER, NEAR NEW BALTIMORE



A CORNER ON CASS LAKE



LIGHT AND SHADE — ORCHARD LAKE



THE SHORE DRIVE



MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY



A GLIMPSE OF SILVER LAKE



A FRIENDLY PAIR OF SAILORS

That island faces the strait that comes from Lake Huron. On the 10th, very early in the morning, we passed between those islands and seven or eight lesser ones and having sailed near another, which is nothing but sand, to the west of the lake, we came to anchor at the mouth of the strait which runs from Lake Huron into that of Lake Erie. On the 11th we went farther into



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW — ORCHARD LAKE



BY THE ONLY "OLD MASTER" — ORCHARD LAKE

the strait and passed between two of these islands, which makes one of the finest prospects in the world. This strait is finer than that of Niagara, being thirty leagues long and everywhere one league broad, except in the middle, which is wider, forming the lake we have called St. Clair. The navigation is easy on both sides, being low and even. The strait runs directly from north to south.

"The country between those two lakes is very well situated and the soil very fertile. The banks of the strait are vast meadows and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests so well disposed that you would think nature alone could not have made, without the help of art, so charming a prospect. The country is stocked with stags, wild goats and bears, which are very good food, and not fierce as in other countries — some think they are better than our pork. Turkey cocks and swans are also very common and our men brought several other beasts and birds whose names are un-



ARTILLERY CADETS — ORCHARD LAKE MILITARY ACADEMY

known to us, but they are extraordinarily relishing.

"The forests are chiefly made up of walnut trees, chestnut trees, plum trees and pear trees loaded with their own fruit and vines. There is also abundance of timber fit for building so that those who shall be so happy as to inhabit that country cannot but remember with gratitude those who have discovered the way by venturing to sail upon an unknown lake over one hundred leagues."

JAS. A. RANDALL

THE LOGGING CAMP

We had just broken camp, after a delightful and successful four weeks' hunt. Our party had returned to the nearest town, some twenty miles away from our permanent camp — our base of operations — and were making their final preparations for departure home, when Mr. R., the lumberman, called on us at the hotel and gave us a pressing invitation to make him a visit at his lumber-camp up E — river. "Bring your guns and rods, we've got



A LONELY DOG — ORCHARD LAKE



ROADWAY AT PINE LAKE

lots of game and fish, deer, an occasional bear and plenty of the finest trout in the world," said he, by way of tempting us. All of the party but myself had pressing business engagements to meet and were all packed to return, so declined with thanks, while I, never knowing when and where to stop whenever sport is concerned, besides never having seen or visited a lumber camp and not being pressed for time, gladly accepted R — 's kind invitation.

Laying aside my "biled shirt" garb of civilization—and once more donning the hunting suit and taking with me my "old trusty," all the shells I could carry and my rod, we took a way freight and after a two hours' ride left the train and took to the woods for camp, about ten miles away, where we arrived in time for dinner. The "camp" consisted of a cluster of rude log cabins, standing out from the pine forest in a little clearing upon a bluff overlooking the river. The cabins were built of round, rough pine logs, topped off and roofed with rough slabs or boards. There were three of them, one, the "Hall," where the men camped, so to speak, was a long, low building about 50 x 120. At the further end, directly opposite the entrance, was the kitchen. In the center of the room, divided from the kitchen, partly by the matched board partition was the "dining hall," really dining room and kitchen combined. Here, long plain pine tables ran across the room; single board benches in lieu of chairs, accommodated the hungry crew three times a day. Extending from this aforementioned partition to the front of building, on both sides or walls, were ranged a double tier of wooden bunks, in which the men slept, or



PINE LAKE SHORE



SOUTH SHORE, ORCHARD LAKE

lounged and smoked, as inclinations dictated.

Some had hay, others pine boughs, while others merely rolled themselves nonchalantly in their blankets and slept the sleep of the honest toiler, but no one except "de boss" when in camp, luxuriated in mattress, sheet or pillow. In

the center of this, the living room, stood a large stove, surrounded by a few rickety old chairs and stools.

Here, evenings and Sundays, around a good rousing fire, the men would congregate—some in these old squeaky, rickety chairs, stools and boxes or on the tables and benches or still



MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY



MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY



AT ORCHARD LAKE



MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY

more comfortably situated, in their adjoining bunks, and spin yarns, sing songs—scrape the fiddles or play cards, while an occasional one could be seen reading some old stray newspaper, letter, or book, or slowly laboring with pen or pencil, writing to the loved ones at home—while above, beyond and around all was a black dense cloud of stifling cheap tobacco smoke. The other buildings, of similar appearance and construction, although not quite so "elaborately" finished, consisted of barns, sheds, tool house, carpenter and blacksmith shops,—quite a little village in all by themselves.

Our cook was a large raw-boned Swede who mastered the cuisine far more successfully



MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY



MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY

than the English language and while it, (the cooking, not the language) was not elaborate or varied, it was substantial and wholesome.

Breakfast consisted generally of black but excellent coffee, with sugar but no milk, bread (occasionally with butter) corn beef hash or pork and potatoes. For dinner we had corn beef, hot and cold boiled ham, potatoes, bread and tea and pie always, but not always good pie. Supper gave us jerked beef, fried ham and potatoes, and hot biscuit, now and then canned sauce or dried apples or peaches every time.

This diet regime was broken and varied by the fresh game or fish that I might happen to bag and the boys were *always* pleased to see me coming into camp with the bag well filled—it was always a treat to them to get something fresh—and when I came in with a fine string of choice brook trout—a fitting feast for the gods—nothing in camp was too good for me.

The "call" to dinner was made with a six foot birch bark dinner horn, the farther end of which the cook was obliged to rest upon the house top, stump or tree, and a



ROADWAY ALONG ORCHARD LAKE



THE CAMPBELL COTTAGE — ORCHARD LAKE



AMONG THE REEDS — CASS LAKE



A NOOK ON CASS LAKE



BIRCH POINT — ORCHARD LAKE

blast from which we could hear for miles. It took an enormous amount of lung power to give the blast, but Nelson, the cook, was one of the few who could do it to perfection and it was always answered with a laugh and a shout of welcome as men and teams dropped everything in quick response to the odd but glad some call—which seemed to say to all, "Come to din-ner-din-ner-din-din-ner. Come to DINNER!"

The teamsters were the first men to camp to turn out in the morning and were always up and bestirring themselves by four o'clock, taking care of their teams and getting ready for their usual early start. Next the cook began rattling and banging at his stove, preparing for the customary six o'clock breakfast, which was a signal for all hands to get up and turn out, which they usually did with shouts and rough jokes at the laggards, accompanied at times with flying missiles, such as boots, boxes or bootjacks, etc.

THE LEGEND OF ME-NAH-SA-GOR-NING

By DR. SAMUEL W. LEOGETT

In the State of Michigan, in one county alone, that of Oakland, is a chain of beautiful clear lakes, some two hundred in number, many of them miles in length and width. Around these wind the roadways, over beaches of white pebbles, and shaded by the "forests primeval." Two rivers, the Huron and Clinton, run through these lakes, and in their tortuous forms, wind and turn and twist, till after a course of hundreds of miles they at last rest in lakes Erie and St. Clair.

These rivers are in summer dotted with the water lily. As they flow on through the "Openings," on their banks are huge old oaks, under which, in the "days that are gone," stood many a wigwam.

The legend which I have attempted to versify, is founded upon an incident occurring at Orchard Lake long before the coming of the white man and while the grand farms now lying around it were merely a vast "Oak Opening," its sole occupants the Indian and the wild beast.

Very near the centre of this Orchard Lake, is a large island, wooded to its very shore. On it are a few apple trees, "old and gnarled," remnants of an orchard planted so long ago, that the Indians even have no data concerning it. Its name, "Menahsagorning," meaning "Apple place," still lives in tradition. On this island the Algonquin chief Pontiac had his lodge after his repulse at the siege of Detroit. On the high bank of this lake, opposite the island, is still to be seen the ancient burial ground of the Sacs, Hurons and Wyandots.

Tradition says: That back beyond the memory of the tribe, a young chief sickened and suddenly died. The maiden to whom he was betrothed became insane, and whenever she could escape from her guardians, she would take the body of the chief from its resting place in the old ground across the lake, and carry it back where his lodge formerly stood.

At last, weary of guarding her, with the advice of their medicine man, the tribe killed her, upon her refusal to marry. This crime so offended the Great Spirit, that he avowed his intention to totally destroy the tribe and to give the maiden "as long as water flowed" complete control over it.

She alone has power to assume her form at any time. She can compel the attendance of the tribe at any time, by the beating of the Indian drum. At this sound they must gather and wait, where an old canoe has been gradually covered by the drifting sands. Upon the signal of her coming with her dead, the warriors must meet her on the shore, bear the chief on his bier and lay him down by the ashes of his council fire, and waiting beside him until she could caress it, bear him back to his resting place. All however must be done between sunset and sunrise, a foggy night being always chosen to elude observation.

ME-NAH-SA-GOR-NING.

On the cedar-crown'd beach of Me-nah-sa-gor-ning,
Where the waves o'er the pebbles roll slowly ashore,
While the ruby-eyed gull with her head 'neath her wing,
Sleeps calm on her nest, when her day's flight is o'er,
Lies an ancient canoe, buried deep in the sand.

That the storm in their fury have over it spread,
And at eve when the fog rolls away o'er the land
This canoe rises up and is launched by the dead.

As the night-hawk whirls by with a swoon o'er her head,
And the loon's trilling call rises shrill from the bay,
In the west, the calm lake is with diamond dust spread,
And in garnet-bued clouds the red sun fades away.

O'er the marsh hangs a fog, and all widely it trends,
Rolling backward and forward thro' valley and hill,
And it wavers like smoke where the still river bends,
And it toys with the alders, yet never is still.

Then it fondles the flags, and its pearly drops press
The soft cheek of the iris while filling its urn;
And it spreads o'er the mosses a spray-cover'd dress,
And it trickles a-down the green fronds of the fern.

Then the roll of the drum. The gaunt wolf sneaks away,
And the dead rise from graves 'mong the roots of the trees,
And list'ning a moment, they hasten away
'Till their foot-fall is heard on the fog-laden breeze.

They are seeking faint trails, and they halt, as each sign
Comes again as of old on their 'wandering sight,
And they wind thro' the trees 'till their torches of pine
Gleam like nebulous stars thro' the curtain of night.

They are gathered all armed where the stranded canoe,
On the mist-hidden lake floats as light as of yore,
And they wait on the beach, 'till a distant halloo
Rolls away on the night from the opposite shore.

O'er the lakes where the pines laugh the wild winds to scorn,
And still sigh for the dead who are dust on Earth's breast,
Echo shouts to old Echo, 'till far distant borne
Like a play wearied child it sinks down to rest.

With a sound on the air like the loon's pattering feet
When it drags o'er the lake as it rises for flight,
A canoe's glistening prow cuts the waves as they meet,
And mingles their spray with the dew-drop of night.

There's a swaying of reeds where the ripples pass
Thro' :
With a murmur of waves seething over the sand;
Where thro' rifts of the fog looms a tiny canoe,
That an Indian girl slowly guides to the land.

In the frail birchen shell she is paddling alone
As it surges along o'er the white-crested wave,
And she heedeth no sound save a low undertone
Like the dirge that the mourners chant over a grave.

Bending low o'er a form that seems nodding in sleep,
With her paddle she checks the canoe's rapid way,
'Till it noiselessly rests where the sentinels keep
Steadfast watch all the night for the coming of day.

Ere her light floating bark crush the beautiful weeds
That are draping each stone with their emerald green,
She has guided its prow where the brown tufted reeds
Throw their buds in her lap as she passes between.

As she leaves her small craft by the stranded canoe,
And guides in thro' the mist where the warriors meet,
In the hush of the night time the shoal water thro',
Comes a dull plashing sound as of moccasins' feet.

Looking back like the doe, when the wolf's distant cry
Swellings loud on the wind breaks at night on her ear,
Stands the maid in deep shadow, while silently by
Aged warriors pass with the chief on his bier.

With a sound like slow rain, each foot moves a leaf
That has mouldered long years in the old forest trail;
While the drone of the wave, and low chant for the chief
Floats quiveringly up over hill-top and dale.

'Neath an old fallen pine, whose bared roots are all torn
And are knotted and twined like huge serpents in fight,
On dress'd skins of the deer, lies the chief they have
borne

Over moss-covered paths thro' the darkness of night,
From the rain-dimpled ashes, time-furrowed and gray,
Through the cedars the council-fire glimmers once
more;

And its flame thro' the mist throws a pale lurid ray
On the maiden's slight form as she comes from the shore.

She kneels down in the midst of the warriors there,
With her little hands clasped o'er her blanched head,
And far out o'er the lake on the fog-thickened air
Floats the dirge that the mourner chants over her dead.

"I have borne Thee again from the distant shore,
I am kneeling, Beloved, by thy side once more,
And the night goes by—
Dost thou think me still in the Spirit-Land?
Oh! Lov'd, oh! Lost—could'st thou clasp my hand
I would gladly die."

"They will bear Thee away from my sight again,
And the Autumn's dried leaves, and the Summer's rain
Will fall on thy breast.
Wilt thou think, Love, of me, when the evening showers
Shed their tears with mine on the beautiful flowers
Where thy head shall rest?"

Once again the mute throng with a slow muffled tread,
Wend their way o'er the beach to the stranded canoe,
Once again thro' the foam gently bearing the dead,
Go the warriors plashing the shoal water through;

Kindly hands take her own; with a look of despair,
While yet warm on her lip breathes her simple refrain,
She moves on in the trail of the sad mourners there,
As the fawn follows on when the doe has been slain.

In the silence of grief, peering out thro' the dark,
On the shore with her dead stands the listening maid,
When rocking light on the wave the once stranded bark
Slowly glides where the bier of the chieftain is laid.

Not a sound on the beach from that shadowy crew
As they lift the dead form of the warrior there;
Not a sound on the lake as that ancient canoe
Floats as silently out as the mist on the air.

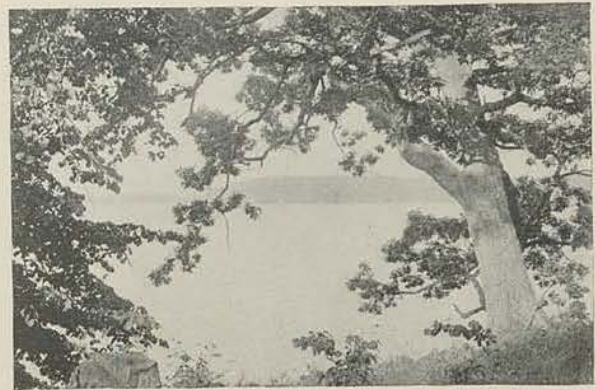
Leaning forward she stands with her hand to her ear,
And she listens where all seems as still as the grave,
And she peers through the gloom,—not a sound can she
hear.

Save the moan and the plash of the incoming wave.
Then the maid stooping down, holds her little brown
band—
Where the waves flecked with foam die away on the
shore,

Till she knows that the swell surging up o'er the sand,
Is a messenger back, from the bark passing o'er.

She has passed thro' the mist as the sentinel's cry,
Telling day-light is near, rises piercing and shrill;
And again o'er the lake the old echoes reply,
And then murmuring turn in their sleep and are still.

In their old forest graves sleep the shadowy band—
And the fog melts away with the first ray of morn—
While the ancient canoe sinks again in the sand,
And the gulls scream aloud in their greeting of dawn.



A GLIMMER OF ORCHARD LAKE



CAMPBELL ISLAND, ORCHARD LAKE



PATHWAY TO THE STILE, ORCHARD LAKE



COMFORT POINT, CAMPBELL ISLAND, ORCHARD LAKE



SHADYSIDE — ORCHARD LAKE



A STURDY STROKE-GAR



ON THE CLINTON, NEAR MT. CLEMENS



ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF MICHIGAN AT ISLAND LAKE



A FAIR OF GLOVES, AT THE STATE ENCAMPMENT



AN ISLAND HOME — ORION LAKE



ORION LAKE HOTEL



FUN ON THE FLOAT — ORCHARD LAKE

One morning soon after the teamsters had gone out, one of them came hurrying back and coming to my bunk quietly called me out, telling me that he had seen a fine buck hanging around near the camp—only five minutes ago had he seen him near the barns. This was enough for me; I was dressed, hunting boots and all in three minutes. Picking up the handiest gun, a double-barreled breech-loading Remington, I slipped in shells loaded with buck slugs and hurried out after his majesty, my heart thumping for a shot and my mouth watering for a taste of venison. Making the circuit of the camp I soon found the deer's trail and following fast I soon came to a little lake about a mile from the camp. Here I lost the trail in the surrounding marsh. Hoping he would yet turn up, I sought a sheltered spot



A FAMOUS AFTERNOON RESORT FOR "US COWS"

was between myself and the camp, so fight I must.

Up to this time the bear had not seen me; raising my gun I waited until he again came out of the intervening bush, when he gave me his fine profile or side. I gave him a good one in his flank.

Heavens! what a roaring howl did he give. I knew that I had hit him, and unlimbering, to slip, in another cartridge in the empty chamber, I stood at bay and ready to fight it out as hard as possible. I couldn't run away if I wanted to, as there was a thick underbrush and marsh. His lordship, up to the moment of reloading the discharged barrel, had not seen me, but the click of the gun breech attracted his attention. Looking up with almost human intelligence he gave an unearthly howl and came for me with mouth open

and eyes glaring with savage fury. Waiting until I was reasonably sure of making both shots count and until he was almost upon me I pulled the trigger for a second shot, but to my dismay the cartridge snapped but did not explode.

The bear was now almost at the end of my gun and was evidently bent on revenge and my destruction and there was but one and only one chance for my life,—only one shot between myself and the wounded and infuriated beast.

Knowing that my life depended on that one shot, I waited a moment longer until he was almost upon me and was in the act of rising on his haunches to strike out for me, when I aimed for his head and pulled the trigger. Thank God! this was a good, sound dry shell, and to that fact and a good aim I owed my life.



THE DOCTOR'S BENCH — ORCHARD LAKE



ORION LAKE BOAT HOUSE

to windward, where I could command a good view of his watering place without exposing myself to his sharp eyes or keen scent, biding my time for a shot, which came sooner than I hoped for or expected. The sun was just coming up and, wet and cold as it was, my blood was up and I was warm and blown.

Seating myself on a fallen "monarch of the forest" to recover my wind and to rest a moment, I suddenly heard a crashing in the bush at my left; quickly turning I beheld—not my expected and hoped for buck, but my first bear and a big one at that.

I never knew what the buck fever was, but my bear fever, for a moment, was intense. I could feel the blood move in great surges or waves back and forth, from head to foot and foot to head and my first impulse was to climb a tree or "leg it" for camp as quick and fast as the aforesaid legs could carry me. But the trees were big smooth pines and the bear



A JOLLY POKKET IN THE CLINTON RIVER



A FAMILY OUTING AT ORION LAKE

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

The shot struck him squarely in the face and while not killing him outright, it rolled him over in almost mortal agony and gave me time to slip in another cartridge and give him a final quietus—after which he gave an almost human groan and expired.

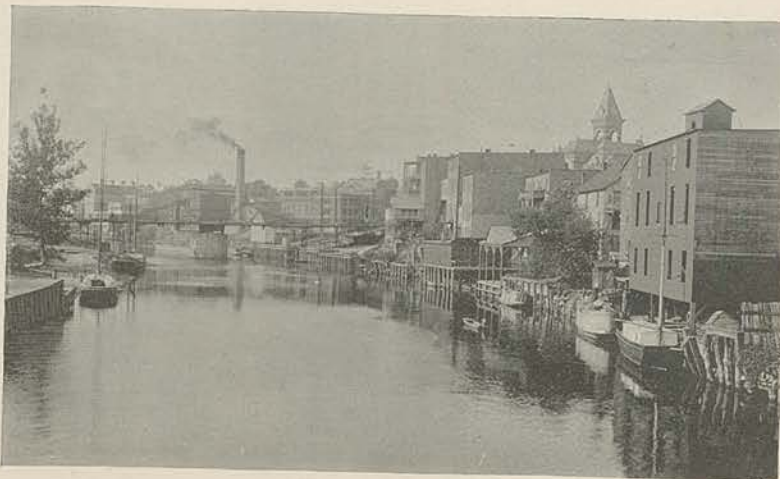
Making my way back to camp, I told the boys of my good luck. They could scarcely believe it, but I finally obtained a party to go back with me and get the carcass. Tying his four legs together and placing a pole underneath, the four men managed, after much puffing and blowing, to get him into camp, where he was duly skinned, quartered and devoured by an appreciative crowd of loggers, who feasted on fresh meat and in plenty for a week. His lovely skin yet adorns my library in the shape of a rug.

The "boys" so called are, as a rule a "tough" but not necessarily vicious lot of men. They are free and easy, working like lions in their season, kind-hearted and

with their immense loads will not tip or slew over.

There is no limit to these loads, excepting the capacity and strength of the sleighs, as some of our illustrations will show—sometimes going as high as 30,000 to 35,000 feet and 18 or 20 feet long, 12 to 15 wide and 30 to 40 feet high, weighing from 75 to 125 tons—single teams.

These big sleighs are piled up with enormous loads of cut logs of even lengths, and are hauled to the river side and dumped or rolled to the water's edge—banking it is called,—where they await the coming of spring floods and breaking up to carry them safely to mill or market. A fairly good "crop" of logs runs up into very big money—\$50,000 to \$250,000. If snow and early floods are plentiful,



THE CLINTON RIVER AT MT. CLEMENS



ON CASS AVENUE, MT. CLEMENS



DRIFTING AMONG THE SHADOWS ON THE CLINTON



THE BASS BEND, CLINTON RIVER—MT. CLEMENS



ON CASS AVENUE

generous to a fault. They are saving while at camp, simply because they have no ways of spending their money in the woods. But when their time is up and they get their pay, after reaching town, the improvident fellows just make things hum and their money is soon gone to the bad.

Late in the summer and fall the trees are first blazed, then cut by one gang, while others are making tracks and roads solid and level, so that the sleighs



AN OLD FARM HOUSE NEAR BRIGHTON, MICH.



NARMOUR'S BRIDGE—CLINTON RIVER



CORNWELL'S MILLS — ANN ARBOR



A PAIR OF ANN ARBOR'S NOTABLES



THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

well and good, but woe betide those who harvest a big "crop" and have their logs tied up with a dry open winter and are obliged to carry them over another season — to many lumbermen it would mean utter ruin. When a good lot of logs are successfully handled and safely brought to the mill, this by no means is the easiest or safest part of their arduous labors; but on the other hand, when it is done and well done it maketh the heart of "de Boss" very glad if not always duly appreciative or grateful.

We are indebted to E. H. Husher & Co., the photographers of Detroit, for many of



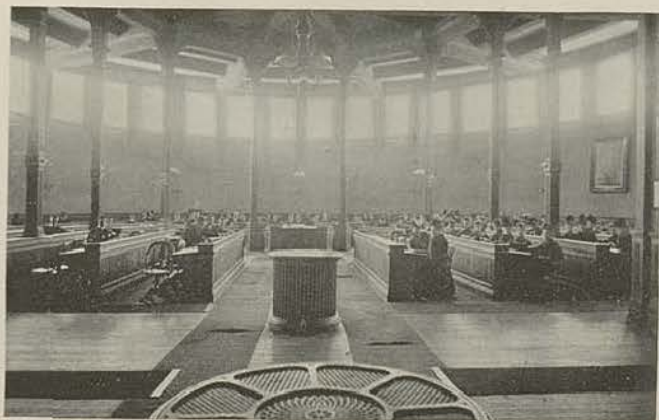
RESIDENCE OF JUDGE THOS. M. COOLEY



MICHIGAN CENTRAL DEPOT AT ANN ARBOR



MECHANICAL LABORATORY — UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



LIBRARY INTERIOR AT THE UNIVERSITY



OLD BRIDGE AT YPSILANTI



PHI KAPP HOUSE — ANN ARBOR



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — ANN ARBOR



HARKINS HALL (EPISCOPAL) UNIVERSITY



NEWBERRY HALL AND S. C. A. BUILDING

these fine and artistic photos illustrative of our Loggers' Camp.

CADILLAC'S OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The Michigan Historical society, through the enterprise of Clarence M. Burton, local historical expert, has recently come into the possession of the official correspondence and reports of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, in reference to his commands at Michillimackinac, Detroit and New Orleans.

Among the papers is a description of the location of Detroit before a tree was felled or a building erected; of Cadillac's arrival here on July 24th, 1701; and his descrip-



HURON RIVER, NEAR ANN ARBOR



JAMES B. ANGELL, PRES. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



BAPTIST CHURCH

wild grapes and apples and other indigenous fruits, and the abundant and finely flavored fish.

Cadillac's written controversy with the Jesuits is also given entire. The order wished to establish a mission and church at his post, but Cadillac would not allow them, doubtless sharing the prejudice against the order which was very pronounced at

tion of the "sweet waters," the dense forests, the wild animals, the eagles that soared over the great fresh water stream, the delicious



HURON RIVER AT THE BIG BEND



HURON RIVER NEAR YPSILANTI



HURON RIVER NEAR YPSILANTI



RANDOLPH ROGERS' "THE LOST PLEIADES"—UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY



UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

that time and which resulted in its banishment from a majority of European countries. Their property in Canada was afterward confiscated, and the order was only reimbursed for this spoliation by an act of parliament passed a few years ago.

PALMER PARK

On page 67 will be found a very pretty set of views made in Palmer Park, a territory now owned by Senator Thomas W. Palmer. But recently (the summer of 1893) Mr. Palmer invited the city officials out to this place and informed them that he had given 120 acres of it to the city on condition that it was provided with police protection, and that upon the death of himself and his wife the entire property would go to the city. The park and lake has cost Senator Palmer about \$27,000, is now worth about \$250,000, and was first owned by his grandfather, after it had been handed down by the Indians to the French and the French to the English.

Our pictures give some idea of the beautiful land and water-scapes on this place, where the stately oaks and maples tower over the most charming spots. The little cabin in the park contains many relics and curios and a Galt V. Walker piano, nearly a hundred years old.

Senator Palmer has the name of treating his guests royally, and on the day of their visit, as above related, all enjoyed themselves hugely, if we may judge by the newspaper reports, which also report the following impromptu verses, as composed, and sung on the spot by the company to the tune of "Maryland, my Maryland:"

Tom Palmer's park! Tom Palmer's park!
We take it from him thankfully,
We'll care for it, we'll care for it,
And treasure it so cheerfully,
'Twill be the gem of our fair town—

A park to add to its renown,
And keep forever bright our crown—

Tom Palmer's park! Tom Palmer's park!

Home of my heart! I sing of
the
Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin
farm!
Thy woods and 'glens I long to
see,
Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin
farm!
From Witherell woods to Merrill
vale,
From lake to meadow, field and
dale
Thy sylvan beauties never pale,
Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin
farm!



D. K. E. FRATERNITY HOUSE—ANN ARBOR



UNITARIAN CHURCH—ANN ARBOR



UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL—ALLOPATHIC



RANDOLPH ROGERS' "NYDIA" IN THE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY



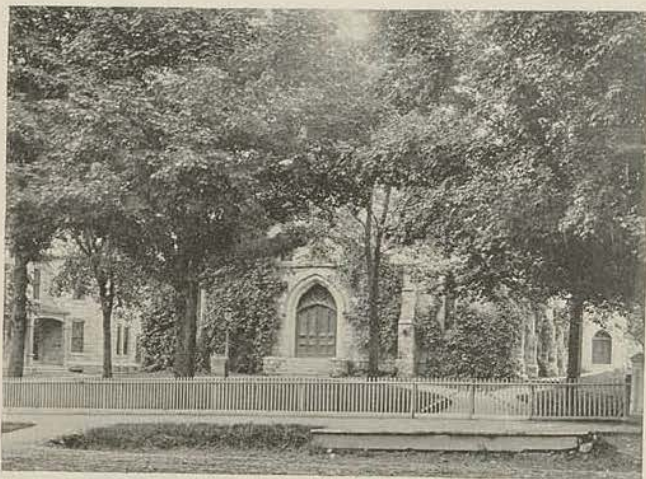
ANN ARBOR OBSERVATORY, ANN ARBOR

INDIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Much interest, of course, centers around the Indian history connected with the Oakland county lakes elsewhere spoken of. Mr. Dow remembers gatherings of Indians at various times to the number of several hundred who made their camping ground near his place. There



UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



ST. ANDREWS EPISCOPAL CHURCH: RECTORY AND CHAPEL—ANN ARBOR



ALPHA DELTA RESIDENCE

village of some seventy or eighty lived on the island in Orchard Lake, ruled by an old chief named, or nick-named, 'Goody Morning' (Gute-maw-nine?). He had two sons, who were very intelligent. The Indians were very peaceful, and so truthful that they could always be relied on."

OLD BUT HAPPY

Born with the century, under the institution of slavery, at Vicksburg, less than a year after the death of General Washington, and during the presidency of John Adams, a jockey riding winning horses at the age of seven years, and for fifty-five years a resident of Detroit, this is the record of George Brown, an aged colored man, now a pensioner of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The old man was sitting on a bench in the pleasant yard of the home, smoking a briarwood pipe, and appar-

is an old Indian burial ground at the south-west corner of the lake where the famous chief Black Bird was buried. All authorities seem to agree that this was a rallying point for Pontiac in his wars upon the whites, and that he made it a place of retreat after his failure to reduce Detroit by siege.

In the History of Oakland County, published in 1877, page 72, it is said: "The Orchard lake Indians were a kind of independent band, not bearing allegiance to any chief." And again at page 307: "Shiawassee and Saginaw Indians lived in this part of the territory in considerable numbers and traveled all through the country. A



UNIVERSITY CAMPUS



POST OFFICE—ANN ARBOR



A STREET VIEW IN ANN ARBOR



COURT HOUSE, ANN ARBOR



ANN ARBOR HIGH SCHOOL

ently well-pleased with his surroundings. In answer to a question as to his age, he said, pleasantly, and to the musical tones of his people, that he was 93 years old two weeks past.

"An', please God, I'm as well as I ever was in my life. I haven't taken a drop of medicine since the wah."

"Which war, uncle?" asked one of the other old men.

"De wah ob de south. Oh, he, he, I specs youse jokin' me now 'bout de old Mexican wah. I reckon my master, Colmel Head, of Vicksburg, and Sam Davis, was both in dot wah. I minds me suah dey was. Mr. Jefferson Davis lived right back ob us, I disremember if Sam was his father or his brother—he were one or t'other."

"What was your work as a slave, Mr. Brown?"

"I rid de horses at de races at Natchez. I can remember I was so little I had to be helped on. I was drest up in red clothes,



EVENING ON THE HURON RIVER



HURON RIVER, NEAR ANN ARBOR



AMONG THE ISLANDS—HURON RIVER AT ANN ARBOR



A SMOXY LER ROW—OFF PUT-IN-BAY

and I jest hung on to dem hosses and rid to win. Yah, yah!"

"Can you remember the names of the horses?"

"Jes as well as I do my own. Dere was Whip, and Bertrand and Lady Elgin, an' Colonel Head he own dem all."

"How did you get away from the south?"

"I jest came," said the old man quietly. "I've lived fifty-five years in Detroit. I ister cook on the Cincinnati, that was an old lake boat



BURIAL GROUND OF THE SLAIN IN FERRY'S VICTORY, AT PUT-IN-BAY



A DISTANT VIEW OF GIBRALTAR



ROUND FOR BASS ISLAND AT PUT-IN-BAY

under Captain Sweet, and I cooked on the Empire State. I was on the lakes when the Detroit river run right up to Woodbridge street plumb. I tell you, chile, dat's all made land from Woodbridge street to the river."

"Can you walk pretty well, Mr. Brown?"

"Fust rate for a boy of my age. I go out for a day every two weeks, and I regular walk down town an' back, 'bout three mile. An' I want you to say this—I se a temperate man. I neber yet abuse myself, and dere warn't neber a key turned on me in all my life.

No, I se neber ben locked up. I se work hard, but de good Lawd he neber let me make a fool ob myself no how."



A ROCKY POINT, PUT-IN-BAY



A BIT OF SUNSHINE—PUT-IN-BAY



THE NEEDLE'S EYE AT PUT-IN-BAY



JAY COOKE'S CASTLE, GIBRALTAR—PUT-IN-BAY

Mr. Brown can neither read nor write, but he has very sensible views of the events of the day, and expresses himself well. He has worked in the past for such men as Captain Hunt, Major Forsythe, General Brady, and other well-known Detroiters. He has for twenty years been employed by one family on the market, and it is only within two years that he has been an inmate of the Home for the Aged Poor.—*Detroit Journal*.

A FAMOUS HUMORIST

Detroit's famous humorist, ("M. Quad") who now lives in New York, deserves more than passing mention in a work of this nature. Harper's Magazine, not many years ago, paid him this pleasing tribute:

"M. Quad" is not a humorist "artist,"—a boss mechanic who manufactures jokes as a carpenter does packing-boxes, with saw and jack-plane and much exudation of perspiration. He is naturally and spontaneously funny. Humor gushes from him like champagne from an uncorked bottle, bubbling and effusive, and drenching us, whether we will or not, with laughter. And there is wisdom with his wit—strong, homely, common sense mixed with a racy, unctuous humor which makes his wisdom as graceful to our taste as whale oil is to the palate of the Esquimaux. He is not a product of the soil,



ROCKS AT PUT-IN-BAY



POINT VICTORY—PUT-IN-BAY



BIRDSYE VIEW OF MACKINAW



OLD FORT AT MACKINAW



AN OLD STREET IN MACKINAW



BATTLEFIELD WAR OF 1819



BRITISH LANDING



ROBINSON'S FOLLY



THE OLD MITCHELL HOUSES AT MACKINAW



CONTENTMENT



FAIRY ARCH, MACKINAW

with a local flavor. He is of universal relish, as is witnessed by the wide popularity that the Detroit Free Press owes to his contributions."

It is not generally known when or where he was born, nor is it a matter of much consequence, since his career did not begin till he was blown up, some fifteen years ago, on an Ohio river steamboat. He is perhaps the only example of a man who has been lifted into fame by being tossed a hundred feet into the air, and coming down, more dead than alive, to tell the story. He did this. Standing at his printer's case, when he was so far recovered as to limp about, he put into type, "How it feels to be blown up," and the whole West burst into laughter. That laugh made "M. Quad" famous. He was then transferred from the composing-room to the editorial department, and ever since short extracts from the Free Press have been copied into every



SUGAR LOAF, MACKINAW



MACKINAW, LOOKING EAST FROM THE FORT

and each one has, during a period of many years, given delight to millions.

The man is precisely what we are led to expect from his writings. He is by turns "His Honor," "Bijah," and "Brother Gardner" with the dry humor and quaint wisdom that is peculiar to each character. "If there is an odder man than he is in the country" said a Detroit gentleman to me not long ago, "we would like to have him sent along with the circus." His looks, his manner, even the tones of his voice, are peculiar and eccentric. He talks, as he writes, and always without any seeming premeditation. His "den," as he



OLD MOTHER GARRITY

journal throughout the country.

He invented—or rather created—"His Honor" and "Bijah," and "Brother Gardner" of the "Lime-kiln Club"—characters totally dissimilar, but each as natural, original, individual and ludicrous as any in American literature. "His Honor" presides over a police court, and makes sage reflections upon men and things as they come into his field of view. "Brother Gardner" is a shrewd and quaint gentleman of color, who has all the idioms and characteristics of his race, but is not a burlesque of our colored fellow-citizens; he handles his own people gently, but satirizes the foibles, frailties and weaknesses of the whites inimitably. His sayings might be termed explosive wisdom—the reader is sure to imbibe a wise thought, but it is certain to explode within him. "Artemus Ward" created one character; "M. Quad" has given birth to three,



ROCKY BEACH

calls his "sanctum," in an upper story of the Free Press building, is a curiosity shop, filled with odd mementoes and knickknacks, but the oddest thing in the room is a slender man of about forty, with close-cropped gray hair, heavy moustache, keen, intent eyes, and an earnest, somewhat eager expression, who sits at an old-fashioned table, and looks up with a smile of welcome as a stranger enters his apartments. This is "M. Quad," known among his personal acquaintances as C. B. Lewis; and he works away at that table eight hours in a day, writing at high pressure, short paragraphs or political leaders, and now and then seeking relaxation in a little merriment with "Bijah" and "Brother Gardner," for his best work is done as a relief from the daily drudgery of journalism.

GOOD HUMOR.—Gayety is to good humor as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gayety seldom fails to give some pain; good humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

Johnson



BESSIE, DAISY AND BEAUTY, IN CLOVER

DETROIT'S NOTED MEN

In a work of this kind portraits must be the exception, not the rule, from the nature of the work, but from the lack of space. Yet we have found room for quite a number of our distinguished and eminent personages who are, or have been, identified with Detroit's history, or bear more than a local reputation.

In our crowded and limited space we cannot give individual mention



ROBINSON'S FOLLY



VIEW ON THE STRAITS OF MACKINAW



OLD FRENCH HOUSE, MACKINAW

Detroit Free Press, and was recently appointed United States Minister to the Hague by President Cleveland. Henry T. Thurber is private secretary to President Cleveland. Bronson Howard is the polished scholar, eminent novelist and famous playwright; C. B. Lewis ("M. Quad's") humorous writings are known and enjoyed wherever the English language is read.

Robert Hopkin is one, if not the greatest, of living marine artists, many of whose pictures are to be found in this work; the late J. M. Stanley, whose fame as an Indian character painter is world wide, has a reproduction of one of his most famous pictures used as frontispiece to this work. The late F. E. Cohen was one of Detroit's early artists, whom doubtless many of our old citizens will recall from our portrait.

James F. Joy is our leading railroad magnate, who by the way



EARLY FRENCH WATER WORKS

of each and every personage or portrait, but only in the main and in a general way, passing notice, of the following:

The late Lewis Cass, as a statesman of national reputation; Austin P. Blair as he looked when he was Michigan's sturdy and patriotic war governor; the late Alanson Sheley, Jacob S. Farrand and John Owen, old and greatly esteemed citizen merchants, who amassed large fortunes, but lived plain, pure and blameless lives — and who when alive gave largely and liberally of their means and time to the good of their less fortunate fellow beings. The late John J. Bagley, big hearted philanthropic and patriotic governor that he was; the late H. P. Baldwin, another governor, able, upright and greatly respected; the late General Hugh Brady, whose name and fame are inseparably connected with Detroit's early history. Then there is Colonel John Winder, gray-haired and bent with his many and venerated years, still with us, yet vigorous of mind and body withal. The late Judge Campbell, finished scholar, poet, historian and most able jurist; Judge Brown occupies and honors the bench in the Supreme



INTERIOR VIEW OF FORT AT MACKINAW



FRONT STREET, MACKINAW

has really benefitted Detroit and Michigan more than any other man in good practical results, by bringing and influencing great railroad lines to our doors. General R. A. Alger was a brave soldier, a Presidential possibility, and a millionaire who knows how to do good with his money while living, as our newsboys can readily testify. The late E. A. Brush was one of our greatest realty landlords. The late D. Bethune Duffield was an eminent lawyer, a poet of no mean order and a man greatly beloved in the community, whose memory will always be cherished.

The Right Rev. Bishop John S. Foley, Catholic Bishop of this Diocese, scholarly, advanced and liberal, is always to be found in the advance guard of charity, good works, enterprise, and on the right side of all public questions of the day.

Right Rev. Bishop Thomas F. Davies, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, and Bishop W. X. Ninde, Bishop of the M. E. Church, Michigan Diocese, are typical Christian gentlemen, greatly beloved and respected by all classes.



BLACK RIVER ISLAND, NEAR MACKINAW



THE LOVER'S LEAF, MACKINAW

J. B. Angell is President of Michigan's University, the pride of our great state; Gen. George A. Custer is America's beau ideal of a brave and chivalrous soldier, who lost his life in one of our country's most famous battles and by his death made his name immortal and known the world over. Gen. O. B. Wilcox left Detroit as Colonel of the First Michigan Regiment raised and sent to the war; Gen. L. S. Trowbridge served his state and country in the late war with great honor and distinction, as did also that brave and dashing cavalry officer Brig.-Gen. R. G. H. Minty, who left Detroit in 1862 as Colonel of the famous Fourth Michigan Cavalry, whose record is among the best of Michigan's fighting regiments and whose special glory it was to capture the confederate president, Jefferson Davis.

SOME INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS

Some of Detroit's inventors and inventions deserve mention in this work. Burt's solar compass, one of the most valuable of inventions, was perfected in 1850. It was examined and commended by Sir John Herschel in 1851, and received a prize medal at the World's Fair of that year. It is called a solar compass, because, by an ingenious arrangement, the rays of the sun are utilized by the instrument, which enables the surveyor to determine exactly the position of a due north and south line. By its use survey can be accurately made in mineral districts where the old style of compass would be almost useless. Its value is so thoroughly appreciated by the government that it is required to be used in government surveys; and without it a large amount of government land could have been properly surveyed only by the outlay of more money than the land was worth. The

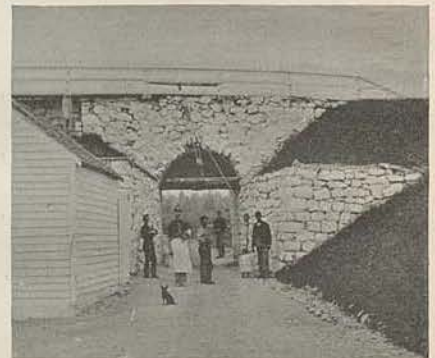


OLD INDIAN AGENCY, MACKINAW

Calumet and Hecla mine of Lake Superior, the largest and most productive copper mine in the world, was discovered through the use of this instrument.

Thomas A. Edison, while a train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, was frequently in Detroit, and divided his time between the Telegraph and Free Press offices and the public library. While here he formed the idea of reading all the books in the library, and beginning with those on the lower shelf, he actually read a row of books occupying a shelf fifteen feet in length before other plans and duties caused him to desist. Among the books on that lower shelf were Newton's "Principia," "Ure's Dictionary," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

With his name that of Charles Van De Poole should be mentioned; his electric light was first publicly exhibited on July 6th, 1879. The astronomical clock invented by Felix Meier, was a remarkable invention, superior to many others, but a description of it here would occupy too much space. In connection with this clock mention may be appropriately made of the clock set up by the firm of F. G. Smith, Sons & Co. on the outside of their store on the corner of Woodward avenue and State streets. It occupies the front of the second story and is both a curiosity and a public convenience; the dials are five



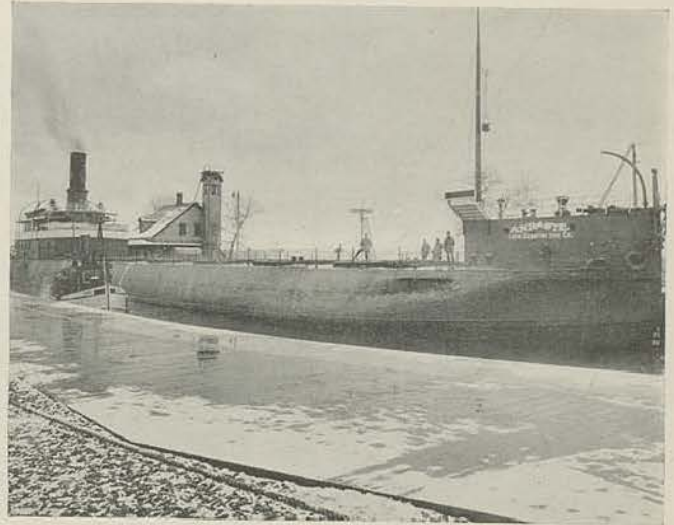
THE SALLY PORT AT FORT MACKINAW



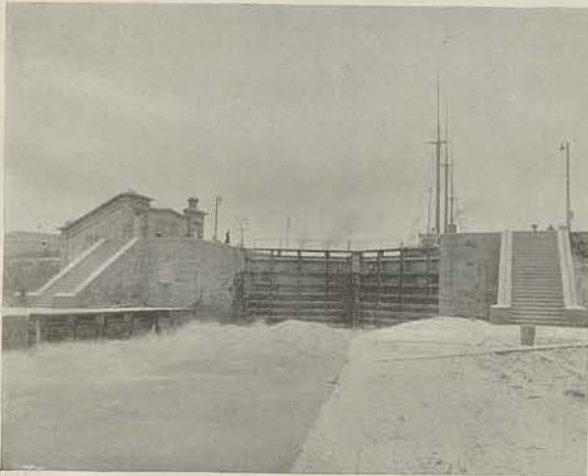
LOOKING DOWN AT THE LAKE, UNDER ARCH ROCK



ROCK AT ST. IGNACE



A WHALERACK IN THE SOO CANAL



FRONT OF THE LOCK OF THE SOO CANAL



LOCK ON THE SOO CANAL

feet in diameter, and are illuminated at night. There are two life size figures in connection with the works, one representing a smith with his hammer, and the other emblematic of "Father Time," the figures together symbolizing "Smith's Time." Upon bells hung in full view both figures in quick succession give one stroke every quarter of an hour, two every half hour, and three strokes a quarter of an hour before every full hour; four strokes are given every hour, and immediately thereafter an appropriate number for the particular hour. The clock and its fittings cost \$6,000, and were first shown Feb. 27th, 1884. This clock is the only one of the kind in the United States, and there is but one similar to it in the world.



FISHING ON THE SOO RAPIDS



PERE MARQUETTE CHURCH AT ST. IGNACE



SANITARIUM HOTEL, MARQUETTE

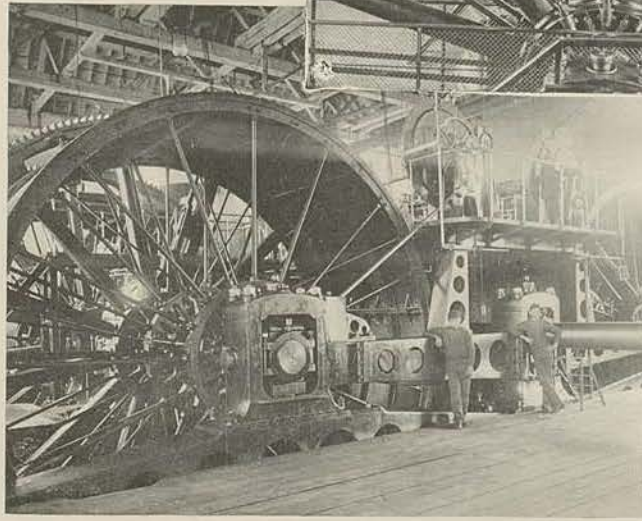
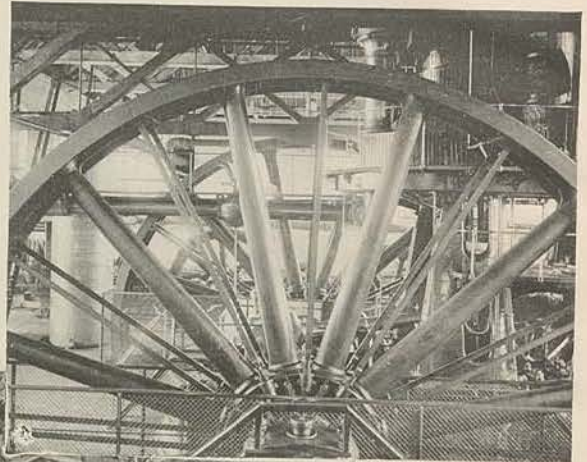
A REVERIE

As we approach the end of this work it seems not inappropriate to indulge in a measure of historical and moral retrospection, especially as it comes in line with certain important pictures in this book.



MOONLIGHT AT MARQUETTE

Every Detroit schoolboy, if not every American schoolboy, is supposed to be familiar with the story of Pontiac, and it is hardly worth the while, in a work of this character, to recount the facts of history for the benefit of the purely ignorant, for such will not be apt to look very far, either above or below a picture for explanation. The story of how Pontiac was foiled by an Indian girl, in his attempt to oust and massacre the English, involves a lengthy preamble of cause, in which, if conscience is not stifled, it must be admitted that the red men had good cause for liking the French people and hating the English. If our ancestors or progenitors on this continent had met with what would

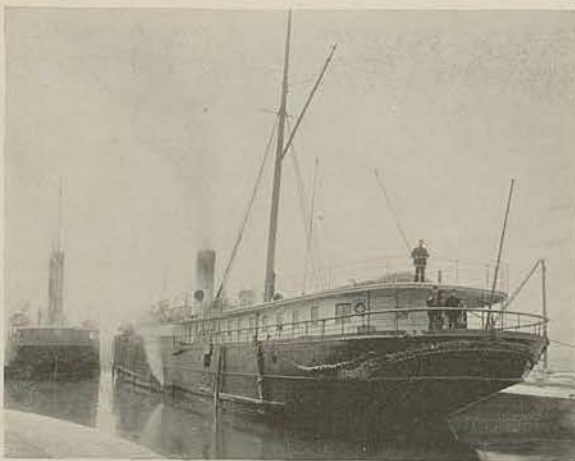


THE LARGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD, AT CALUMET AND HECLA MINES, NEAR EMMETT

seem to have been righteous punishment for their cruelty and deceit of the aborigines, they would have been wiped out, the whole course of history changed, and this country would have been nursed by Gallic blood instead of Saxon. But as

"Love rules the court, the camp and grove,"

so the heart of an Ojibway maiden opened before the keen, searching gaze of an Englishman's eye. Cold, cultured, refined thought was the scalpel to which the savage submitted without murmur, while he could hardly feel the stroke of that



IN THE CANAL, MARQUETTE



THE LONGYEAR RESIDENCE, MARQUETTE



ENGINE HOUSE AT THE SOO



BOATS IN THE SOO LOCKS

superior, quick mental divination which laid bare his cunning plans and intended treachery. Let us do the red man justice, as the last remnant of his race disappears over the farthest western mountains. The testimony of history is strong to the effect of the cruelty and deception which the "untutored children of the forest" met with following the landing of the white men on these shores. The cold analyst of sociology and the evolution of races and nations will defend, doubtless, all that led up to and followed the episode pictured in our frontispiece by Stanley, as "the survival of the fittest;" but above and beyond all this is the goal of human endeavor—individual, moral endeavor, toward which all should be working, to bring about the spiritual Kingdom of Man.

And this brings us to the sombre and pathetic, but inspirational picture of "Pontiac's



A SOO RIVER PERSPECTIVE



ON THE SOO RIVER



ALONG THE DOCKS



PULPIT ROCK, ISLAND PARK



AN HISTORICAL STUMP



PRESQUE ISLE PARK, MARQUETTE



GOGEBIC LAKE



FERD MARQUETTE MONUMENT, AT ST. IGNACE



RED SANDSTONE BANK IN PARK AT MARQUETTE



AT THE JACKSON IRON MINES



THE SITE OF GLADSTONE IN 1887, FROM THE BAY



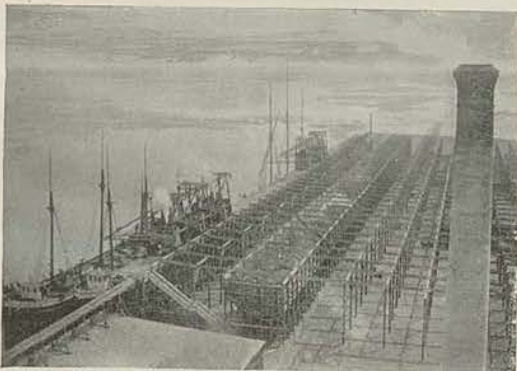
ALONG THE ORE DOCKS, GLADSTONE



PICKING DAISIES AT SQUAW POINT, NEAR GLADSTONE



THE SITE OF GLADSTONE, 1887, LOOKING OUT ON THE BAY



COAL DOCKS — GLADSTONE



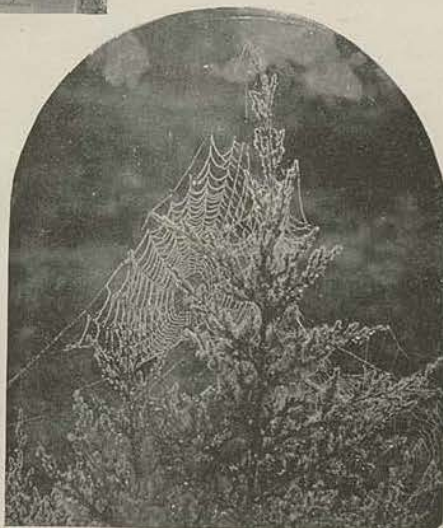
HOTEL HAWARDEN



LANDING FLOUR AT THE DOCKS



HOME FROM SQUAW POINT



A DEWDROP CASTLE



AMONG THE PINES — GLADSTONE



THE WORLD'S FAIR LOAD OF MICHIGAN LOGS

Reverie," by Elbridge Kingsley. The past is gone, but it should not be forgotten. Of the aborigines, it is as a tale that is told—vanished away—but for the new, present and coming race, it is full of warning, suggestion and inspiration. The wonders of the Great City, builded on western prairies in this Columbian year, marvelous and beautiful as they were, were probably as nothing in the sum total possible—and yet to be figured up—of human material achievement before the great human race now in process of evolution shall have performed its work. And this in turn shall have been and become nothing—all the future vast accretions of material beauty—when finally all matter shall, as it must, crumble and change its form, into some ethereal substance, and flee away like the clouds of the morning, to be known no more as the grovelings of earth once delighted to know it.

The question then resolves itself to the old one, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The daily press of the times teems with accounts of the profligacy, the brutality and sensuality of man, the debauchery of legislatures sworn with solemn oaths to protect the people; public and private business is made a game of shuttlecock and battledore between desperate men and factions, and the "public-be-damned" policy of corporations is accompanied by the "everybody-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost" rule of the individual.



"IT'S WICKED TO WASTE WOOD LIKE THIS"



THE DINNER CALL

Yet who is there of the myriads seemingly content with material achievements merely, that does not, at some time, have moments of regret, and confess that what he flattered himself was a ripe consummation was, like Dead Sea fruit, at the last, and turned to ashes on the lips? History corroborates the theory that the early Indian was comparatively a mild and peaceful individual until the white man's brutality and treachery cultivated in him a frenzy of savagery. That the great chiefs of the race saw the inevitable end is now no less certain. Legend and authoritative speech teem with evidence of it. When the hour of reverie came, it is quite certain that the Indian must have longed for the "happy hunting grounds" where human greed and avarice could pursue and taint him no more.

"Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." and it ill becomes a great people to give itself up to mere vain-gloriousness over a departed race. It is but a few steps from the times of Cadillac to the consummate flower of this Columbian year, and while there is, on the whole, more to be proud than to be ashamed of, as a people, self-examination is good for the individual soul. It is well, in these days, when the glamour of refinement and pure



HALF A DOZEN "WHOPPERS"

intellectuality makes temptation so bewildering and enchanting, to pause occasionally, and ask, "Is it I?" of the soul so often in danger of Circe-like betrayal.

FIRST TELEGRAPH LINE IN DETROIT

Detroit's first telegraphic communication was with Ypsilanti, in 1847, by the Speed line, and some of the stories connected with its introduction are amusing. The office was in the rear of the second story of a building owned by Mr. Newberry, on the north-east corner of Jefferson avenue and Cass street, afterwards the Garrison House. There was no manager as such, but there were plenty of instruments and batteries, and a number of young operators from the east, who had obtained a knowledge of telegraphy on the Albany and Buffalo line, or its branches, were congregated at Detroit in expectation of obtaining an office when the line was fully opened. These lads, in the absence of Mr. Wood, the temporary manager, had things pretty much their own way, and seemed to use all their ingenuity in hatching mischief. Among their implements was an electrical machine with two brass balls, one to be held in each hand, and so arranged that when the current was turned on it was



NOT ENTIRELY EASY SAWING



SUPPER HOUR AMONG THE PINES



BIG LOG, BIG TEAMSTER



THE BOSS LOGGING TEAM

impossible to let go of the balls. One morning a burly Irishman came in and said he wanted to look at the "telegroff" and see her "work." The boys were quick to see their opportunity. They put the brass balls into his hands, turned on a light current and asked if he could see it. "Yis," he replied, "she's wurkin." A little more electricity was then applied, when the man cried out, "Holdther, boys, holdther! She's wurkin' hard. Och! holdther, I say. Be jabbers! she's got me hard." A stiff volume was then applied, and the man began to jump and yell. "Why don't ye holdther? Oh, by the Holy Vargin! ye'll kill me dead!" Just at this moment



CUTTING LOG-LENGTHS



THE LUMBER MEN AT BREAKFAST



"WONDER WHEN THE ICE WILL GO OUT"



LOADING THE THIRTY-SECOND LOG

Mr. Wood appeared at the door. The boys dropped the connecting wires and ran for the battery room, and the delegate from the "ould sod" hurried down stairs, muttering to himself that he had "seen enough of the domned telegraph."



THE PAY-MASTER IS DUE

MICHIGANIA

It is probable that, in proportion to its population, Detroit, and, in fact, the entire state of Michigan, has a larger percentage of New York and New England people than any other western city or



JUST AN EASY JOG



PAPA'S COMING — AT WHITEFISH LAKE



AMONG THE SKIDS



OUR NEW HOUSE IN THE WOODS — WHITEFISH LAKE



END OF THE RUNWAY, TURTLE LAKE



OUR CAMP AT WHITEFISH

state. At one time it seemed as though all New England was coming. The emigration fever pervaded almost every hamlet of New England, and the following song was very popular and is known to have been largely influential in promoting emigration:

Come all ye Yankee farmers who wish to change your lot,
Who've spunk enough to travel beyond your native spot,
And leave behind the village where Pa and Ma do stay,
Come, follow me, and settle in Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

I've heard of your Penobscot, way down in parts of Maine,
Where timber grows in plenty, but darn the bit of grain;
And I have heard of Quoddy and your Piscataqua,
But they can't hold a candle to Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, to Michigania.

Then there is old Varmount; well, what d'ye think of that?
To be sure, the gals are handsome and the cattle very fat;
But who among the mountains, 'mid clouds and snow would stay?
When he can buy a prairie in Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.



STATION NO. 2 ON THE HURWAY



A HARVESTER AND HIS CROP, AT TURTLE LAKE

Then there's your Massachusetts, once good enough, be sure,
But now she's always laying a tax upon manure;
She costs you pecks of trouble, which the de'il a peck can pay;
While all is free and easy in Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

There is the land of blue laws, where deacons cut your hair,
For fear your locks and tenets will not exactly square,
Where beer that works on Sunday a penalty must pay
While all is Scripture measure in Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

Then there's the state of New York, where some are very rich;
Themselves and a few others have dug a mighty ditch,
To render it more easy for us to find the way,
And sail upon the waters to Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, to Michigania.

Then there's your bold Ohio — I've often heard them tell,
Above the other places she surely wears the bell;

And if you follow downwards, why Rochester is there,
And further still, Mr. Clemens looks out upon St. Clair,
Besides some other places within Macombia,
That promise population to Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, to Michigania.

If you had rather go to a place called Washtenaw,
You'll find the Huron lands the best you ever saw;
The ships sail to Ann Arbor, right through La Plaisance Bay,
And touch at Ypsilanti, in Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

Or, if you keep a going, a great deal further on,
I guess you'll reach St. Joe, where everybody's gone;
There everybody, like Jack's bean, grows monstrous fast,
They say,
And beats the rest all hollow, in Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, in Michigania.

Then come ye Yankee farmers, who've mettle hearts like me,
And elbow-grease in plenty, to bow the forest tree,
Come, take a quarter section, and I'll be bound you'll say,
This country takes the rag off this Michigania —
Yea, yea, yea, this Michigania.



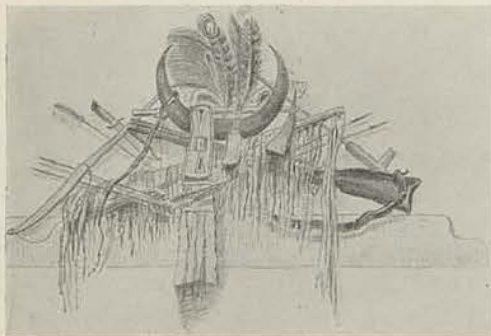
"EAT WHEN I" — TURTLE LAKE

THE CAMPUS MARTIUS

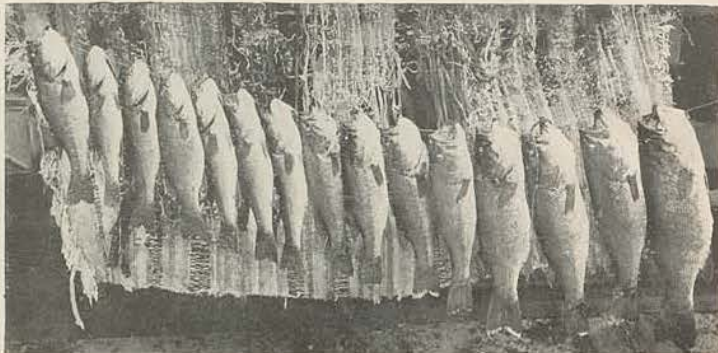
The reader, not "to the manor born," will notice, with some curiosity, doubtless, frequent reference in these pages, to the "Campus Martius," and wonder, perhaps, just what this locality is, and what are its limits. The Campus Martius can hardly be called a park, for it is paved with stone and asphalt and is in the midst of the business part of the city, with none of the verdure of nature about it. It faces the City Hall, and in its centre is the soldiers' monument, designed by Randolph Rogers, and erected at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. The figure of the Indian maiden which surmounts it is intended to symbolize the state, and the inscription it bears tells that it was "Erected to by the people of Michigan in honor of the martyrs who fell and the heroes who fought in defense of Liberty and Union." The confines of the Campus Martius may be readily determined now by reference to the pictures showing the monument and City Hall.



THE HUNTER'S BEVERIE — FROM PAINTING BY HOPKIN



HINTS OF THE CHASE



ONE DAY'S SPORT WITH THE BASS AT GOOREIC LAKE



READY FOR SPORT

GIRTY THE RENEGADE

Just previous to and during the Revolutionary war, Detroit was in possession of the English, and all rebels against "his Majesty," George III, who expressed their sentiments within hearing of the British commandant at this point, had to suffer severely. Citizens known to be in sympathy with the Americans were subjected to many annoyances. Garret Graverat, a leading merchant, was compelled to give bail in £400 not to give Americans aid for the space of a year and a day. James Sterling and John Edgar, well known tradesmen, were banished because they favored the rebellion. The last named was com-



A WARM CORNER AT TURTLE LAKE



THE STUDIO AT TURTLE LAKE



THE TURTLE LAKE CLUB HOUSE AND ITS GIBBY



SILHOUETTE AT TURTLE LAKE

pelled to leave all his goods and go to Kalkaskia. Congress, in after years, gave him 2,000 acres of land, to help make up his losses. Other citizens also were compelled to leave and some were compelled to work on the fortifications. Those who tried to escape were put in irons by the order of Governor Hamilton. This Hamilton was a fiend incarnate and used the Indians to make war upon the "rebels" in the country round about, paying them so much money for every scalp they brought into Detroit. At one time Hamilton boasted a pile of human scalps higher than his head.

As may well be imagined, such inhuman warfare, bred



"HOW FAR IS IT TO BAY VIEW?"



HOTEL AND BEACH AT HARBOR POINT



HOTTEL SCENE AT HARBOR POINT



A MISCELLANEOUS FLEET



A FAMOUS TRYING PLACE

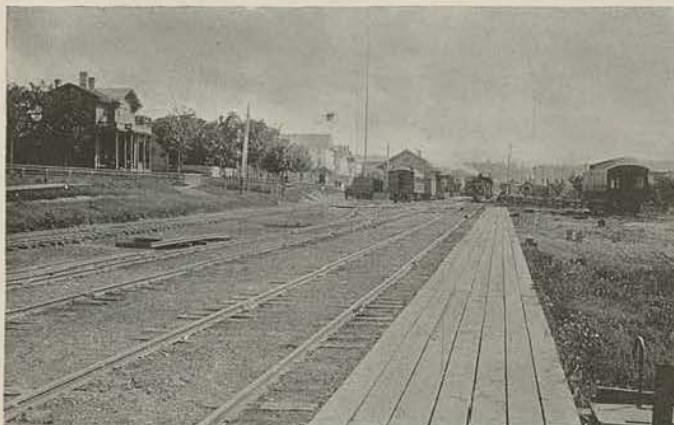
traitors and renegades. American sympathizers had to leave Detroit and a number of loyalists and renegades came to live in the city, among them those half savages, James, Simon and George Girty, Simon, however, being the most prominent. At the attack on Fort Henry, now Wheeling, Va., Hamilton issued a proclamation, which was read aloud to the defending garrison by this Girty, promising humane treatment and protection if they would lay down their arms. His force, consisting of but twelve men and boys,



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF BAY VIEW AND HARBOR

refused to surrender. Girty's force, consisting of 400 Indians, after a brief attack, withdrew a short distance. As the stock of powder in the fort was low, it was resolved to attempt to get a supply from the house of Mr. Zane, sixty yards away. Several of the men desired to go, but Elizabeth Zane, who was at the fort, insisted on going herself, and although the bullets whistled about her, she went and returned unharmed, and, soon after, the Indians retired.

The next attack was made upon the ill-fated village of Wyoming, and the English and Indians composing the attacking party were largely from



VIEW AT PETOSKEY



FARNSWORTH'S SPRING



ROLLING IN AT BAY VIEW



NORTON'S HORSE AND BUGGY AT BAY VIEW



IN THE GLEN AT FOREST PARK — BAY VIEW



A BROOK IN WILDWOOD PARK — BAY VIEW

THE VALLEY WATER JET

Deep within a quiet Valley
Burst a fountain forth to light,
Burst, and sprang instinctive upward,
For its source was on the height,
But its bright and eager waters
Gained not far their upward track;
Bonds invisible detained them,
And they fell exhausted back.

On that fountain's emerald marg'n
Musingly I sat reclined,
Listened to the fountain's music,
Wished I might its chain unbind;
Thought, though earth with subtle fingers
Still drew back its silver rain,
Summer sun's would soon release it,
Soon as mist 'twould mount again.

Thus within my bosom's valley
Bursts the fount of life its soul;
Bursts, and springs instinctive upward,
For its lofty source is God,
But that striving spirit-fountain
Gains not far its upward track;
Bonds invisible detain it,
Oft it sinks exhausted back.

On that fountain's vital margin
Sits a spirit, still — reclined;
Radiant now, with silver pinion,
But a soul, from earth reined,
Still that gentle spirit watches,
Waits till mine shall rend its chain;
While, at times, its wings unfolding,
Lure my soul the height to gain.

From "Pen and Lute," by R. Storrs Willis.



AN ICE STUDY AT BAY VIEW — ON THE DOCKS



A BAY VIEW AUDITORIUM



A GROUP AT BAY VIEW



BARCLAY COTTAGE AT BAY VIEW



ONE DAY'S CATCH AT BAY VIEW



A STREET AT BAY VIEW

Detroit. The party consisted of about 300 white men and 500 plumed and painted Indians. They appeared before the place July 3d, 1778, and demanded its surrender. The inhabitants paid dearly for being faint-hearted, for the entire settlement was destroyed and all the people massacred or carried into captivity.



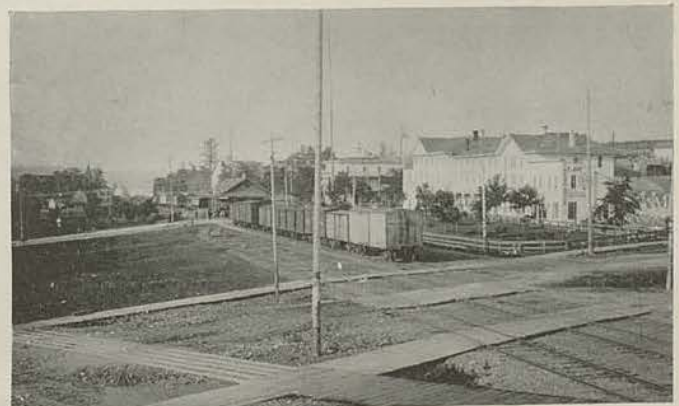
A RUSTIC COTTAGE — BAY VIEW



BAY VIEW HOUSE



UNIVERSITY HALL AND PARK SCENE AT BAY VIEW



THE RAILWAY CENTER AT PETOSKEY

Before evacuating Detroit, the British are said to have destroyed the windmills and filled the well at the fort with stones, leaving the key of the garrison with a negro. This may be true, but Farmer's history declares it a matter of official record that immediately after the evacuation the British commissary at Chatham was authorized to lend fifty barrels of pork to Mr. O'Hare, the United States commissary, as he had not enough for the American troops at Mackinaw. Simon Girty, the renegade, remained behind when the British troops took their leave. When the boats laden with American



EVENING

SAM

A COUNTRY IDYL

A country boy by the old stone wall,
That keeps the meadow and road apart,
Stands handsome and manly and strong and tall;
And sturdy is he as the maple tree
That's by his side. For Sam is young
And his honest heart is as light and free
As the bird that sings in the summer skies.
He looks far off o'er the distant hills,
While a soft light shines in his hazel eyes;
And leaning there by the meadow wall,
He gives this sweet, familiar call:
"Co, boss! co, boss! co, boss!"

Now to manhood grown, and the bells sound sweet
As the cows come slowly from out the wood;



"A country boy by the old stone wall"



"Twas a day in June such as poets love"

And he leaves the wall and hurries to meet
The mild-eyed creatures, for they all know
The hand that strokes them as they pass
Along the road where the daisies grow.
And each one stands by the cow-yard bars
Seeming well content with the strong brown hand
That milks them there 'neath the summer stars;
And Sam's eyes look love as he sings again
The well-remembered, sweet refrain,
"Co, boss! co, boss! co, boss!"

'Twas a day in June, such as poets love,
There by his side a fair girl stands,
And the dying clouds in the sky above
Seem to play at forfeits with the sun.
How well Sam knows that a lover's heart
Throbs 'neath his coat, and that every one

Of the clover blossoms in the field
Is breathing to him an old love song,
And that everybud a joy can yield,
So the maiden there by the broken wall
Takes up and sings the old-time call,
"Co, boss! co, boss! co, boss!"

Once more Sam stands by the meadow bars
With his wife beside him, and her arms
Enfold a dear form, whose baby prate
Is sweeter to them than the brook's gay song
As it flows away at the foot of the hill.
Happy they wait, for they know ere long
The cows will come from the meadow side,
So Sam caresses his little son,
While the young wife looks with joy and pride;
And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall
Just breathes in baby notes the call,
"Co, boss! co, boss! co, boss!"

ALBERT HARDY.



"And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall"



VIEW FROM THE MAITLAND BLUFFS NEAR GODERICH, ONT.

and life and ginger-bread of training day; and those who prepared the soup for the soldiers, which was served in iron kettles, enjoyed them because of the emolument of the occasion; others enjoyed the rough merriment always caused by certain reckless and unruly spirits. Mrs. William Y. Hamlin has preserved this story of one of the most awkward captains of an awkward

squad of that period. His name was Jean Cecire. He was full of conceit and exaggerated self-importance, and when dressed in the uniform prescribed by General Hull was, in his own eyes, hardly second to the great Napoleon. Jean went frequently to see the regular troops drill. Their wondrous discipline and military exactness sorely puzzled him, but he thought it must be owing to the fact that the words of command were given in English, and that there was some hidden magic in the language. Calling the roll was also serious business to him, as his own and his sergeant's knowledge of English was almost as limited as their use of the pen, but his ingenuity conquered the latter difficulty. The names of the members of his company having

been printed in order, a pin was used to punch a hole after the names of the absentees. His tongue, however, so easy to control in French, could not be drilled to speak other than the most broken English. Assembled on parade, Captain Jean ordered the Sergeant to call the roll. He proceeded to obey, the Captain standing by in full glory.



THE MAITLAND SHALLOWS — NEAR GODERICH, ONT.



DOWN THE MAITLAND — NEAR GODERICH, ONT.

troops appeared in sight he became so much alarmed that he could not wait for the return of the ferry-boat, but forced his black mare down a steep bank into the river, and, at the risk of drowning, made for the Canadian shore; and, as he rode up the bank, he cursed the United States government and its troops, with all the oaths his fury could inspire. When the British were again in possession, in 1812, he returned to Detroit, and his end was deservedly ignominious, his grave being under an ordinary pig-stye on Bois Blanc Island.

A STORY OF THE OLD "MILITIA"

The militia parades of the olden time were alike the joy and dread of the inhabitants, so Farmer's History tells us. The children enjoyed them because of the drum



THE BIG BEND ON THE MAITLAND — NEAR GODERICH, ONT.



MAITLAND RIVER NEAR GODERICH, ONT.

Sergeant — "Attentione, Companie Francois Canadiens! Answer your name when I call it, if you please. Tock, Tock, Livernois." No answer, at last a voice says, "Not here, gone catch his *lambrequin* (fast-pacer) in the bush."

Captain to Sergeant — "Put peen-hole in dat man! Go 'ead!"

Sergeant — "Laurant Bondy!" "Here, Sah." "Claude Campau!" "Here, Monsieur." "Antoine Sallotte?" Some one answers, "Little baby come last night at his house, must stay at home."

Captain — "Put one preek on dat man's name."

Sergeant — "L'enfant Riopelle?" "Here, Sah." "Piton Laforest?" "Here, Sah." "Simon Meloche?" "Not here, gone to spear musk-rat for *l'argent blanc* (silver money)."

Captain to Sergeant — "Take pen and scratch dat man."

After the roll was called and the absentees pricked, the Captain proceeded to drill his company.

Captain — "Marchee, men comrades, deux et deux, like oxen, and when you come to dat stump, stop." They all made for the place and got there in a heap, looking with their various colored dresses, like a rainbow on a spree. Disgusted at their awkwardness, the Captain gave them a few minutes' relaxation. Instead of resting *an militaire*, they rushed off, one to smoke his beloved pipe, another to polish his carbine, whilst others



"And gaily guided the boat goes by"

amused themselves by sitting on the grass, and telling about the races. The Captain called them to try again. This time he said, "Marchee as far as dat *soulier de boeuf* (old shoe) in the road, den turn! Right gauche, left about! Shoulder mus-keete Avance donc, back! Drill fineesh!"

CHILD LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

(SPRING)

Sing us a song of your State, so wide,
Merriest children of Michigan;
Nature is waking on every side
And blossoming sweet again;
Leap every rill,
Climb every hill,
Happy is he who can.

(SUMMER)

Blue is the lake 'neath a summer sky,
Slumber the waves on the sedgy shore,



"Leap every rill"

And gaily guided the boat goes by
Where lily buds bloom galore;
Free as the air,
Who thinks of care,
Sailing the waters o'er.

(AUTUMN)

Flashes the forest in lines of flame,
Straw time and apple-time now appear,
While boys and squirrels hold rival claim
To fruitage from tree tops seer;
Eatable hail
Sent by the gale,
Lies in the grasses here



"O'er stories of life"

(WINTER)

Whistles the West wind and
whirls the snow,
But childish voices laugh out in
cheer,
While fast and faster the frolics go
To chase off the flying year;
Over the ice,
All in a trice
Quickly they disappear.

LAURA SANDERSON.



"The country boy cries 'Jump on!'"

CHILD LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

II

The pavement patter of childish feet,
Mid the tramp and roar of a city street,—
Can never appeal to the heart within,
Like the country children's merry din.



"Daring each other to climb so high"

Springing o'er brooklets
which prattle by,
Daring each other to climb
so high,
Dancing away through the
long bright hours,
To come back wreathed with
sweet wild flowers.

Bending with mingled
wonder and pity,
O'er stories of life in the far
off city,
Then tossing away the
printed sheet,
To match the speed of their
restless feet.



"In the shady nook by the cider mill"



"The sweet new cider thro' a straw"

The ground pine fruit is a fork, two
tined,
The ash tree seed is a knife so fine,
The mud pie baked in the sun on a
leaf,
Is a delicate morsel for hunger's relief.

The poppy seed is a teapot rare,
The crook-neck squash a lady fair,
The oak tree furnishes saucer and cup,
The squirrel and field mouse are asked
to sup.

Or strolling home they stop at will,
In the shady nook by the cider mill,
And choosing places gaily draw
The sweet new cider thro' a straw.

When ling'ring summer and autumn
are past,
When Winter sounds his warning blast,
The children shout as away
they run,
"Jack Frost is here! What
glorious fun!"

When the snow lies deep, the
country boy
cries, "Jump on!" and the
girl cries back in her joy,
"The very best part of all the
year
Is the time when Christmas is
drawing near."

MARY DAWES WARNER.

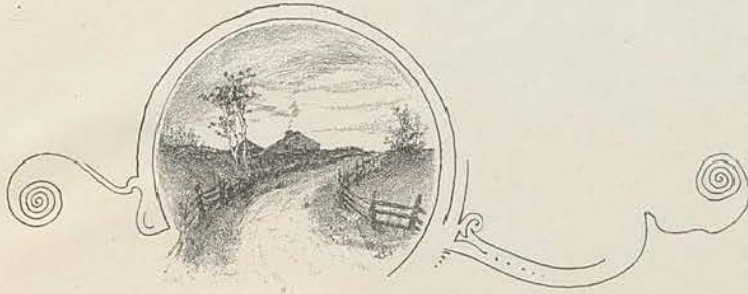
THE INDIANS IN 1825

In 1825, the Indians, who, in Detroit and vicinity were supported by the government, became so troublesome that the City Council, through the Mayor, sought aid from the Governor of the state, to quiet and control them.

When the city finally came under American control, Colonel Cass was obliged to feed great numbers of the Indians. In one communication to the war department he states that for several years he fed an average of four hundred Indians a day. Between 1814 and 1817 he disbursed \$200,000 for their benefit. All the year round they came and went, and the agent's family was "driven from one end of the house to the other by them." There was always some excuse for their coming, and citizens were not surprised at any time to see a swarthy face at the window-pane; oftentimes the click of the latch was the only warning of the entrance of one of the nation's wards. The squaws were not left behind, for there was always some burden for them to carry, and the procession ceased on one day only to begin on the next. Indians lazy and Indians drunk, Indians sick and Indians hungry, all crying "Give, give!" After receiving their payments, hundreds of them would lie about the city, stupidly drunk, until taken or driven away.



"Jack Frost is here!"



THE MONTHS

VERSES BY M. A. RYAN
ILLUSTRATED BY CLIFTON JOHNSON



JANUARY

Clear is the air to the ringing
Of the first of the year's twelve strokes
The wind o'er the white fields bringing
Sounds of the wood ax swinging
Courage and strength invokes.



FEBRUARY

What though the brooks are all fettered
By the bonds of the Frost King bold?
What care has the life snow-sheltered —
A covering not to be bettered
While winter continues its hold?



MARCH

Bleak are Michigan's forest wilds
And winds blow fierce in wrath
Delaying still the glad spring-tides,
Yet giving time for last sleigh rides
Along each country path.



APRIL

Soft warm rains the wild flowers know
Sent from low gray skies;
Streams swell broad in onward flow,
On willow limbs new leaf buds grow,
Harsh winds become mild sighs.



MAY

In orchard lanes are blossoms white;
Fair earth says, "List child, play;
For the world is bright
All day, all night
When the year clock rings out May."





JUNE

A gleam of gold in the grasses
Where the daisies love to grow ;
And roses, whose short life passes
Where the bee his honey amasses
On the hillsides all aglow.



JULY

Time of harvest now draws nigh,
The grains to ripeness grow,
And through the golden fields of rye
The reaper goes in rich July
And lays the tall heads low.



AUGUST

The torrid thunder storm comes on,
Bred in the languorous skies.
With flashing eye and sullen tone
It rushes on, bursts forth, is gone,
And a freshened earth behind it lies.



SEPTEMBER

Then Earth has its fullest and ripest days
Brief rest between summer and fall ;
And yet with a boding of end of ways,
For old Earth's fullness never stays,
But ever must follow Queen Nature's call



OCTOBER

Color glories where green leaves grew,
And ripe year's fruitage all.
Trees spread gay banners, and 'tis true,
These days of splendor have their due
For nurture spent from bud to fall.



NOVEMBER

Once more tell the Puritan story
Of the trials of the fore-father's days.
In peace and in plenty we glory,
While the maize guards the hillsides hoary,
And prepare for the Thanksgiving praise.



DECEMBER

Sound long the note of December,
Last of the twelve-struck chime.
Christmas glories long to remember
Are out-borne on this fading ember,
And the year yields up to time.



THE END



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ERRATA.—For title of picture at foot of page 30, read "Distant View of Old Capitol Building," instead of "Old Hospital Building."
Transpose the titles of Second Avenue and Memorial Presbyterian churches, on page 31.